MAR 1 8 '58

The Saturday Evening
POST

March 22, 1958 – 15¢

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

ORDEALS OF EXECUTION NIGHT

By Governor Averell Harriman

Death and I at 60 Fathoms

A SKIN DIVER'S RECORD PLUNGE

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BEREA OHIO
2 5-58

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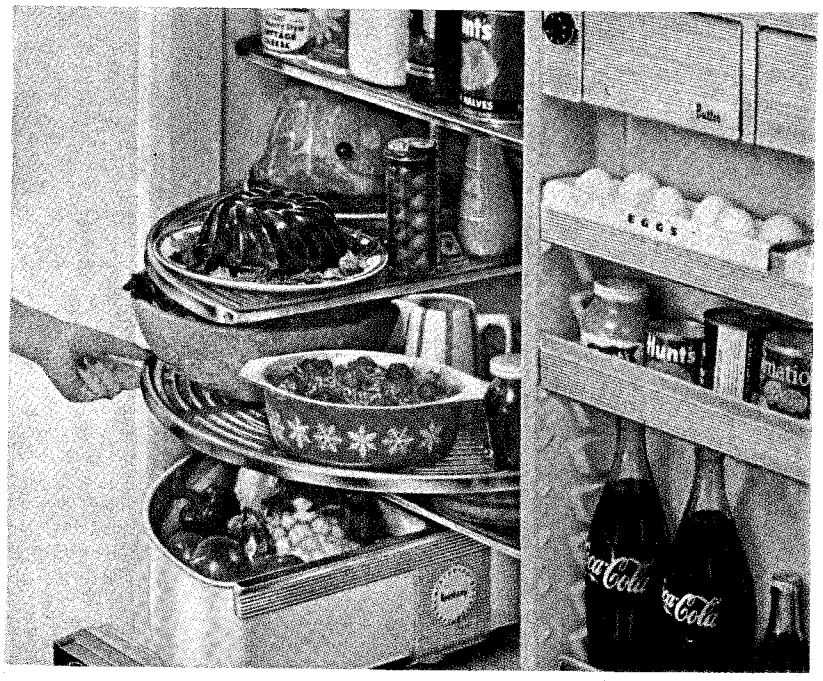
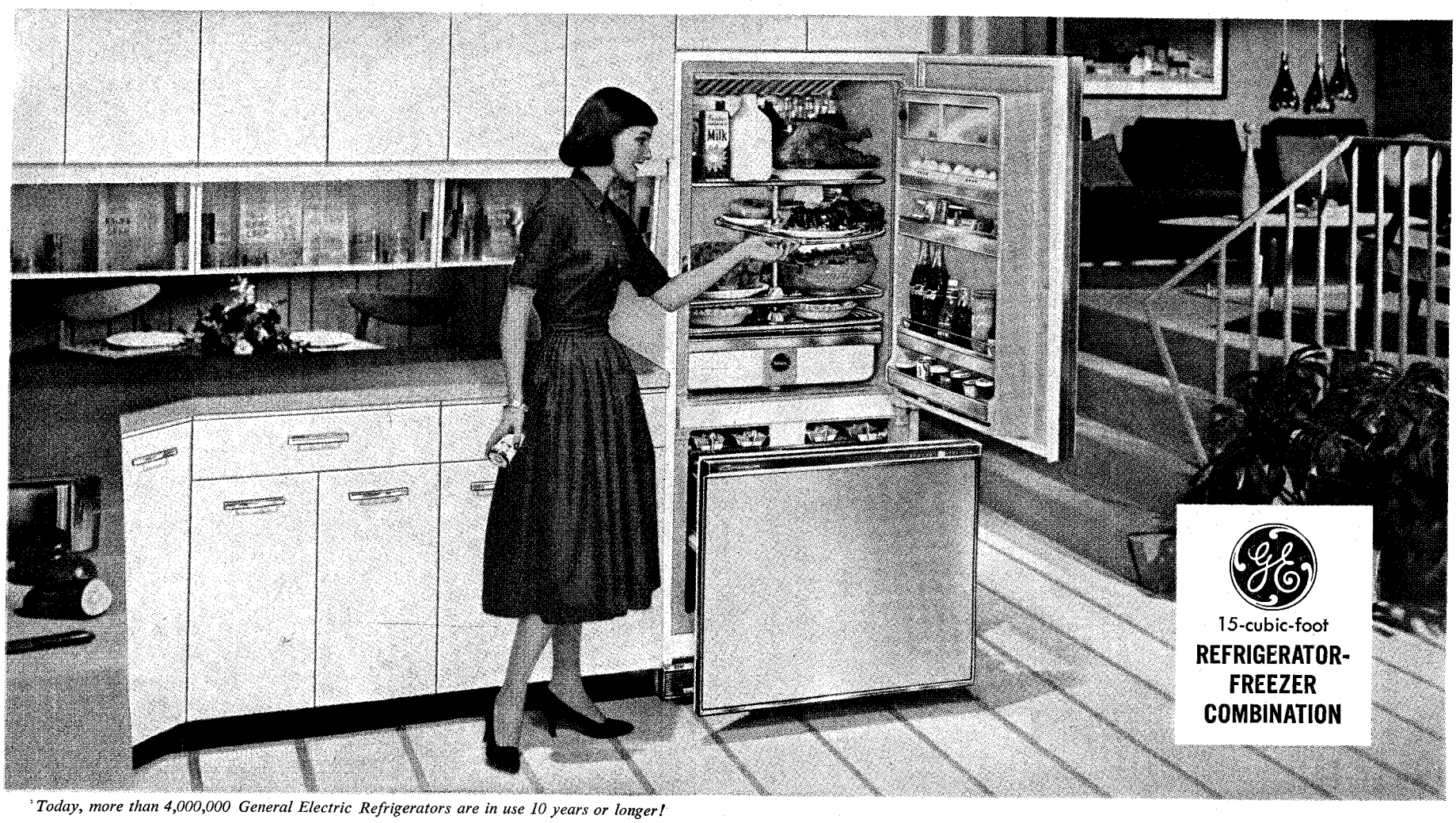
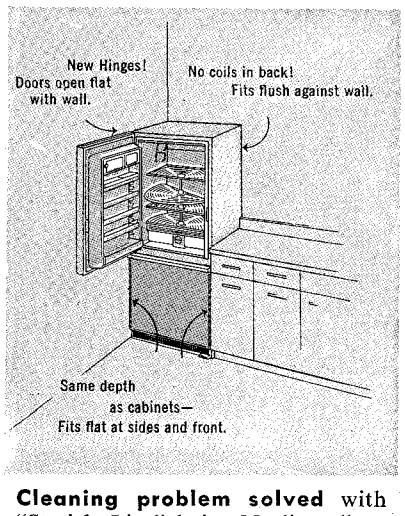
Revolving Shelves and big Roll-Out Freezer put all foods at your fingertips!

Live Better Electrically with a new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer

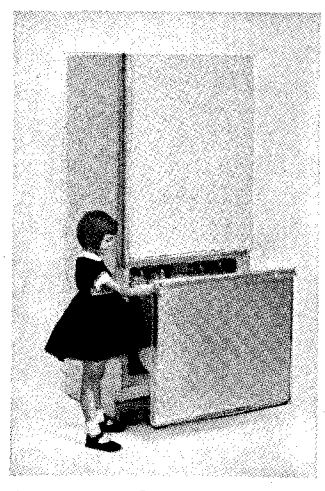




Today, more than 4,000,000 General Electric Refrigerators are in use 10 years or longer!


New Hinges! Doors open flat with wall.
No coils in back! Fits flush against wall.
Same depth as cabinets— Fits flat at sides and front.

Cleaning problem solved with "Straight-Line" design. No dirt-collecting waste space. Sides, top, back are flat and straight. Front lines up evenly with cabinets. Does not stick out.



Big zero-degree freezer rolls out at a touch on silent, nylon rollers. Holds up to 175 pounds of frozen food in two handy storage drawers.

Only "Straight-Line" General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers give you these features! Plus . . . no coils in back, no dirt-collecting waste space!

Just a *touch*—and Revolving Shelves bring foods in back right out in front. No more groping in hard-to-reach corners!

And with Revolving Shelves you never have to remove shelves *or* food to adjust height. Cleaning is easier, too.

They give so much space for foods, too—all at your fingertips. So practical, they make all other shelves old-fashioned.

The big refrigerator section of the new General Electric refrigerator-freezer defrosts automatically. No pans to empty. No clocks to set. No buttons to push.

Also, four new Ice Ejector Trays drop cubes into a large storage container in the top of the Roll-Out Freezer.

See the new refrigerator-freezers at your General Electric dealer's. Ask about his easy terms and trade-in allowance.

Household Refrigerator Dept., General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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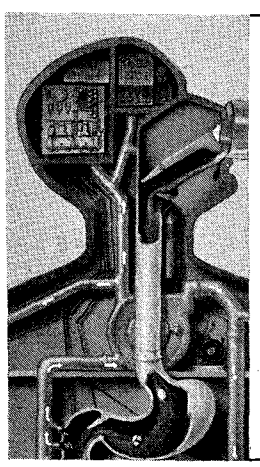
BUFFERIN® relieves painful cold miseries twice as fast!

Di-Alminate makes the difference



1. All leading pain remedies, including other compounds, rely on aspirin! But . . .

2. Aspirin *without* antacid is relatively slow-acting. It is acid and can irritate your stomach.

3. Only Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of antacids called "Di-Alminate." These speed the pain reliever into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. So Bufferin relieves pain *twice as fast* as aspirin!

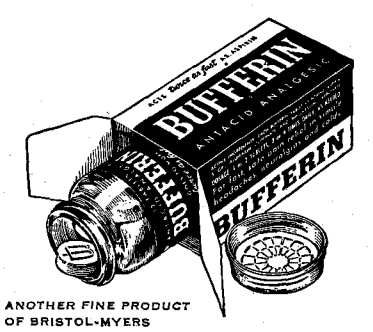
Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

Drippy days are minor discomforts compared to the aches and pains that plague a cold sufferer.

Bufferin, the modern pain reliever, brings really fast relief of painful cold miseries. Because Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of antacids called "Di-Alminate," it brings relief *twice as fast* as aspirin.

What's more, you can take Bufferin from the start to the finish of a cold. You can use it continually—as directed—without fear of stomach irritation.

Next time a cold strikes, start and stay with Bufferin for "twice as fast" relief.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.

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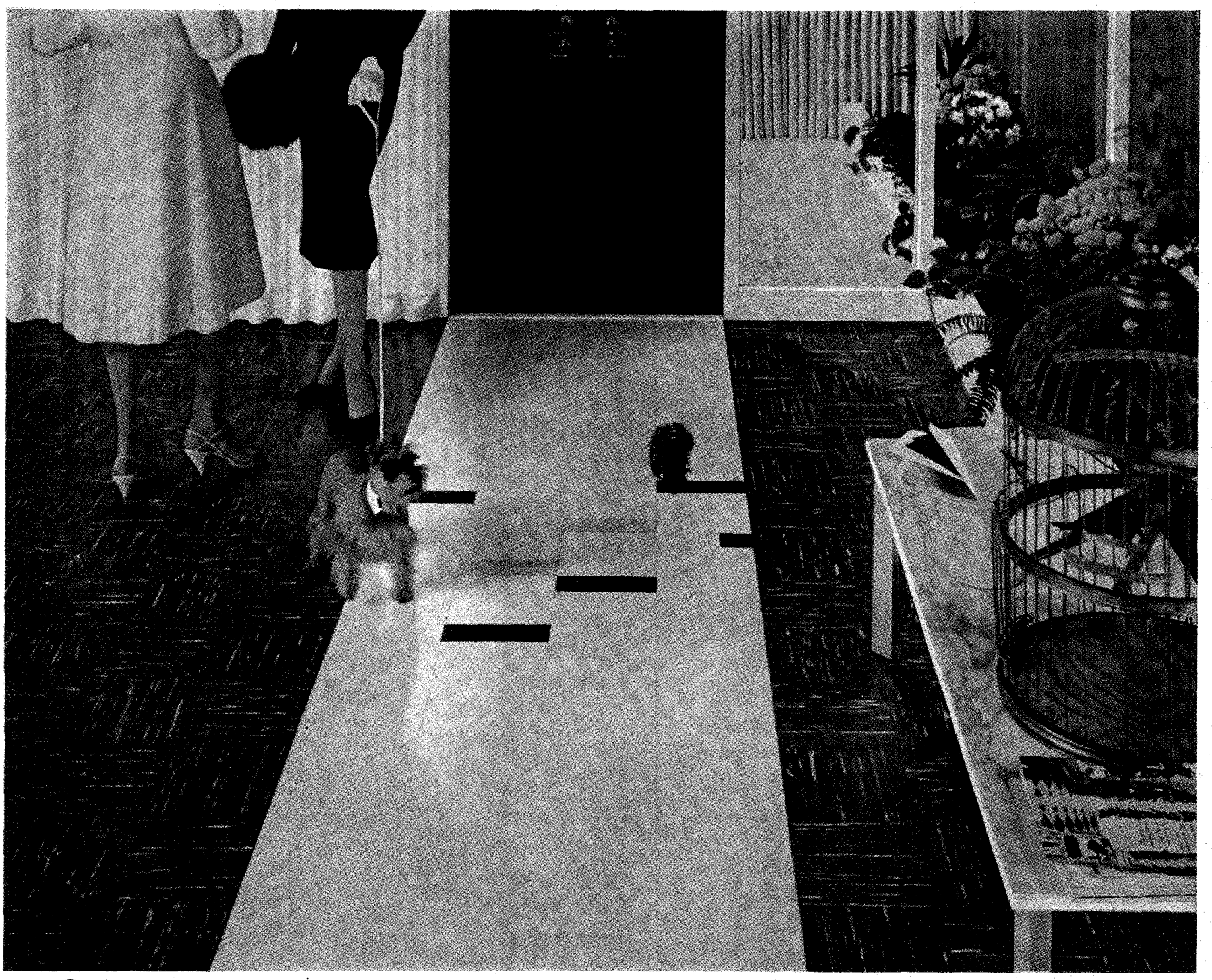

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THE COVER

Of course, the children haven't been frightened by Papa's snoring, but by the awful sounds of Nature on an electrical rampage. So mother will gather them in her arms and love away their fear—mustn't it be wonderful to be a mother? If that lightning is bedeviling a far-north state, it should signify the breaking up of a winter which certainly needed breaking up; and yet not long ago some northern areas had thunderstorms followed by the blankety-blankest descent of snow for thirty-something years. Let's leave forecasting to the weatherman, who is welcome to it. Coby Whitmore's man of the house, buried there in the bed, must be the deepest sleeper this side of the proverbial log. How does mother get him up mornings—rap on his head with the book?

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 233 — The greatest star of the screen!

The ever-swelling ranks of the Friends of Ford (Glenn Ford, that is) will be happy to learn that he remains faithful to his policy of "a sense of humor above all".

★ ★ ★ ★

This is apparent whether he wears an Okinawan kimono in "The Teahouse of the August Moon" or the gold braid of the Navy in "Don't Go Near The Water" or the spurs of a Westerner as he does now in "The Sheepman".

You'll be delighted to find that he's placed the accent on comedy again in this big outdoor-action picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the title role, he gets what he wants with humor and a casual approach, but when the occasion demands a fast gun or fist, he's there.

★ ★ ★ ★

Starring with him is Shirley MacLaine, bright discovery of "Around the World in 80 Days"—not only a new face and figure but a new *fire*. Watch this girl!

★ ★ ★ ★

Leslie Nielsen, Mickey Shaughnessy and Edgar Buchanan strongly support.

★ ★ ★ ★

Glenn Ford's Jason Sweet is the only sheepman in the Colorado cattle country of 1870, a bristling, brawling era when a sheepman had no friends and, in frontier cowtowns, very little future.

★ ★ ★ ★

Into such a town rides Jason Sweet. Nobody quite knows what he's after. But there's a lively curiosity on the part of everyone, especially the town boss, the town bully, the town bum, and the town beauty.

★ ★ ★ ★

Actually, Jason wants two things—three, after he meets Shirley.

★ ★ ★ ★

The first thing is to cow this cowtown into the proper frame of mind to listen to a sheepman. The second is to have them accept him and his flocks.

★ ★ ★ ★

How he outguesses, outwits and wins out over all comers in his "easy does it" manner is part of the fun and charm of "The Sheepman".

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M filmed it in the San Juan mountains of Colorado, in magnificent CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Director George Marshall happily has used his know-how and Edmund Grainger has produced bountifully.

★ ★ ★ ★

Scenarists William Bowers and James Edward Grant amplified a William Roberts adaptation of a Grant story.

★ ★ ★ ★

When counting your entertainment blessings, count "The Sheepman".

—*Leo*

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WHAT YOU SEE IS A

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

Ever stop to think *how much* you expect of your eyes . . . how many hours a day you spend looking, reading, writing, watching, *seeing?*

If a Hollywood cameraman were to poke his lens over your shoulder and photograph what you see, it would take over *12 miles of movie film* to record the more than a *million different "frames,"* or pictures, of a single day!

That's a lot of seeing. And you can't expect to see it all—clearly, quickly, and in continuously changing focus—with outgrown eyes, or outgrown glasses. Eyes change . . . and it takes regular examinations to keep seeing up to date.

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Letters

Should Citizens Own Machine Guns?

Dear Sirs:

Many members of the National Rifle Association have written to me sharply criticizing the article, MURDER WEAPONS FOR SALE by Ashley Halsey, Jr., February 8.

In this article, Mr. Halsey is supposed to have exposed a "dangerous loophole in the law" in that "anyone, even a child, can now buy a real machine gun by mail." . . .

As a matter of fact, there is no loophole in the law. . . . The DEWAT program makes it possible for a fully automatic weapon to be permanently deactivated in such a manner that it can be retained as a trophy or collection item. If the problem is as serious as the article would indicate, the fault lies in the fact that machine guns which have not been properly deactivated are being offered for sale. If there is a loophole, it is the failure to comply with existing law and regulations and the lack of enforcement.

LT. GEN. FLOYD L. PARKS (RET.)
Executive Director, National Rifle Assn.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Your story certainly did point the accusing finger at a very bad situation and one which sorely needs correction.

JAMES E. SERVEN
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is, of course, quite easy to return a deactivated machine gun to operational status, but why advertise it? This article has doubtlessly put ideas into the heads of countless members of the lunatic fringe, and they will now attempt to procure guns capable of being converted to full automatic operation.

BASIL JOHNSTONE
Borden, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Switzerland, among others, (the most peaceful country in the world) allows its people to own and use machine guns to their hearts' content. And therefore why shouldn't we? If a government can't trust its people with guns, then the people can't trust the government.

JAMES E. FENDRY
Wauwatosa, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Halsey neglected to mention Boy Scout knives and hatchets, various carpenter tools and certain types of poisons that are sold as insecticides as well as many other "dangerous" articles that do not even have to be ordered through the mail but may be purchased locally across the counter.

NIELS R. HANSEN
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

America has the greatest number of hunting and shooting clubs in proportion to the population of any nation in the world. The owning of arms is our right and our heritage. Support it.

PAUL R. BILTZ
Glen Lake, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Since in time of emergency our armed forces will be equipped with the M14 light fully-automatic rifle, on an individual basis, it becomes ever more urgent that adequate and properly controlled marksmanship programs on approved ranges with machine-firing "fully automatic" weapons be organized. The distribution of machine guns to American citizens may be as essential for the preservation of America in this century as the issue of muskets to the Minute Men was in 1776 at the founding of our country.

WILLIAM B. EDWARDS
1st Vice President
American Automatic Weapons Assn.
Skokie, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

If you are looking for more such scare articles, I have a dandy idea for another how-not-to-do-it story. Supposing that a juvenile moron should purchase a can of black powder of the type used by

muzzle-loading rifle shooters, steal a 16-lb. shot of the type used in track meets, and proceed to load up an old Civil War cannon of the type found in many city parks. . . . Gads! He could bombard the city!

M. B. STEPHENS
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Sirs:

For all practical purposes the only arms necessary for the public are those strictly and exclusively designed for hunting, plinking and target shooting, and a machine gun either real or welded is designed strictly for homicide.

Thanks for an informative, authoritative, and well-written story.

HERBERT L. MCNAMA
International Ammunition, Inc.
Arcadia, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Obviously Mr. Halsey is not a firearms enthusiast, referring to the collecting of guns as an "unaesthetic hobby." . . .

DR. ALEXANDER C. JOHNSON
Great Falls, Mont.

● *Mr. Halsey is a member of The National Rifle Association and five other firearms organizations.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Halsey did not purchase a murder weapon. He did, however, manufacture one as described under paragraph 179.29 of the National Firearms Act. Under paragraph 179.77 of the same act, he should have declared his intent to do so. Under paragraph 179.76, he should have paid a tax of two hundred dollars. In other words, I am suggesting that a Federal law has been violated; and without such a violation no so-called "Murder Weapon" would have existed.

B. D. MUNHALL
Bel Air, Md.

● *Mr. Halsey paid his $200 Federal manufacturing permit to reactivate the machine gun; it was then registered under Pennsylvania law. —ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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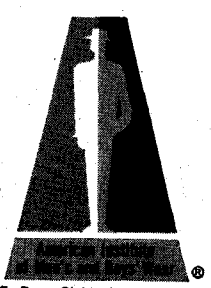
"Dad doesn't care how he looks—why should I?"

Jimmy wants to be like Dad. He wants to talk like Dad, walk like Dad—even look like Dad. All boys do. That's why dads have to watch their manners and watch their language . . . all the time. It's another reason why dads have to care how they look . . . even when they're loafing around the house. Because appearances do count. Man or boy, wherever you go, whatever you do, your clothes never stop talking about you. How about your son—and you? Do your clothes say the right things about you? If not, Easter's the time to give yourself a new look!



To Dress Right, shop at stores that display this symbol.

Dress Right—you can't afford not to!

For booklet "How to Dress Right . . . What to Wear When," send 10 cents to cover cost of handling to the American Institute of Men's & Boys' Wear, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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Style 2129
Chalet Last
Lo-Cut
Hickory Monona
Soft Grain
WRITE FOR ELABORATE NUNN-BUSH CATALOG

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Jewish Cuisine

Dear Sirs:

I heartily enjoyed Sol Fox's SECRETS FROM MY MOTHER'S KITCHEN, Feb. 1.

I have never read such a tender tribute to the American-Jewish traditions, which with the passing of dear relatives is fast running out.

Thank you for printing these lovely recipes which are so cherished and a part of our Jewish family life.

JOAN S. STEINBERG
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I have one question I would like to put to Mr. Fox. Since his mother is from the "old school," how did he ever get such exact measurements of her recipes? . . . Whenever I ask my mother (also from that same "old school") the

recipe of one of her masterpieces, her answer is always "a pinch of this, a handful of that, a few of these, etc., etc., etc." Never have I ever received an exact measurement of anything.

MRS. SOL WACHSMAN
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed reading Sol Fox's article. . . . It not only brought back memories, but verbalized a diet still maintained by many modern Jewish housewives. . . .

I would like to correct one translation. The word "kosher" does *not* mean "clean." Kosher means "ritually correct" or "ritually acceptable." Judaism looks on the meals as part of its relationship with God. As such, God is a guest at the Jewish table. For a guest, special foods must be prepared. These special foods have to be "kosher"—ritually acceptable.

The opposite of kosher, "trayf" means "torn"—it refers to animals that had died an unnatural death, or were ill—or to foods that were "ritually unacceptable."

RABBI TZVI H. PORATH
Chevy Chase, Md.

Dear Sirs:

My mother-in-law, who was renowned as a superlative cook, would never have made gefilte fish without adding two or three slices of chaleh, providently stored away from the previous Sabbath. One of her secret ingredients that made her gefilte fish distinctive from that made by other housewives was the addition of two slices of her home-made sponge cake instead of chaleh. . . .

Gefilte fish . . . was more than just fish for a Sabbath meal. The proficiency of a housewife was judged by her fish. If a hostess served her guests brownish fish it meant that she was careless in peeling her onions and had boiled some of the onion skins with the fish. If a housewife included haddock in her gefilte fish, it was significant of one of three things. A. She was stingy and tried to save on her household money; B. Her husband earned a meager living; C. Her husband was stingy and did not give her a sufficient amount of money to run her household properly.

DR. MIRIAM S. POLLOCK
Brookline, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Would sure love to see Mr. Fox put his fine talent to some other aspect of his youth. Perhaps: My Days in Front of the Candy Store. Most of us, raised as he was, spent much time in front of this social center.

HERB NALIBOW
Covina, Calif.

The Lure of Skiing

Dear Sirs:

It's good to see an article on that wonderful sport skiing (WHY DO I SKI?, by Hal Burton, Feb. 8th). But! Hal Burton seems to have overlooked the sense of his title. Being a mediocre skier myself, I do feel that Mr. Burton at times paints a rather grim picture. Downright joy and skiing excitement can be had with relatively *little* danger.

PETER E. MARTIN
Greenfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

From up here in the heart of the Midwest ski country we send you three rahs, a zing, boom, bah for that honest-to-goodness job you done on skiing. But please, fellows, why be in such a hurry to pass up this natural ski area serving the entire Middle West?

Nowhere in your article do you mention this great area. Somebody goof? Or is the area between the Hudson and Colorado still open territory?

DOUG GUNKEL
Land O'Lakes, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Skiing to me is the most pleasurable of all winter sports. . . . However, I am afraid I could never enjoy myself at Whiteface Mountain or any other of the areas financed by governmental funds.

It is sickening to realize that even in this clean beautiful sport the case of state subsidy has raised its ugly head. . . .

How many people realize the competition this state-fed monstrosity is giving private enterprise?

The future looks disgustingly dim what with these socialistic clouds hanging over small business.

ROBERT G. SIMMONDS, JR.
Worcester, Mass.

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Now New York Life's new Assured Accumulator plan answers one of the toughest financial problems facing many people today—how to invest part of their income to accumulate money and at the same time provide basic family protection.

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A unique feature of the Assured Accumulator is the flexibility provided by its four new options. By exercising one of these options, you can broaden your program to fit in with changes in your needs.

Premium rates for all this financial protection are favorably low. That's because the Assured Accumulator's minimum face amount of $10,000 permits administrative economies that are passed on to you. For example, monthly premium for a $10,000 policy issued at age 25 is only $20.50; at age 30, $24.40; and at age 35, $29.70. Under Check-O-Matic®, New York Life's special monthly premium payment plan, the premium is only $19.80 at age 25; $23.50 at age 30; $28.60 at age 35.

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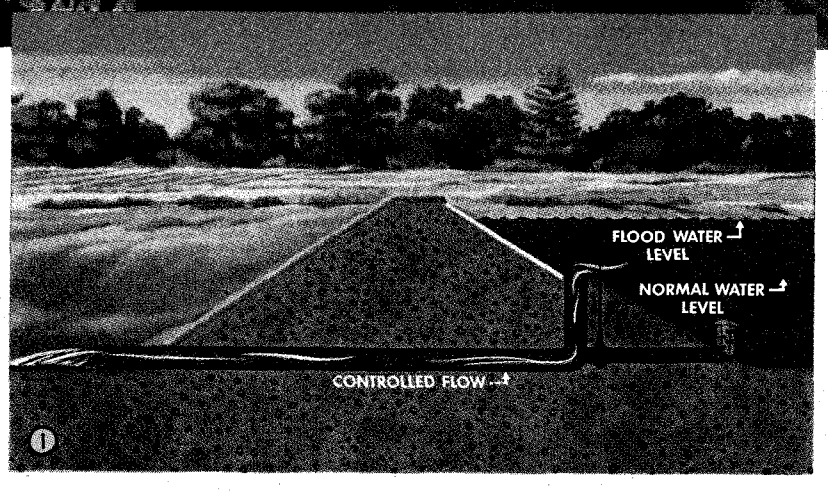

① **Cross-section of a flood water retarding dam**—one of the keys to flood prevention. Water flow is "metered" through pipe buried in the base of the dam... at a rate that streams below can handle without flooding. ② Contour farming and terracing hold valuable topsoil and water on slopes. ③ Farm ponds insure farm water supply and fire protection. ④ Wooded areas protect steep slopes and improve water table. ⑤ Grassed waterways slow water run-off from cultivated acres. ⑥ Downstream flood control—Channel is straightened and cleared for fast, safe exit of flood waters.

Watershed protection starts with farm power Modern Allis-Chalmers tractors and implements let farmers handle most conservation-farming jobs themselves . . . contouring, terracing, building waterways and small on-farm dams.

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Flood protection for your town starts out in the country... in small valleys where big rivers are born. Now, in many an upstream "watershed," townspeople and farmers are working together in a new way, developing...

A home-grown answer to water problems

All over America, local associations are being organized to attack man's age-old problem of too little water or too much. Their new weapon is the *valley-wide* land protection and flood prevention program—embracing the efforts of farm and business groups, wildlife enthusiasts, electric utilities and local Soil Conservation Districts.

Floods, erosion and water shortage don't stop at property lines or at city limits, either. They affect everybody in a watershed—all the people who live and work in the area drained by a main stream and the little upland creeks that run into it. In this new program, everybody works together . . . building dams and terraces, establishing the proper farm practices to put the valley's water completely under control.

Folks farther downstream benefit, too. Not only are flood waters and erosion controlled, but there's a more dependable water supply for irrigation, recreation and municipal use. Local upstream planning takes into account the major river control projects downstream—so there's a unified effort all the way to the sea.

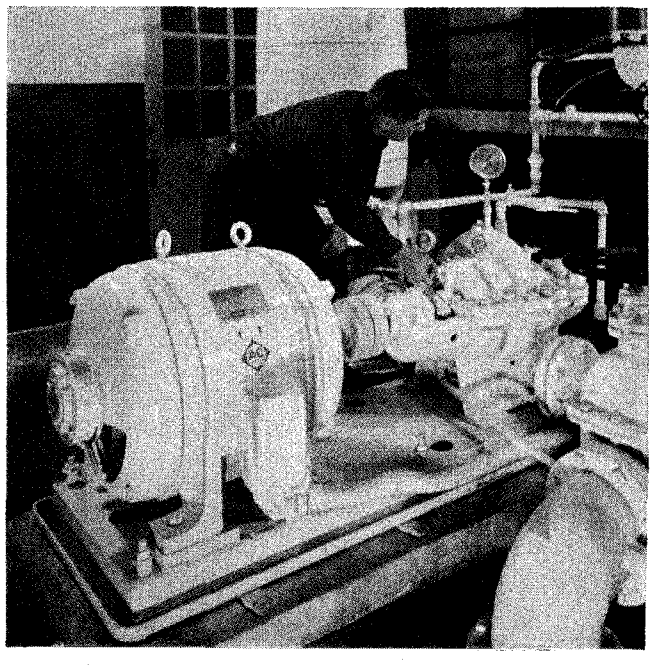
Modern power equipment, like the Allis-Chalmers machines you see here, have important roles in the management and use of water. Throughout America, local communities are realizing better living from greener valleys . . . with the help of *Engineering in Action*. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

ALLIS-CHALMERS

Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today

Earth moving for flood prevention Contractors move in to handle bigger watershed jobs . . . use heavy-duty machines like this Allis-Chalmers crawler tractor and scraper team.

New dams boost the water supply in some watersheds . . . and Allis-Chalmers electric motor-centrifugal pump combinations like this work around the clock to meet the needs of the community.



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Editorials

A Bigger National Debt Won't Make Us Richer

Judging by all the clamor in and out of Congress, you might suppose that deficit financing is a laboratory-tested remedy for our economic aches and pains. Yet nothing in the record of the New Deal experiments along this line can be cited to justify the belief that unbalanced budgets create prosperity.

Only last November a congressional joint committee held hearings on "Federal Expenditure Policy for Economic Growth and Stability." One of the panelists invited to testify was Dr. Paul B. Trescott, of Kenyon College, a specialist in the history of Federal fiscal policy. His figures are interesting.

Beginning with 1931 and ending with 1940, we had ten straight deficits in our annual budgets. Over the same period, the proportion of the labor force which was unemployed started with 16 per cent—this January, by comparison, showed less than 7 per cent—and ended at 15 per cent. In between, the unemployed average rose as high as 25 per cent in 1933 and was never lower than 12 per cent (1937).

The highest prewar budget was in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1940, when we spent $9,600,000,000. This, of course, looks like chicken feed today, so it is possible to argue that deficit financing was not tried on the grandiose Keynesian scale.

During the war, from 1942 to 1945, inclusive, the budget averaged $88,000,000,000 per year. That sum included the staggering costs of the war. With those items omitted, today's budget is not far behind.

While it is true that unemployment vanished after 1942 and was replaced by a labor scarcity, it is also true that the needs of the armed services withdrew, at one time or another, a total of 14,000,000 people from the civilian labor force. War conditions hardly made an accurate test of the theory. Still, the spending was enormous, and the deficits were immense, so the temptation is to find a link between prodigal expenditures and a boom.

A few other figures may suggest caution. During a shooting war, it would be necessary to spend whatever is needed to insure victory, without regard to ordinary prudent considerations of the value of balanced budgets. This can stimulate a false prosperity, the kind once referred to as "fool's gold" by F. D. Roosevelt. But it also results in price inflation, with all its sad effects on people with fixed or relatively stabilized incomes.

The War of 1812 brought about a rise of 50 per cent in wholesale-price levels; the Civil War boosted the same index 100 per cent; World War I accounted for a 60 per cent increase, and World War II, in spite of much tighter controls, saw a 35 per cent increase.

All these facts are a matter of record. The advocates of deficit financing ought to warn the people that they are offering a temporary pain-killer which has disagreeable aftereffects.

The Reds Knew Their Way Around Among the Bureaucrats

It takes a brave man to remind people that the Communist scheme for world conquest has not been abandoned merely because we are tired of hearing about it. One American who is determined to present to a new and largely uninformed generation the picture of Soviet penetration as he has intimately observed it over the past quarter century is Judge Robert Morris, chief counsel for the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee. He does it in a book called, with no pretense of optimism, No Wonder We Are Losing (Bookmailer).

Judge Morris, who is a candidate for the Republican senatorial nomination in New Jersey, has been probing the Red conspiracy ever since 1940, when the Rapp-Coudert Committee of the New York legislature investigated Communist penetration of the state's education system. Thus he is able to recall how Miss Bella Dodd, then legislative counsel for the Teachers' Union and an active Communist, but later one of the Senate committee's stanchest witnesses against the Reds, "put the epithet 'informer' into the record on every possible occasion."

Miss Dodd later explained to Judge Morris that the Communist strategy was to identify with the hated term "informer" any witnesses who had left the Communist Party. "If former Communists could be discredited as a group, there would be little danger of Communist secret networks being exposed." Regrettably this smear strategy has been all too successful. With our anti-anti-Communists it is worse to be an "informer" than to be a traitor.

One of Judge Morris' more hair-raising stories concerns his tour of duty during World War II as a lieutenant in Naval Intelligence. It concerns the efforts of Victor Kravchenko, one of the early defectors from the Soviet Union and author of I Chose Freedom, to inform the United States that naval equipment which "was being dispatched with great urgency by the United States to the Soviet Union ostensibly to crush the Germans," was actually "being saved to build up a strong postwar navy to challenge the British and American fleets." Kravchenko, as a member of the Soviet Purchasing Commission, was in a position to know. A summary of Kravchenko's information was sent to a higher echelon.

The result is astonishing. According to Judge Morris, "A dispatch from the director of Naval Intelligence ordered us to drop all association with Kravchenko. A day or two later we all got orders reassigning us to other posts in diverse parts of the world." In those days it was dangerous to interfere with the plans of an "ally," even when the plans were against us!

The danger now is that fear of nuclear war, and the consequent anxiety to "fix up a peace" almost anyhow, will again make the climate unfavorable for those who remain alert to the basic danger. If we can look at the situation as it exists instead of as we wish it were, we shall be able, as Judge Morris puts it, "to stem the swift-flowing tide." But it won't be done with "easy hopes or lies," or failure to understand the relation of past events to what is happening today.

Triumph for Soviet Science: Sleeping Pills for Wolves!

In the literature of the Old Russia the wolf is a classic figure, as important as he is in the Red Ridinghood-type fairy tale. Despite all the social engineering that has occurred since 1917, there are many people to whom the word "Russia" still connotes a picture of a family, swathed in furs, dashing across the frozen steppes in a droshky pursued by a pack of wolves getting hungrier—and closer—with every mile.

First the driver would toss a bale of straw in the path of the wolves, hoping to divert them. The wolves would worry this decoy for a few seconds and then renew the chase, gaining in speed as their frustrated rage mounted. Next came a small ham, then a tub of caviar, then one of the horses and finally the baby. What was left of the family would eventually arrive at the mir, thanking a merciful God for their deliverance.

Well, all that has been changed. Instead of tossing all those diversionary objects to the wolves, Russians are now tossing tranquilizers out of the sleigh. Indeed they are taking the offensive and hunting the wolves with tranquilizers! "A bait containing phenobarbital was put out," reported a Moscow radio announcer recently. "At night the wolves swallowed it and went away a short distance, where the hunters found them asleep. Six beasts were destroyed."

If this were a solemn political editorial, something might be made of the idea that this tranquilizer technique, which would have come in handy for Little Red Ridinghood's grandmother, bears a close resemblance to Soviet methods in a broader area. Benumb the "fascist beasts" with drugs and then destroy them! But our immediate concern is with the improved manner in which a People's Democracy deals with the wolf menace, in contrast to outmoded czarist methods.

The use of tranquilizers as an instrument of foreign policy is left to the ideologists; and the question whether it is less sporting to shoot a partridge sitting or a wolf snoring is left to animal lovers and animal hunters. After all, it's better than being orbited in a Sputnik.

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Only from the great traditions of Cadillac could there come a motor car as surpassingly fine as the beautiful creation you see here. It's the Cadillac car for 1958—a brilliant achievement in all the qualities that make it the Standard of the World. And paramount among these is the great *practical* satisfaction it renders. From every standpoint, the Cadillac car has become an even wiser purchase for an even wider group of motorists. Whether your favorite is the Sixty-Two Coupe or the Eldorado Brougham, we invite you to inspect its Fleetwood coachcrafting—and to spend an hour at the wheel. Your dealer will be your delighted host at any time.

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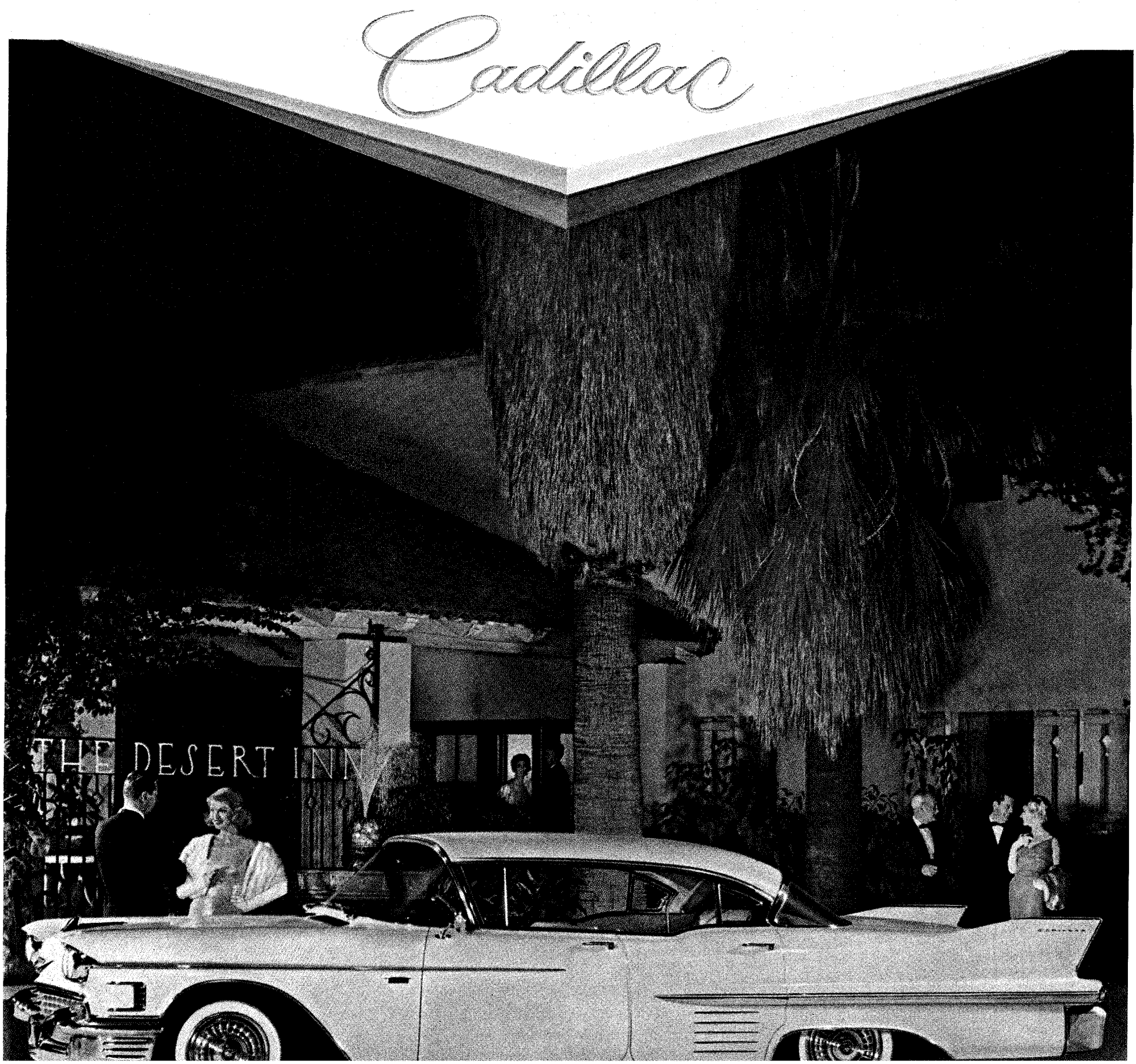

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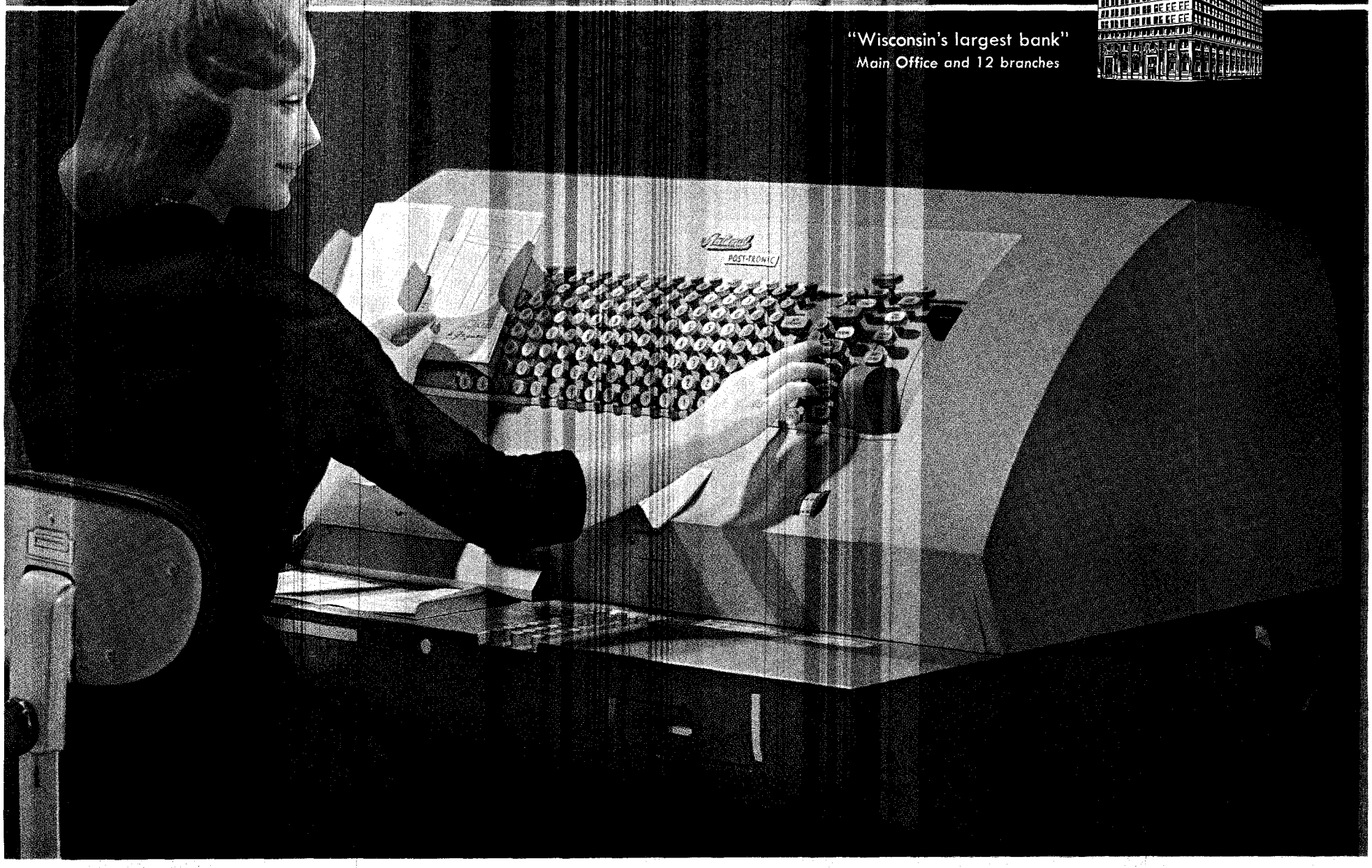

"National POST-TRONIC machines save us more than 55% annually on our investment!"

— **FIRST WISCONSIN NATIONAL BANK** of Milwaukee

"Since we constantly strive to offer our customers the best service possible, we obtain the most advanced equipment available. For preparing customers' checking account statements, we feel that the National POST-TRONIC* bookkeeping machines afford the maximum in efficiency, speed and accuracy.

"Our experience to date shows that the National POST-TRONIC machines have enabled us to effect savings that will give us an annual return on our investment in excess of 55%.

"Specific benefits which make that result possible are the reduction in operator posting time, operator training and space requirements. The POST-TRONIC machine also greatly reduces the opportunities for human error; and that, of course, is of immeasurable importance in our customer relationships."

William G. Bruncker

Chairman of the Board, President

National's new POST-TRONIC provides the lowest cost bank posting. This means more efficient *over-all* operation of any bank, regardless of size. Your local National representative will be glad to show *your* bank how much can be saved. Call him today. He's listed in the yellow pages of your phone book.

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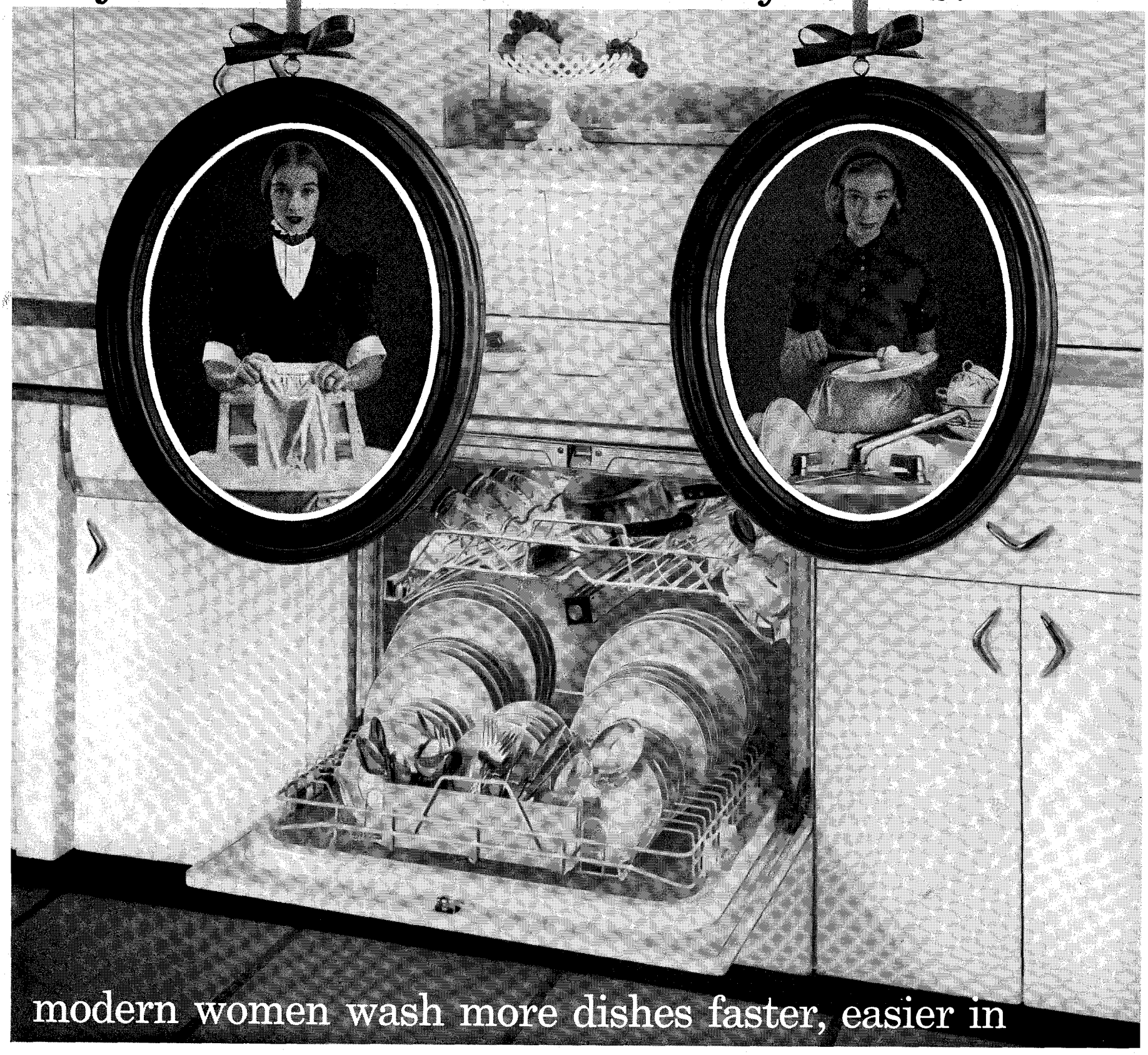

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YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS FULL CAPACITY JET-TOWER® DISHWASHER

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See the Jet-Tower at your Youngstown Kitchens dealer in Blue, White, Yellow or Sandalwood color. Under-counter or work-level installation.

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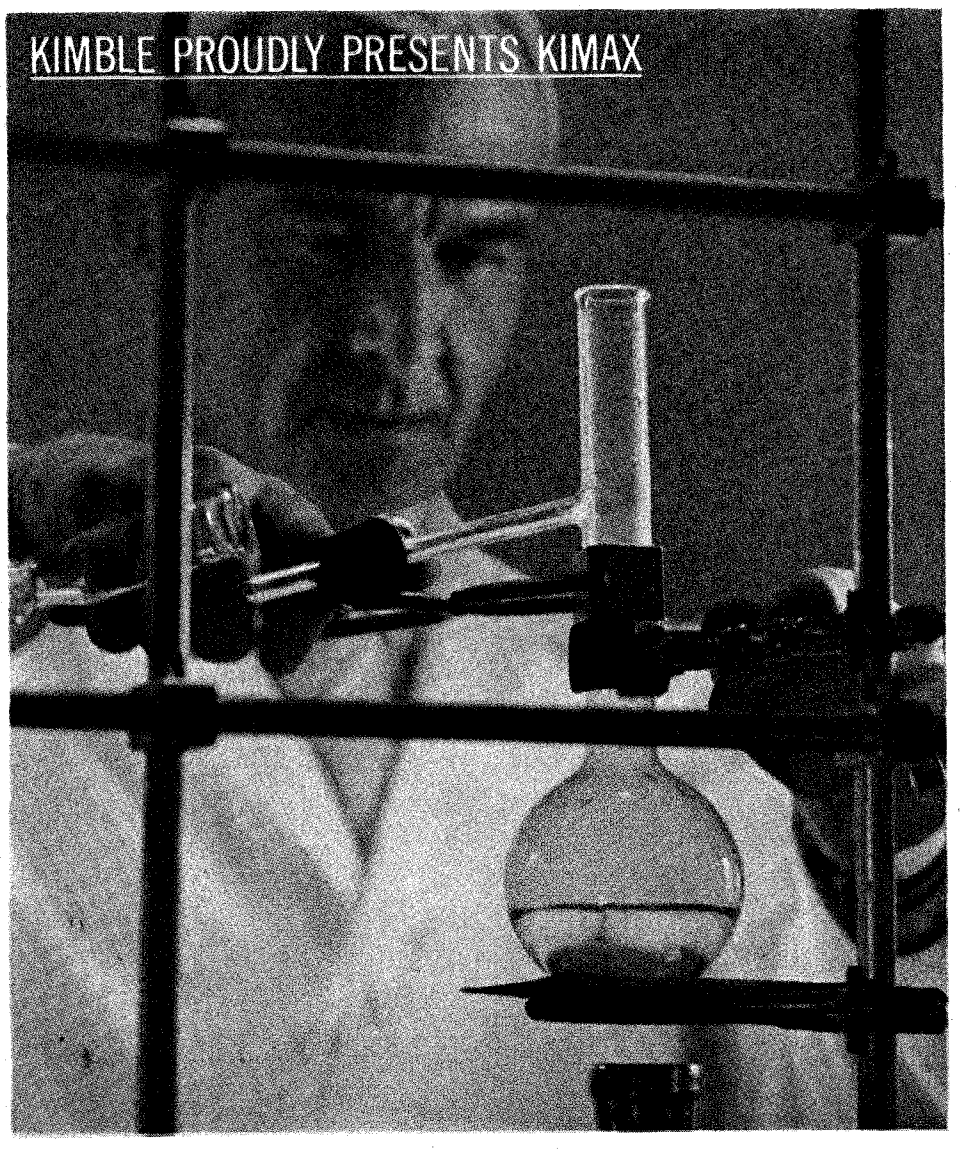
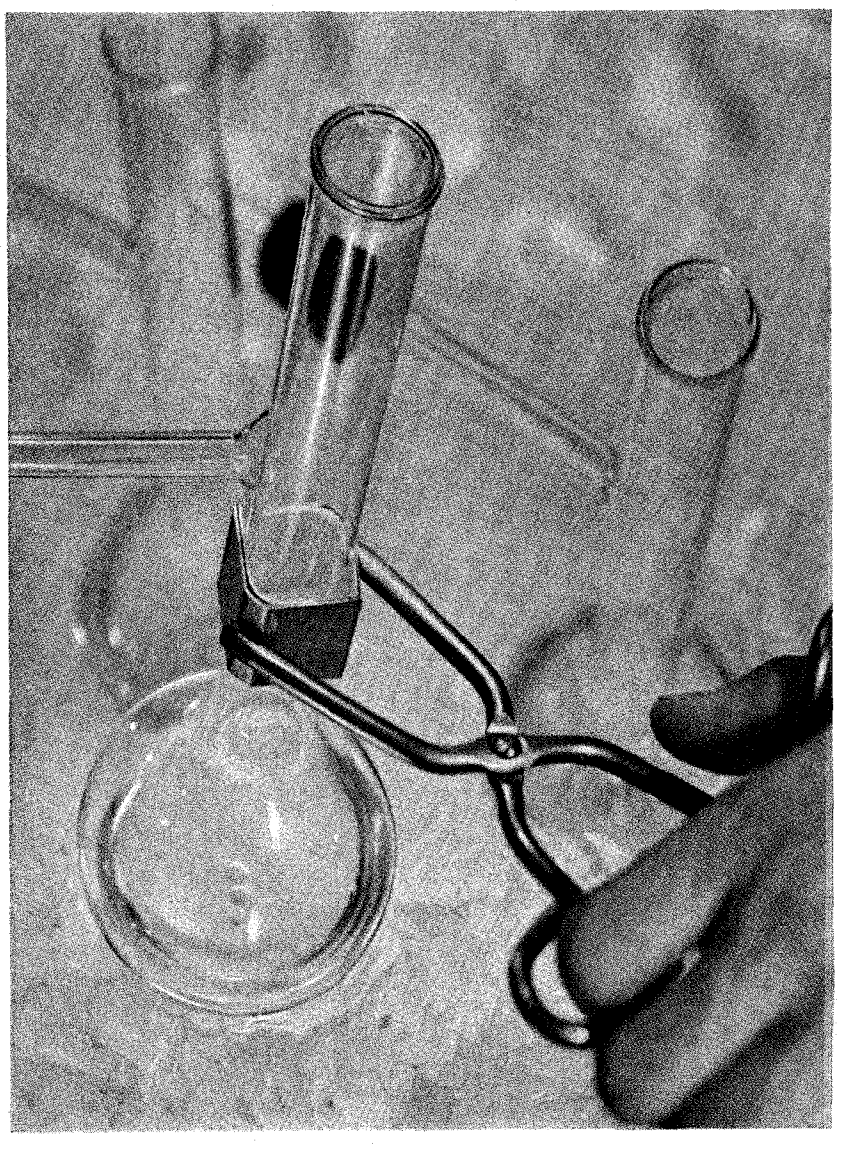
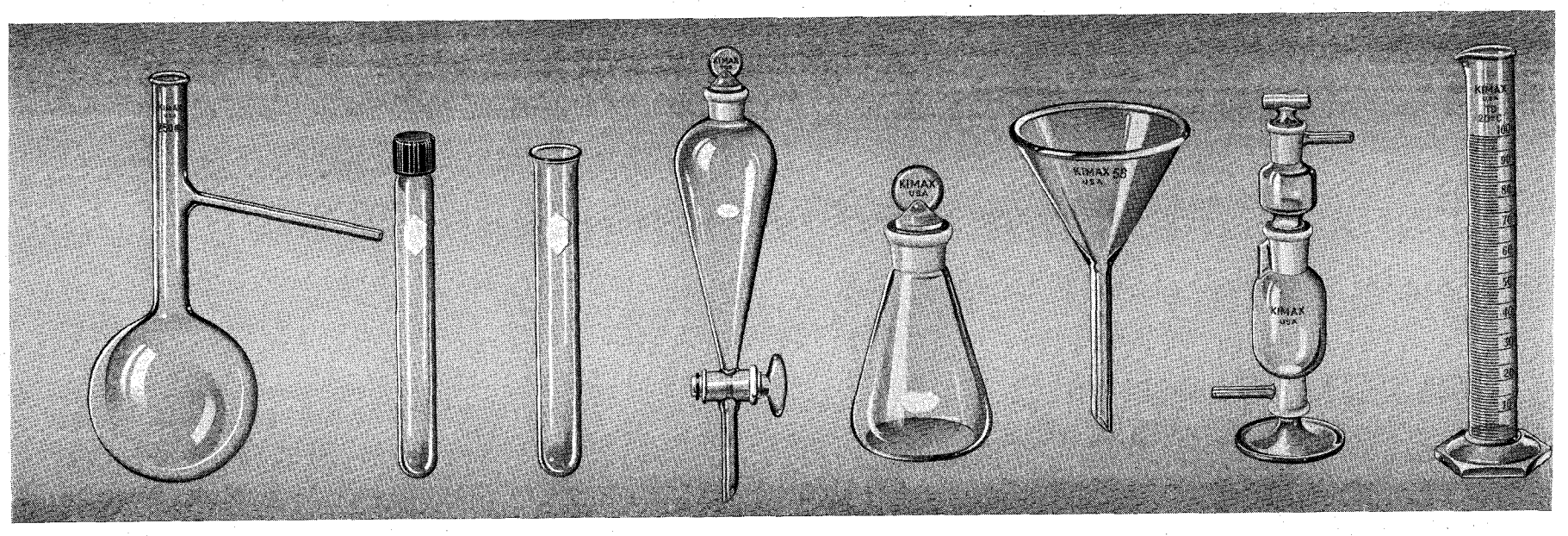




From fire or freezing cold



The registered trademark KIMAX for shock-resistant laboratory glassware is a direct reminder of the Kimble name and tradition of craftsmanship. In graduated ware, where standards of precision are the most severe of all, the Kimble reputation is unexcelled.

KIMAX is available through dealers in the United States, Canada and principal foreign cities.

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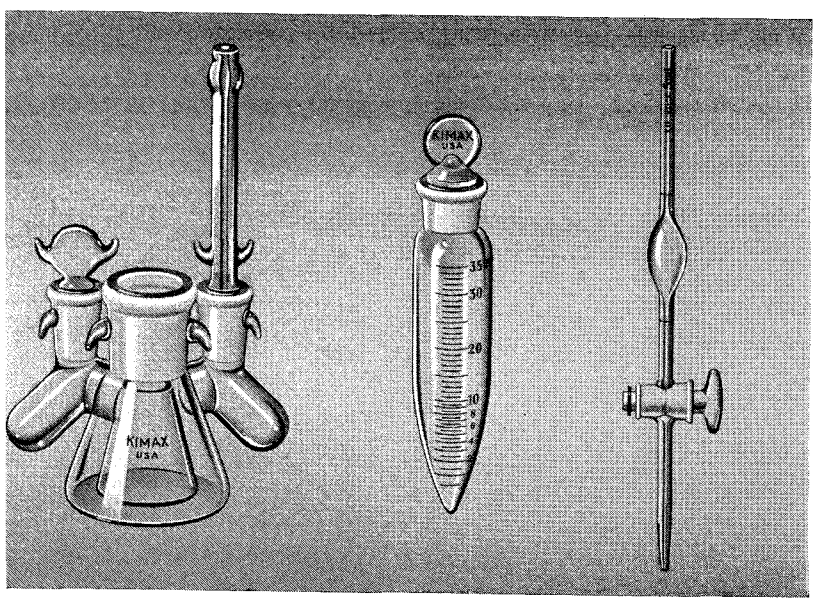
heat shock is routine to KIMAX®



KIMAX "hard" glass laboratory equipment withstands changes in temperature that would spell instant death to ordinary glass.

"Hard" glass is vital to many of the procedures in modern laboratories, where its unique properties permit uses never possible with common glass.

Amazing resistance to sudden temperature change is but one property which makes KIMAX invaluable in the world's laboratories. KIMAX also is virtually unaffected by alkalis and boiling acids, other than hydrofluoric, and possesses unusual physical strength.

KIMAX is a product of Kimble Glass Company, the most complete source of laboratory glassware. Kimble Glass Company is a subsidiary of Owens-Illinois.

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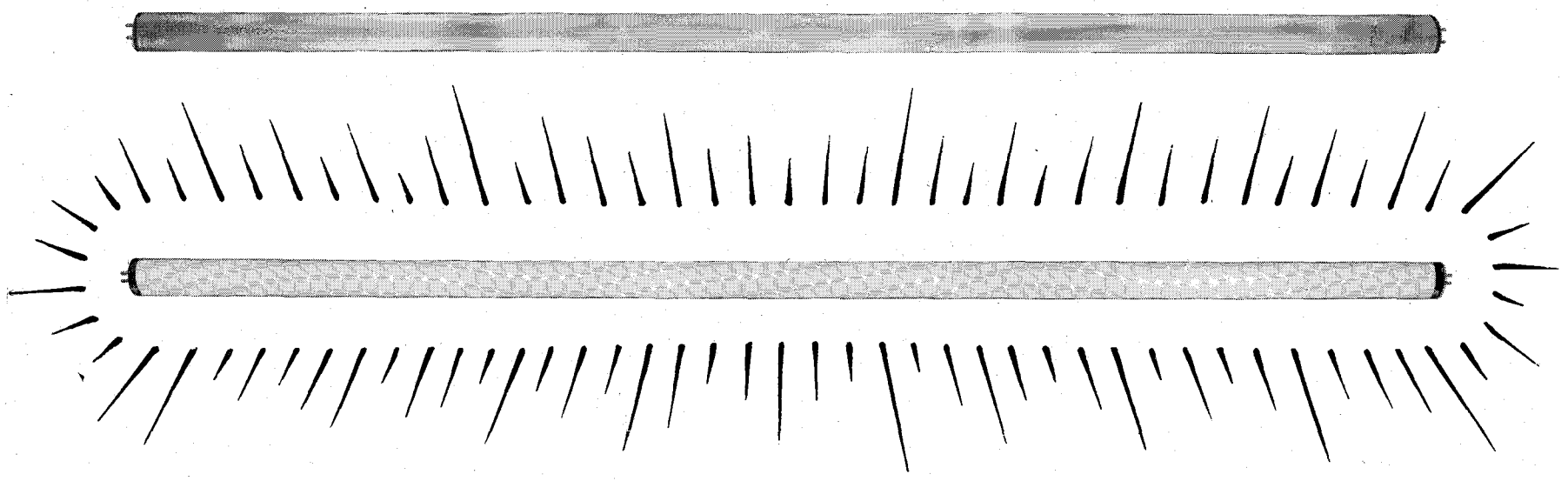
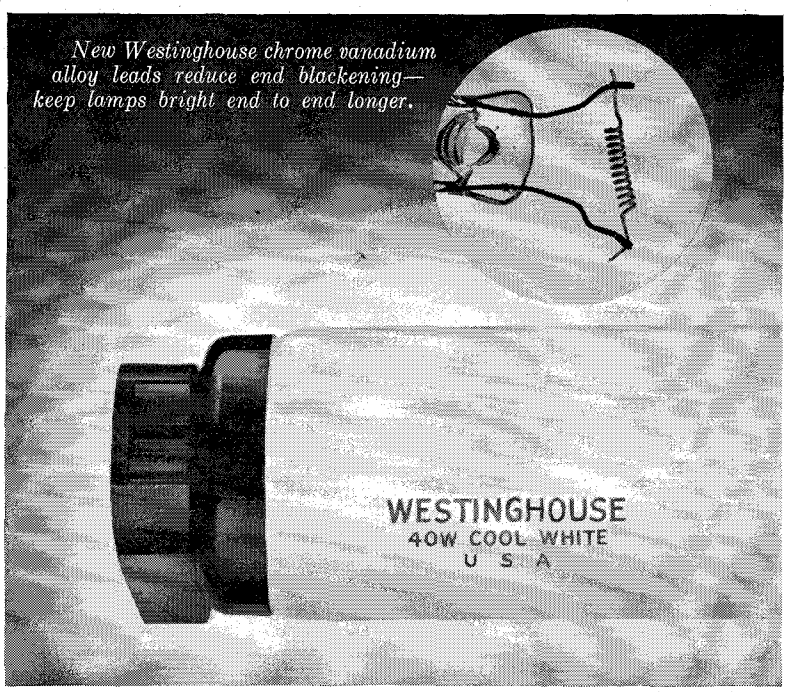
Goodbye, "Dead-Ends"!



Westinghouse lamps stay bright from end to end... l-o-n-g-e-r !


New Westinghouse chrome vanadium alloy leads reduce end blackening—keep lamps bright end to end longer.
WESTINGHOUSE
40W COOL WHITE
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"ULTRALUME" phosphors coat the inside of all Westinghouse fluorescent lamps. Only Westinghouse has "Ultralume"...the phosphors that assure maximum brightness for the life of the lamp.

Banish light-robbing, unsightly "dead-ends" on your fluorescent lamps. Next time, use Westinghouse lamps with exclusive "Ultralume"™ phosphors and new chrome vanadium alloy leads. The combination of revolutionary new leads and Ultralume phosphors make Westinghouse lamps give maximum light longer and keep them bright end to end!

Save money, too! Lamp for lamp, Westinghouse fluorescents give more light for the same wattage. You get more light per foot . . . more light per dollar!

Specify Westinghouse on every lamp order. Call your local authorized Westinghouse agent or write —Westinghouse Lamp Division, Bloomfield, N. J.

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new prestige-styled '58 Dodge Power Giants ...4-way leaders of the low-priced 3!

That's a lot to expect—one truck that leads *all four ways*. But your new, budget-priced Dodge *Power Giant* does just that. For Dodge is the handsome husky that's designed to turn more heads . . . shoulder more cargo . . . cover more ground . . . and whittle more costs than any other low-priced hauler afloat this year. And with good reason:

1. Dodge leads in Styling . . . with rich chrome grilles, smart dual headlights, and bold new sculptured lines that reflect your own pride in your business every time your new Dodge truck spins through town!

2. Dodge leads in Power . . . actually delivers up to 27.5% more horsepower than other popular-priced models. Cross-town or cross-country—here's bonus power that trims engine wear, lets you set schedules with a stop watch!

3. Dodge leads in Payload . . . with capacities that let you haul up to ⅓ more cargo per load than other low-priced makes. You save trips . . . save time . . . save money.

4. Dodge leads in Economy . . . with low prices plus exclusive Power-Dome V-8 engines that minimize carbon deposits—give you full power and top mileage on regular gasoline.

Make no mistake: The '58 *Power Giant* you choose—V-8 or Six—is much more than a new truck. It's a new *kind* of truck . . . and it's *priced to be yours!* May we prove it to you? Just visit your Dodge dealer for a convincing test drive . . . and get his special Dodge Truck 40th-Anniversary *deal*!

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Arrangement for Slimness: the Light refreshment

TODAY'S figures seem to be growing as slender as flower stems. Ask any modern woman how she arranges to stay so slim and trim—and she'll probably credit her sane choice of lighter food and drink.

Today's Pepsi-Cola fits right in with this modern diet trend. Reduced in calories, never heavy, never too sweet, today's Pepsi is the modern, the *light* refreshment. Have a Pepsi. Refresh without filling.

Pepsi-Cola **refreshes without filling**

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

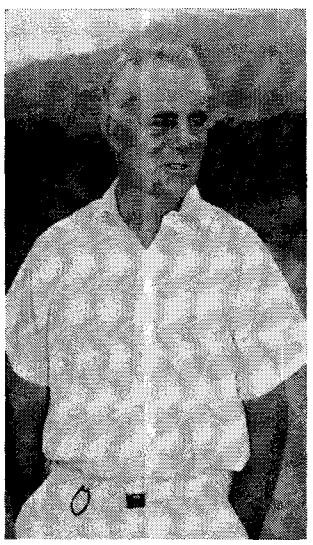
The author of the sensational novel Something of Value reports from New Guinea. Here a fierce people is emerging from the Stone Age without the tragic mistakes made in Africa.

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PART ONE

Franklin Roosevelt had just come in, and it was the year of the bank holiday. Babe Ruth was still up, but fading fast. Jack Dempsey was long finished. Prohibition was on its deathbed. Clara Bow was declining as an art form, but Gary Cooper and Clark Gable were well established. The year was 1933, and I was a junior in college.

In that year, a young Irishman named Michael James Leahy, searching for gold in New Guinea, climbed 7000 feet up a mountain, peered through a gap and discovered half a million people who were not known to exist. This was the New Guinea Highlands, the most fertile, beautiful and productive, as well as the most ferocious portion of what is probably the most desirable big island in the world today, from a standpoint of strategic location in the Pacific.



Left: Explorer Mick Leahy, now a cattle raiser, once suffered "a bash on the head" from a Kukukuku club. "You could stretch humanity too far in the early days," he recalls.

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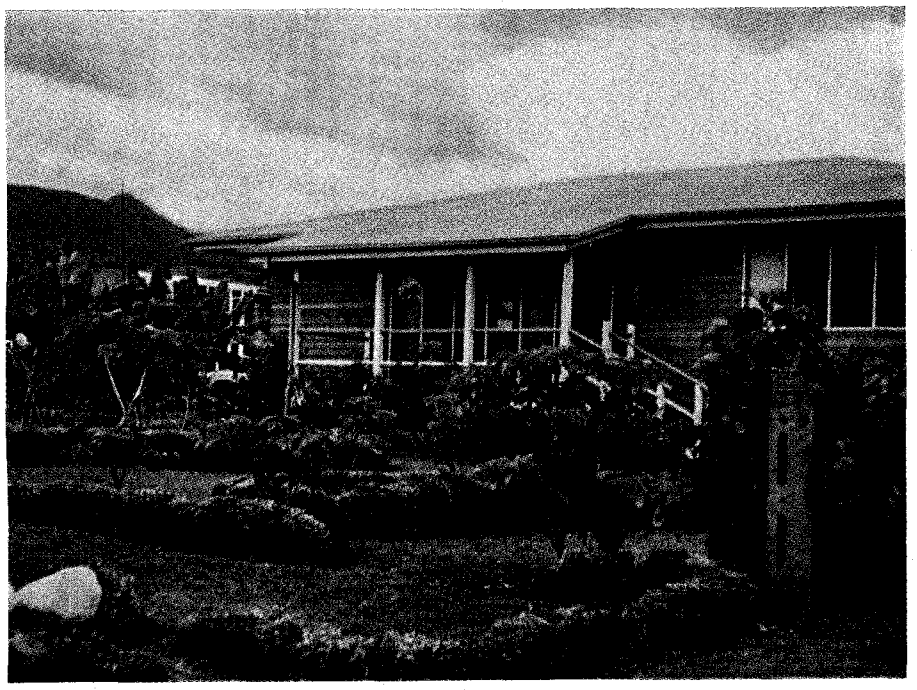

Everything in the frontier town of Goroka, from its jail to white men's houses, including the one above, was flown in during the past seven years.

At the Goroka airstrip, which handles 650 flights a month, natives unload a cargo craft. Even today local tribesmen often look under a plane to see whether it is a male or a female.

Young Aussie pioneers like Dan Leahy (center), a nephew of the three Leahys who opened up the country, have made "the word of an Australian" into a synonym for honesty, decency and a binding bargain, says Ruark.

Three brothers, Mick, Dan and Jim Leahy, District Officer Jim Taylor, Charles Marshall, Kenneth Spinks and Orme Denny, a Qantas airline pilot, midwived the birth of a new native population which was swept straight from rawest Stone Age to the day of the airplane and the atom.

Apart from Spinks, who was killed in World War II, all are alive, comparatively young men today. Captain Denny, who flew in five shotguns from Lae to Bena Bena, the last frontier, so that the Leahys could discover a new world, was recently a guest in my home in Spain. Two years ago I visited the homes of Mick and Jim Leahy, and also visited Jim Taylor. None of these men are old gaffers. They now own fine homes and farms, and young families, in a land they painfully dis-

The older Danny Leahy (left), one of the original trio of explorers, supervises natives panning gold from his mine at Kuta, near Mt. Hagen. He was nineteen when he and his brother Mick first sighted the Wahgi Valley in 1933.

About 5000 years of civilization separate these Wahgi tribesmen and their two young charges.

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Signs of mourning: A small daub of mud (left) indicates grief for a distant relative, while a thorough smearing (right) means death in the immediate family.

A young mary (pidgin English for woman) of Nondugl. Aside from the plumes and necklaces, her basic ensemble consists of fiber net strips fore and aft.

A Wahgi Valley tribesman in his Peng, or ceremonial wig, which is decorated with iridescent green beetles. In his nose he wears pieces of shell.

covered—the Shangri-La in which the natives have changed but little in 5000 years, and that little only since 1933.

These men are all of a stripe—sturdy, quiet, strong men, prematurely white-haired, but brown and young in the face. Mick Leahy has level Irish eyes, and a stubborn chin. Orme Denny is white-haired, but has a twinkle in his blue eyes. He was a bush pilot in New Guinea in the '20's, when, if you got off at all, and got home without running into a stuffed cloud, or hanging yourself in a tree, or, at best, wiping your undercarriage, you were a genius. He is now chief of Qantas Empire Airways for the New Guinea area. Mick, a few pounds heavier and white-haired as well, is almost a replica of the stalwart young man who sat sternly on a camp stool with a rifle across his knees. He had been a clerk in a Townsville railway station a mere six years before he discovered a new world.

Meeting these men gave me a remarkably eerie feeling. It was like confabbing with Columbus, Cortes, Balboa and da Gama. Sitting on the porch of Mick Leahy's fine ranch between Bulolo and Lae, sipping tea with Captain Denny, while Leahy's handsome kids played around his feet and in his beautifully flowering orchard, seeing his fine cattle and his neat barns, I got a tremendous feeling of unreality.

Orville and Wilbur Wright really discovered New Guinea, although they had some help from Abel Tasman, the old Dutch explorer, and Kaiser Wilhelm. I doubt if either Orville or Wilbur knew there was such a place as New Guinea that momentous day at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, when what the New Guinea natives now call a "dragon bird" soared off and stayed up. And it is certain that Kaiser Wilhelm, when one portion of New Guinea was called Kaiser Wilhelmsland, never knew that there were half a million people living in territory his best explorers called uninhabitable mountains.

The island of New Guinea is well known to American, Australian and Japanese forces, and names like Buna, Lae, Salamaua, Hollandia and Biak are part of the World War II legend, if only because so many of all forces died there. The rusted carcasses of Zeros and Black Widows and jeeps, half-tracks and weapon carriers are still strewn around Hollandia, and the bones of dead Japanese can still be seen in the ferny, dripping caves.

We used New Guinea as an air base against the Japs, without (Continued on Page 98)

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Journey in the Dark

By DAVID WALKER

This boy alone could get them through the black depths of the storm.

A big jet rumbled over the sky. Simon saw himself: Captain Simon Hall, dials glowing, instruments ticking—the only sounds at faster than sound. Night-liner captain, one hour out and five to London, a hundred travelers in his care.

He came back from that flight, and a frog was croaking a double croak. "Not you," it croaked. The frog stopped croaking in the swamp. It was a specially quiet night, so still that he could hear the river, too hot for sleep.

He turned on the radio by his bed. When it had warmed up, Simon put his ear close to listen to far-off quiet rock-'n'-roll, and then a man said, "Here is the latest on Hurricane Anna": He said that the death toll in Bermuda was at least two hundred, but Anna was headed well out to sea, no cause for alarm on the New England coast.

Simon switched off. Hurricane Anna did not seem too real in the quiet here. But it was real, all right, a few hundred miles away, much realer than Captain Simon Hall of the Douglas, or the Boeing, or the Comet, or the Convair. Simon shivered. Hurricanes were great huge winds, and he hated winds. You couldn't hear or smell or feel or anything in a wind. The winds in Anna were a hundred miles an hour, the man had said, and he said, "This first one of the season is a corker." But Anna was staying out at sea.

They were talking downstairs. He tiptoed out and sat on the top step, not hearing what they said, and not wanting to. The sound of their voices, one and the other, the quick and the slow, was like a part of the old wooden house, like company for him and the house and everything in the dark. And then the telephone rang.

Dad crossed the hall and shut the door. There was a long-distance sort of wait; and then dad talked. Simon sat out of sight from down below, ready to pop back to bed and be playing possum. Dad often took a wander up, the few nights he was here.

But his father, Col. Robert Hall, did not come up. He went to the living-room door and said, "So much for Labor Day weekend. Conference Tuesday morning on the Coast. That means I fly from La Guardia tomorrow night."

"Oh, Robert, can't they ever let you alone?"

"It's the nature of the job," he said. Dad had some very important sort of Air Force job. "They would have sent a plane for me," he said, "but no flying tomorrow."

"The hurricane?"

"Yes," he said. "It's miles away, but those things have long tentacles in weather. I'll have to take the car. I'm sorry, Mary; just one of those things."

Simon heard his mother sigh, and she said, "Just one of those things that never seem to stop. The Air Force is your family, not us."

Dad said nothing.

"I didn't mean that, Bob. I know it's not your fault. But tomorrow of all days—when you were going to talk to Simon. Who's going to do it now? Do I have to tell the truth to Simon?"

"Sh-h-h, Mary. He might be awake."

The truth to Simon. Simon stood up, his hand on the rail at the top of the stairs. He turned for bed because he wanted not to hear; but he wanted to hear, he had to hear; and so he did not go to bed; he went four steps down, his bare toes knowing the quiet places on the steps. He listened.

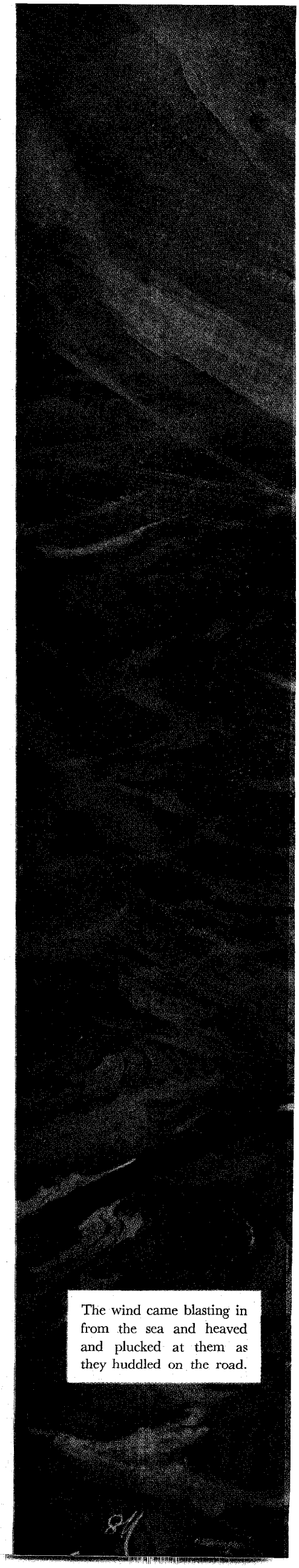
"Why did we build up his hopes? I never wanted to."

"Carruthers said, 'As long as there's hope, then let him hope.'"

"Do I have to tell him? Couldn't we wait till Washington, for you to do it? I may be comfort and fun and so on for him; but you're his man in trouble."

(Continued on Page 101)

Illustrated by Stanley Meltzoff



The wind came blasting in from the sea and heaved and plucked at them as they huddled on the road.

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Mercy is a Lonely Business

By GOVERNOR
AVERELL HARRIMAN
as told to Murray Teigh Bloom

New York's chief executive reveals what it's like to hold the fearful power to reprieve a condemned man or let him go to the electric chair.

The author (right), with his counsel, Judge Daniel Gutman. In three years, Governor Harriman has commuted two death sentences and allowed eighteen others to stand.

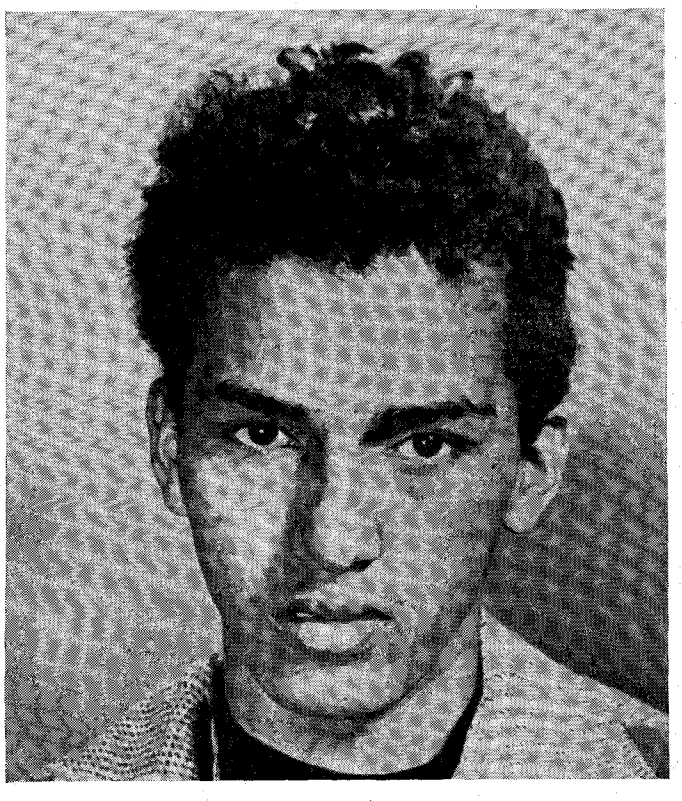
On the night of November 2, 1954, the 1696 nonvoting inmates of Sing Sing Prison were granted the special privilege of being allowed to listen to election returns by radio earphones after ten P.M. Warden Wilfred L. Denno knew the prisoners had a great interest in who was to be the next governor—the man who could commute the sentence of every one of them, including the ten men in the condemned cells.

I was elected, and in the three years I have been governor of New York I have learned much about this strange and absolute power most of my fellow governors and I possess. In twenty-eight states the governor has the power of reprieve, commutation and pardon. In many states he has advisory boards, but the basic decision is the governor's. He cannot be overruled and can usually act in all cases except treason or his own impeachment.

I think it makes sense to give the governor such broad powers, but some disagree. They think the clemency power produces an unfavorable effect on prisoners, in that they try to secure a pardon rather than reform; that it makes the courts careless in imposing sentences or enables judges to impose heavy penalties at a time of public frenzy and later recommend clemency; and that it is a device by which criminals who have political influence can escape a just penalty. It is true that a few politicians have misused their authority.

Of the ten governors who have been impeached and convicted since the founding of the Republic, only one, Gov. John C. Walton, of Oklahoma, was accused of pardon abuses. He freed 693 prisoners in eleven months, signing some pardons even before the judges pronounced sentence. Walton was tried and convicted—not of freeing the prisoners, but for getting paid to do it. As governor of Texas, Mrs. Miriam (Ma) Ferguson pardoned 3500 persons in 1925–26.

COMMUTED: Concepcion Correa, 17, helped murder an old woman. Harriman spared him at the request of the court.



COMMUTED: Norman Horton (left) murdered his father. Harriman decided the boy's "mind was befogged" and changed Horton's death sentence to life imprisonment.

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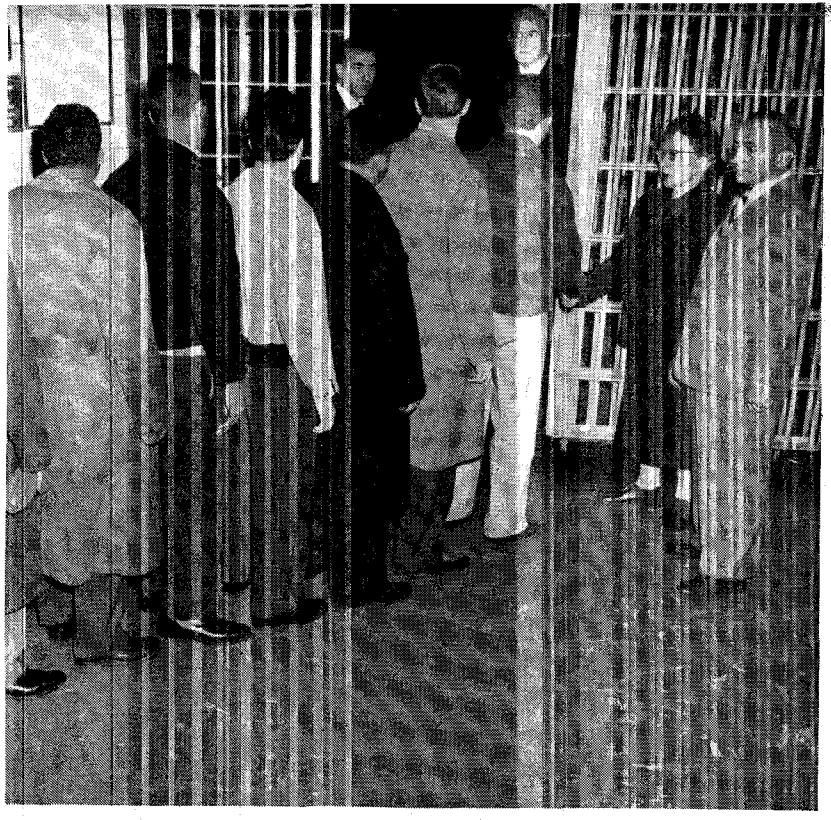

TIME OFF FOR VALOR: These convicts left prison with shortened sentences as a reward for heroic rescue work when a plane crashed near their New York City jail a year ago.

WRONG MAN: Edward Larkman (left), in prison eight years for murder, was freed when another man confessed to the crime. Although he was not a murderer, Larkman turned out to be a criminal. He is now back in prison for another offense.

Such abuses have led to public movements to limit the governor's clemency power. In the past twenty-five years, several states, including Oklahoma and Texas, have taken that power from the state's chief executive and assigned it to elected or appointed pardon and parole boards. But the National Probation and Parole Association, possibly the best judge of the matter, urges that the clemency function should not be taken from the governor.

There are strong arguments in favor of leaving such decisions in the hands of a governor. Our system of law is one of the highest accomplishments of western civilization, but it is sometimes accompanied by an inflexibility that borders on the inhuman. And there are, occasionally, gross miscarriages of justice. I can think immediately of two cases in New York where only the governor's pardoning power saved innocent men from electrocution.

In 1915, when I was twenty-three, Gov. Charles S. Whitman appointed me to my first public office as a State Fair Commissioner. Soon after, the governor was embroiled in a controversy that was set off when he took action in a murder case in Orleans County.

Charles Stielow, a farm hand, had been tried and convicted of murdering his employer. The evidence was "overwhelming": experts testified that the bullets had come from Stielow's gun and there was a "voluntary" confession made by Stielow. Later he repudiated it and said it had been forced from him under duress. But all of Orleans County seemed convinced of Stielow's guilt, and with each court stay the local editorials grew angrier at the postponement of the execution. After a hearing, Governor Whitman commuted Stielow's death sentence to life imprisonment and noted "there was a possibility, perhaps even more than a possibility, that the defendant was not guilty." He asked the Legislature for $25,000 to finance a special investigation. This brought out that Stielow's gun had not

(Continued on Page 82)

REPRIEVED TOO LATE: Burton Abbott (left) was executed two minutes before his reprieve came through.

Abbott's lawyers (left and right) and California Supreme Court clerk Sullivan tried to reach Gov. Goodwin Knight—on a ship at sea—to get a stay of execution. They succeeded, but not in time to save Abbott.

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The major smashed the carbine's butt into vitals of the radio again and again until the thing was dead.

Seven Days to Tingyong

To the jungle-ravaged force, facing an impossible mission, only one thing was clear: their job was to die.

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

First of Three Parts

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The single-engined liaison plane bucked in the updrafts over the North Burma ridges as it putt-putted along in the dying afternoon, but Old Detestable didn't notice. Old Detestable was Maj. Frank Antioch and he was thirty-two and he'd commanded Shanz Force since Lt. Col. Moon Shanz, for whom the long-range-penetration group had been named, had been killed by a sniper's bullet in the fight at Mosan Ga. Frank Antioch was a lanky, whipcorded man who spoke with a softness that was belied by the steel at the backs of his gray eyes.

He didn't like the chore that lay ahead of him. He didn't like to have to tell Shanz Force, battle-weary and jungle-ravaged men, that they weren't going back to the rest and rehabilitation they'd expected. Instead, they were going on a forced march across the Kugan Hills to take a place called Tingyong Ga. Frank Antioch had a deep feeling for the men of Shanz and he shared their belief that they'd had it; that they'd done more than their share.

Panucci, his pilot, called above the racket of the L-5's engine, "River's over the next ridge, major," and Antioch nodded absently, his mind still on the unwelcome task ahead.

"I know," he said.

They topped the ridge and the muddy thread of the river came into view—the Langa Hka already swollen with monsoon rains that were coming too early this year. Shanz Force was bivouacked on the other side beneath the glum overhang of the Kugan Hills.

It was Shanz Force that had pinned the "Old Detestable" tag on Frank Antioch. From Shanz, that came pretty close to being a term of endearment, for they were a hard-bitten lot—volunteers who considered that they'd been sold a pup when they'd been dumped down here in this fouled-up land. Nevertheless, they marched with a defiant "the hell with you, Joe" cheerfulness which served them as a sort of *esprit de corps* and they could fight mean when the chips were down. Secretly they were fond of Frank Antioch, considering him the only one of the brass that didn't pick pockets on both sides of the street; hence it was typical that they should dub him "Old Detestable." Mary Jesus, the Mex kid from El Paso in the second platoon of George Company, was the one who had cooked up the name. Mary was a great hand with names.

The L-5 tipped up on one wing as it turned into the Langa's valley now. Ahead, the bastions of the Kugan Hills lifted to ten thousand feet, and were dwarfed by the towering and snow-capped ramparts of the Himalayas. Behind lay India and the jealous squabbles of its myriad headquarters; here was North Burma and war. So Frank Antioch's thoughts ran soberly. And the worst of that war lay ahead.

He reached for the battered helmet at his feet and tipped it onto his head with the chin strap dangling loose as Panucci started down toward the airstrip marked out by white panels in the last of the daylight. Already Antioch could feel the steamy heat coming up from the jungle; he rubbed irritably at the rash where his green issue undershirt chafed his chest beneath the GI denims that he wore.

"Home, Sweet Home!" Panucci yelled derisively above the clatter of the engine. "Them that wants it can have it. It suits me fine I'm going back to the base tonight, major!"

The Old Man had been waiting for him at Sector headquarters that morning and Frank Antioch had felt out of place—like a poor relation—among that crowd of rear-echelon staff officers, aloofly superior in their smartly cut uniforms and with their swagger sticks. His own worn jungle boots and stained denims had almost seemed sacrilege in that place of clacking typewriters and coffee breaks and leisurely chat.

The Old Man hadn't noticed; wouldn't have cared if he had. The Old Man's business was fighting, and there was fighting ahead and he'd got swiftly down to the business. First, Frank Antioch had laid the matter of Shanz's relief—its return to Camp Gabriel—on the line, but he'd known that it was going to do no good.

"For the past month Shanz has been living on nerve alone," he'd said soberly to the Old Man. "The only reason it's still on its feet at all is its belief that, after Mosan Ga, it would be pulled back to Assam to rest and refit. And I mean now, sir. Shanz needs it. More than half the men I've got left are little better than walking zombies—out on their feet with malaria and dysentery and jungle rot."

The Old Man's frosty blue eyes had softened a little, for he knew, better than any other, of the work that the long-range-penetration groups had done, and he had a vast affection for those orphans here in an alien land, but the familiar rasp was still in his voice as he answered. "There was no promise made to Shanz that they'd go back after Mosan Ga, Antioch. You know that as well as I do."

"I know it, general," Antioch had agreed, tight-lipped. "But Shanz doesn't know it. Where the rumor that they're going back got started, I don't know. I do know that Shanz is living on the strength of it."

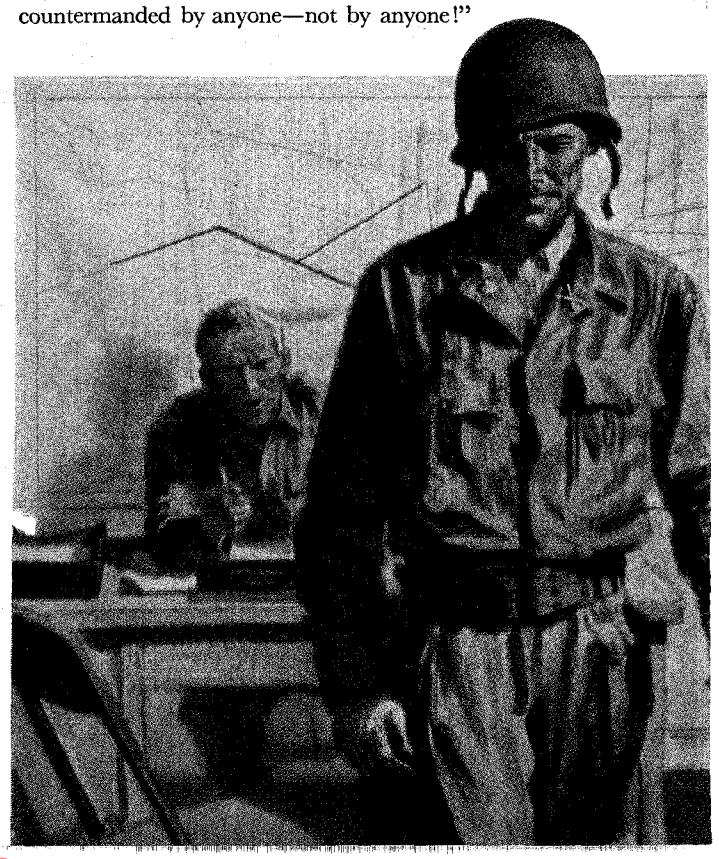
"Then Shanz will have to learn to live without it!" the Old Man had retorted bluntly. "There are plenty in the Area Command in Ceylon who would love to scuttle the North Burma operation; go bucketing off on some cockeyed venture along the Arakan coast. Even our own people in New Delhi are so busy playing patty-cake with the international set that they'd like to drop North Burma like a hot potato."

"So I've heard, sir," Antioch had agreed glumly.

Even up on the Langa Hka you could learn that this whole business out here was a tangled web of intrigue shot through with the clashes of opposing interests and ambitions. Area Command in Ceylon saw the war one way; CBI headquarters in New Delhi saw it another. And the Gissimo, distant in Chungking, had still a third set of rules for beating the Jap out here in this troubled and confused land.

And, among them all, the Old Man walked a tightrope as he tried to fight a two-bit bush war across the impossible terrain and in the impossible climate of North Burma. Because somebody had to fight or everything went down the drain here in this forgotten corner of the world. That was what the Old Man was saying now. (Continued on Page 90)

"One other thing, Antioch," the old man said, "the orders I have given you are not to be countermanded by anyone—not by anyone!"



Illustrated by Stan Galli

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The Face of America

Behind the Bars

Like slaves straining at the bars of their cages, the cars stare out. Surely such a sight would have puzzled the wagon makers who made America's first automobiles, because they could scarcely have foreseen today's kin -sized problem: Where do you park fifty-five million of them? These glistening, streamlined slaves are thus imprisoned because Salt Lake City has its metropolitan share of this twentieth-century headache. Wide-open suburban shopping centers were drawing off more trade each year. So downtown merchants suffered. Then Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution—the Mormon Church is the principal owner of Salt Lake's largest department store—struck back: It built this extraordinary $850,000, five-layer cake in its back yard, to receive an automotive filling. Now shoppers can park, 550 at a time, a few steps from Women's Clothing or House Furnishings. And, until their mistresses free them to the open road, the cars rest safe in jail. Photograph by Joern Gerdts

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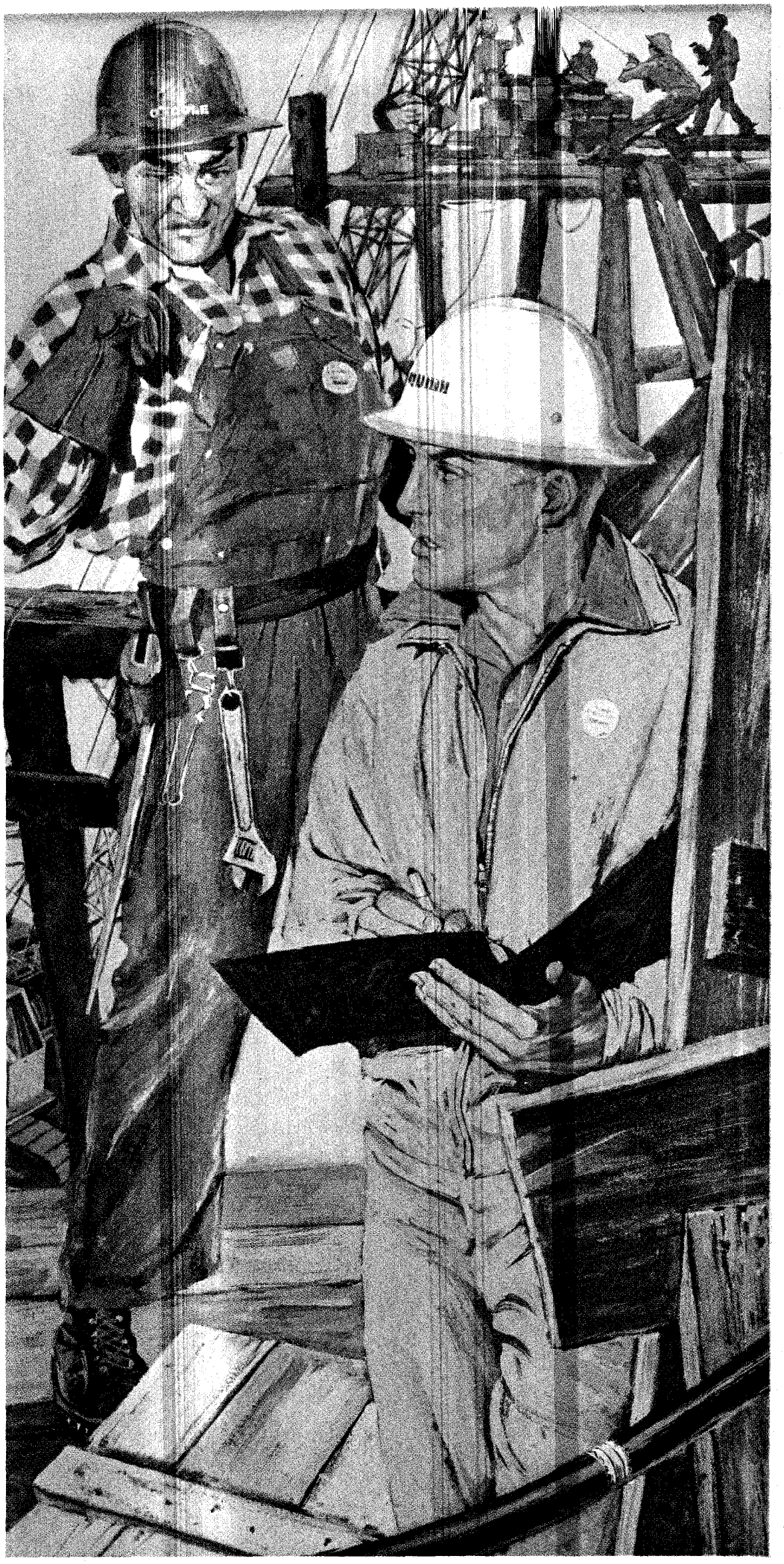

"Hold on there!" O'Toole hollered. "Put that book away!"

Dangerous Orders

He asked for trouble when he tried to boss the toughest crew on the job.

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Billy Button fell eighty feet. He didn't bounce when he hit bottom, as he'd always said he would, but he did the next best thing. He fell in a zigzag fashion. "Like a crab apple down a stepladder," one of the lads said, and that was as good a description as any.

Billy teetered at the top, leaning against the cold night wind. He stepped on a timber that existed only in his fuddled head, reached for a steadying grip on a brace that wouldn't be in place until morning, and down he went. An ordinary man would have started checking his record then, figuring his chance for a coal shovel or a halo. But Billy was no ordinary man. Billy was a pilebuck.

Fifteen feet down he caught a sash girt with one hand, whirled under it, shot across ten feet of space and folded himself around a needle beam. With the breath knocked out of him, he couldn't hang on. He dropped feet first to land on another needle beam. It was hardly wider than his hand, no place to stand. He windmilled his arms, dived headlong down a sway brace, lost that, dropped again and caught another brace. And so it went, all the way to the bottom.

He fetched up on the seat of his pants, somewhat rattled by the ride, belt deep in mud. He'd left hide on the trestle, he'd gathered splinters. And, as he put it when he tried to stand up, "Sonavagun! I got me a broke leg!"

No one on the graveyard shift took the accident very seriously. Billy, himself, said, "Nail me a couple of boards on that leg to stiffen 'er up, and I'll still give you a night's work," and he was only half joking. Other men measured the fall, considered the cost, and agreed the Good Lord looked after children, pilebucks and drunks. Billy Button qualified for divine help on the last two grounds.

But there was a man working the day shift who took the accident seriously. His name was Dave Quinn. And he was concerned not because he was a square and could see nothing funny in a broken leg, but because he (Continued on Page 86)

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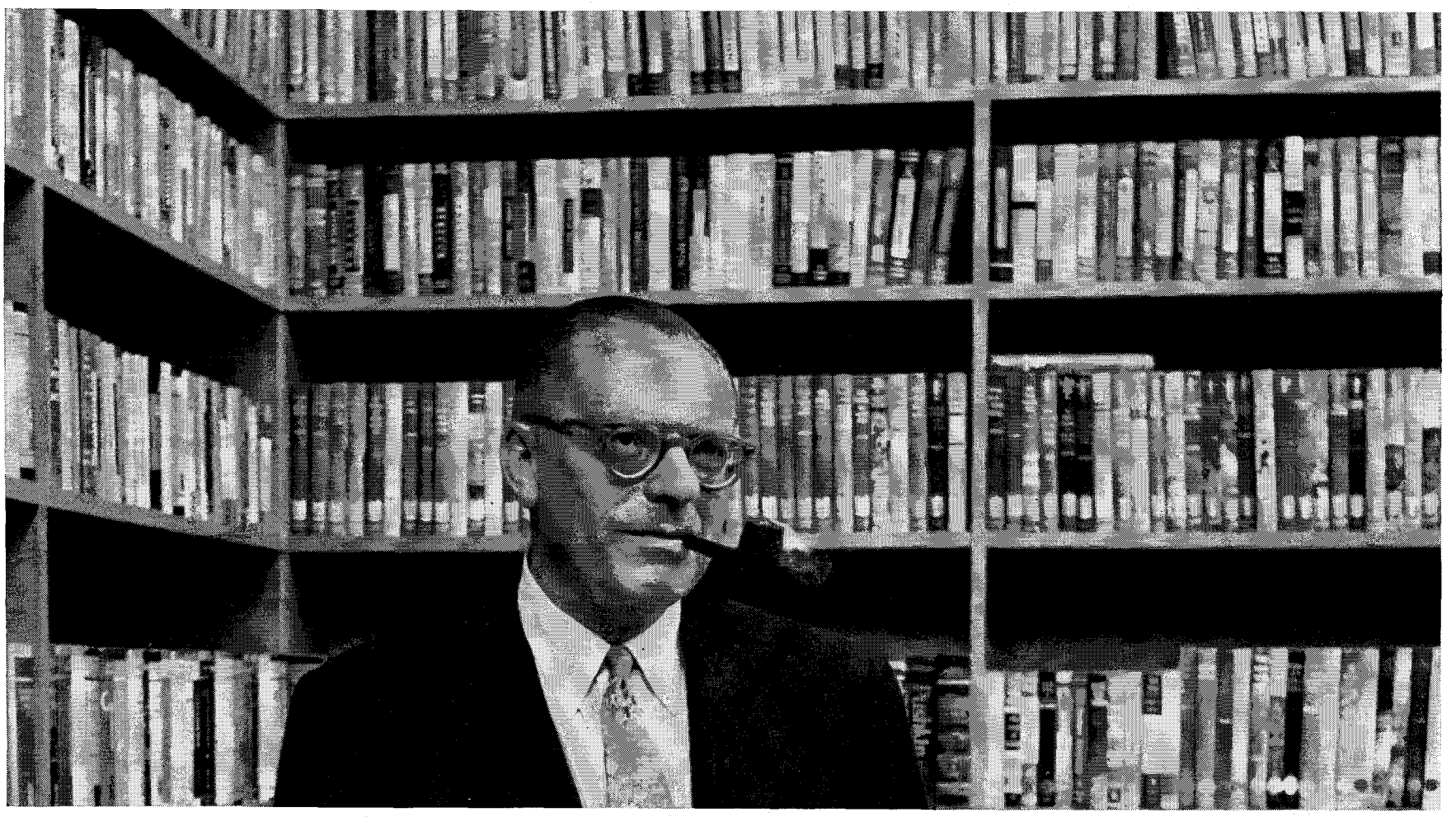

The author's face is well known to TV audiences, but as president of Random House he also ranks as one of the country's leading book publishers (see page 112).

BOOKS ARE HERE TO STAY

By BENNETT CERF

Is TV really turning our children into "red-eyed, illiterate morons"? Here is a surprising answer from an authority.

Among insistently articulate supporters of the utterly erroneous notion that television has hurt the sale of good books in this country are, unfortunately, a number of gloomy publishers themselves.

Publishers cry more easily than anybody else on earth. A simple routine inquiry like "How's business?" is enough to make their tears flow like water, diluting their vintage wines and drenching the decks of their private yachts.

To hear them tell it, there's always something threatening to bankrupt half the publishers extant. Television is merely their latest bugaboo. At the turn of the century, believe it or not, one reputable—and comfortably rich—publisher solemnly assured a reporter from the New York Tribune that interurban trolley cars spelled the doom of reading in America!

Those were the days when cities from sixty to a hundred miles apart had been linked by car tracks, and trolleys built to resemble Pullman cars would swing and sway—without Sammy Kaye—as they rattled between New York and New Haven, or Philadelphia and Atlantic City, or Chicago and Milwaukee at a dizzying speed of thirty-five to forty miles an hour. A boy would climb aboard on Sunday morning, a blushing maid on one arm and a box lunch in the other, and settle down happily to the clang-clang of that trolley Judy Garland sang about many years later. Arrived at the end of the run, the trolley pole and the seats would be reversed, and everybody would ride right back to the starting point.

And this, averred our dour publisher (His name? All right, it was Henry Holt), was going to ruin the publishing industry!

When time proved him wrong, another dread menace arose—the bicycle! Hot-blooded young bucks would hoist reluctant lady friends aboard their bikes on Friday evening and set out on "century runs." It mattered little where they rode—so long as they could clock an even hundred miles before they staggered home, foot- and saddlesore, on Sunday night. This gave them a full week at the office to heal bruises—and rest up for another century run the following weekend.

But despite trolley cars and bicycles, the sale of books crept higher year by year. Publishers had to find some new menace to worry about—and they didn't (Continued on Page 78)

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THINGS WE NEVER TOLD

The author of "Where did you go? Out. What did you do? Nothin

By ROBERT PAUL SMITH

Sometimes I Hate Her, But...

"She can still become hysterical at something which is funny, but not that funny."

I like my wife because:

I type with three fingers—on good days, when the wind is right, four—and if I get two letters right out of a five-letter word, I'm over my form and she has learned to convert this into English, and she types very well with all six fingers of both hands, and will type this.

She has become aware over the years that I am one of the few men in the world who can enjoy perfect health only by the avoidance of all vegetables, with the exception of dill pickles, corn on the cob, radishes and unsliced hard tomatoes, and does not think that because she and the children are misguided enough to eat, and *like*, broccoli, that I must too.

She smells good.

Is soft.

Is tidy, orderly, diligent and well-mannered.

Also I hate her because she is compulsively neat, a prey to conventional manners of procedure, when committed to a course of action, *committed*, and in mortal fear of every adult in the world except me.

She believes herself to be a woman, and is, and seems to like it.

I hate my wife because she is stubborn and I like her because she is tough; not the reasonable kind of stubborn I am, and not tough like women who do not like being women, but tough the way men never, and women often, are; when the rent is three months due, and the butcher sneers, the gas company snarls, the children are way behind in their artificial-flower making under the gas light by the cold radiator, the woman combs her hair and tightens her belt and garnishes the meat loaf with some green crepe paper left over from last Christmas; the man hollers, breaks a plate and runs up a tab at Joe's bar and grill.

I hate her because she knows most times when she's had enough to drink, but she does not know that there are times when it is important not to know when one has had enough to drink, I keep on telling her.

I like her because she has had the wit to learn from me: to throw away those miserable little pieces of soap that are not big enough to wash with; that if one leftover is some tired scraps of leg of lamb, and another leftover is some weary noodles, if she puts them together with cream sauce and a sprinkling of ginger, it will taste exactly like lamb and noodles and cream sauce and ginger—whatever it's called—and will be thrown out uneaten a day later, after a lot of work, so feed it to the cat right away.

I hate her because she empties all the ash trays at the same time, and washes them, and believes, in common with all women, that putting a lot of things on tops of tables in straight lines instead of crooked lines is a thing for a sane person to do.

I like her because she has learned that when I say I want a piece of lemon, I mean a quarter of a lemon.

I used to hate her for this, now I simply pity her: before she can put a paper napkin on a table, she must fold it in half.

I hate her because when the dentist tells me the teeth are fine, but the gums have to come out, she looks at me fondly and tells me to do what he says, but when he tells her the same thing, she tells me what an idiot the dentist is.

I hate her because she looks at me as if I were a human fiend when I holler at the children, but when she hollers at them, it is because they're rotten kids, but I like her because she loves the kids and I know it, and I love the kids and she knows it.

I like her because she can still, at her advanced years, become hysterical at something which is funny, but not all that funny, provided what she is becoming hysterical about is not something I did, in which case I hate her.

I hate her because she is, in the musical sense of the word, one of the great squares of our time.

I like her for the reason that any man likes any woman.

This has nothing to do with liking her, but I love her, whatever that may mean.

THE END

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EACH OTHER UNTIL NOW

nd his wife exchange a few private beefs and/or endearments. . . .

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

Sometimes I Hate Him, But...

I like my husband because:

I honestly believe that he loves me more than he loves his car. It may not always seem so, considering how much time he spends in adjusting its carburetor and fretting over its timing and brushing leaves off its bonnet and cautioning me to give it plenty of time to warm up before starting; yet I do think that if the car and I were in an accident, he would be just as concerned about my nicks and scrapes as its.

I hate my husband because he didn't tell me he was a car addict until after the wedding. Sometimes it seems to me that I just barely have time to find out where the ignition key goes and where the dimmer switch is when there's a different car in the garage, and I'm groping around again. This seems hard when you consider that I do 96 per cent of the driving. Oh, well. I suppose it could be horses or cigars.

I like my husband because he is always appreciative of my cooking efforts. When I make something really special, he always remembers to comment on it, and say, "This is really *wonderful*. . . . Boys," he says to the children, "you don't know how lucky you are to have a mother who can cook like that."

I hate my husband because he then often adds, "I wonder if just a tiny bit of marjoram might not make this really perfect."

I like my husband because he trusts me absolutely in spending money. He has never once, in seventeen years, questioned or criticized any purchase or expenditure of mine.

I hate my husband because, in fact, half the time he doesn't even know how much money we have or where it's gone. He will have nothing to do with checkbooks, except to gum them up by writing checks and forgetting to enter the amounts on the stubs, or by writing checks with numbers that even the bank can't read.

I like my husband because when I keep on smoking too much with a cold and a hideous cough, he never makes remarks about people who ought to smoke less.

I hate my husband because when he has a cold and a hideous cough, he goes right on smoking too much, and I tell him so. (It's only for his own good.)

I hate my husband because when one of our children decides he can no longer live without a guinea pig, my husband curses and scowls and mutters under his breath, and predicts dire consequences, like guinea pig's immediate demise from child's neglect.

I love my husband because he then spends two days telephoning every pet store for miles around, and bravely brings home from the city a cardboard box, guinea pig leaping about inside. He also helps the child build a palatial hutch, and is the only member of the family capable of extracting a guinea pig which has become tightly wedged behind a refrigerator.

I hate my husband because he accuses me of being stubborn and illogical. I am, but does he have to mention it?

I love my husband because when I write something, he always lets me read it out loud to him, laughs hard in the right places, and then helps me think up a title for it.

I like my husband because he never lets me do too much housework. He won't even let me tire myself by picking up an old banana peel from the floor. "For heaven's sake, leave it there," he says. "It isn't hurting anybody. Don't be such a compulsive housekeeper."

I love my husband because he is very clean and neat, yet never stirs up trouble about the way his shirts are laundered.

I hate my husband because if I accidentally leave a strand of hair in the washbasin he acts as if he had just come face to face with a king cobra.

I love my husband because when I buy new clothes he not only notices but admires them in a most satisfying way, and he has never made fun of my hats. Sometimes he goes shopping with me, in which case I get much better clothes than I do alone.

I love my husband because he is the most disarmingly and disconcertingly honest human being I have ever met. Sometimes I hate him because he is so disarmingly and disconcertingly honest that you can't get mad at him, and that's *so* unfair. THE END

"He not only notices my new clothes but admires them in a most satisfying way. He has never made fun of my hats."

About These Articles

Mr. Smith's piece was written in the attic, and Mrs. Smith's piece was written on the first floor, and Mr. Smith didn't see Mrs. Smith's, and Mrs. Smith didn't see Mr. Smith's until Mrs. Smith had to type Mr. Smith's and Mrs. Smith's. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will be happy to go before a notary public and swear their lives away to this effect, provided the notary public's commission has not yet expired.

The Editors

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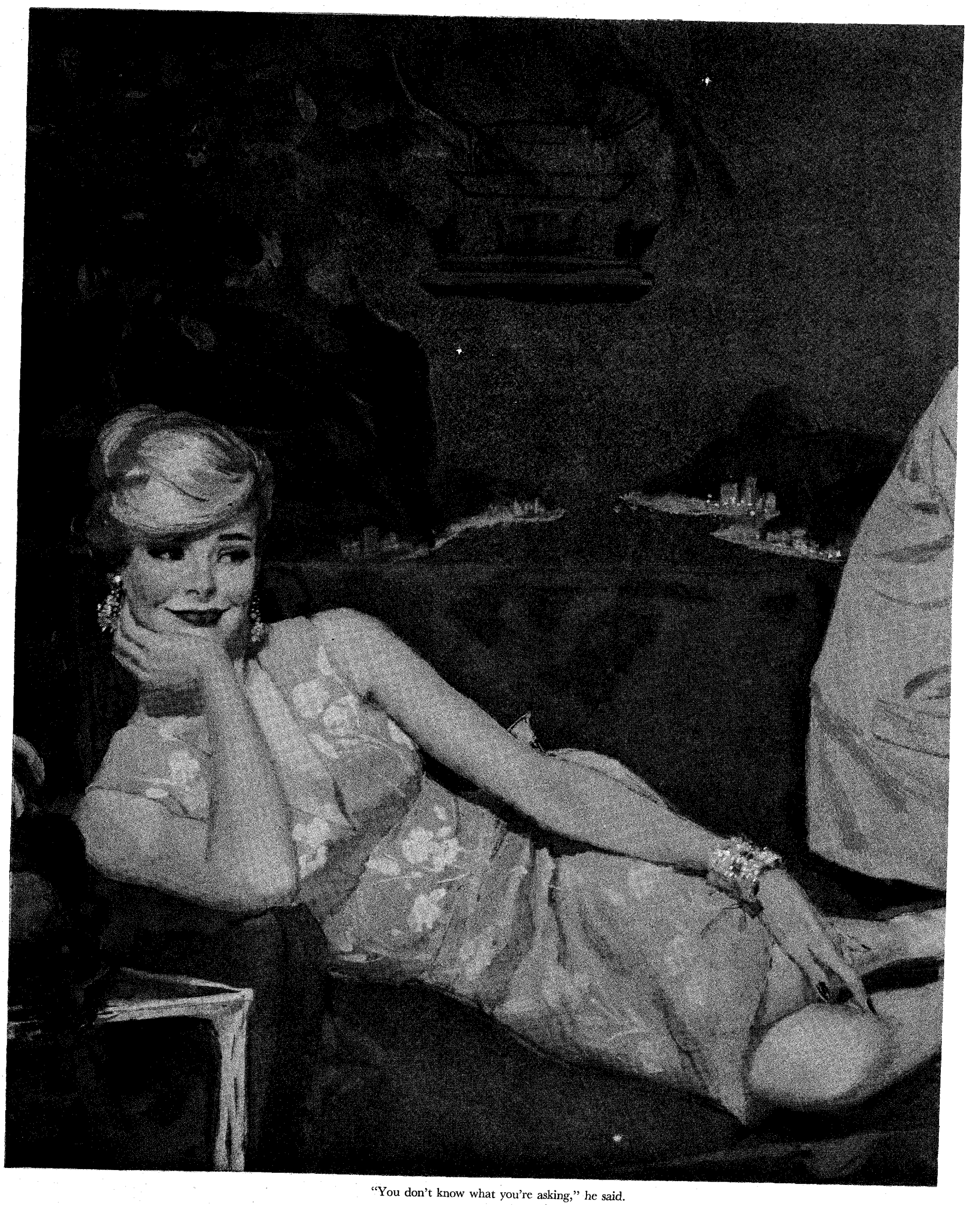

"You don't know what you're asking," he said.

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She was rich and beautiful,
and thoroughly dishonest . . .

Lawless Lady

By PAUL JONES

A chain of unforeseeable circumstances made Bill Brooke acting chief of mission at Constitución. The ambassador, the Hon. James Walter Clavering, was in the States, helping to piece together a political puzzle in his home district. Within the space of five days, the counselor and the first secretary came down with disabling ailments. One required immediate surgery, the other a clinical survey. They flew off, bound for Baltimore and Dallas, respectively. And that put Bill Brooke, second secretary, in the top spot at the embassy.

Up until the Shrunken Head Incident, there was no visible reason why a junior diplomat could not tend the store in peace during the week that remained of Ambassador Clavering's home leave. William J. B. Brooke was then twenty-nine years of age, and unmarried. His experience in the Foreign Service included two years in Saigon, one in Barcelona, one in the department, and now nearly two years in Constitución. He was expecting an early transfer.

The republic where he represented the United States is neither the largest nor the smallest of our good neighbors. There are several minor harbors for the dispatch by sea of sisal hemp, hides and ore concentrates, but most international passenger traffic now uses an airport on the stony uplands, near the ancient capital. Diego Vallombrosa, the discoverer, founded the capital in 1533, naming it Most Loyal City of the Nativity, in honor of Christmas, the day on which he first sighted the terraced pueblo of the Indians. In 1815 a revolutionary junta overthrew the Spanish captain general and renamed the city. It then became City of the Constitution of May 17, reduced familiarly to Constitución. It has proved a durable and flexible name.

Bill found his assignment to Constitución rewarding. Fifteen months as a second lieutenant of infantry in Korea, between his graduation from the University of Iowa and his diplomatic examinations in Washington, had given him a valuable sense of proportion. His large, muscular frame resisted well the rigors of strange climates and unusual food. An active mind applied itself loyally to the burden of administrative detail that diplomacy requires of its juniors.

No one could have mistaken him for anything but what he was, an American abroad. The Service had given him a strong pride in its tradition and a deep-seated belief in its code of honor. He thought it a fine thing to be a Foreign Service Officer, the finest thing in the world. His life therefore rested on the deep contentment young men feel when they have settled what they want to do, and find that they can do it.

The second day of Bill's tenure as chargé d'affaires, ad interim, began peacefully. As usual, he left his apartment at 8:30 sharp for the ten-minute walk to the Plaza Central, where the United States Embassy had its offices. It was a moment he enjoyed. In Constitución the morning sunlight is limpid, the air cool. To admit supplies for the day, the heavy doors of seventeenth-century town houses stand ajar. Their patios, like so many Gauguins, disclose compositions of broad green leaves, the scarlet flowers of bougainvillaea, and perhaps a pretty Indian servant, sitting on a stone well curb, doing up her glossy hair.

His walk to the office was also an occasion when Bill was very likely to encounter Stephanie Butler, an American girl serving with the United States Information Agency, in charge of the library they maintained on the ground floor of the embassy building.

Bill and Stevie were engaged to be married, but it was still unannounced. They believed it to be a secret. (Continued on Page 65)

Illustrated by Al Buell

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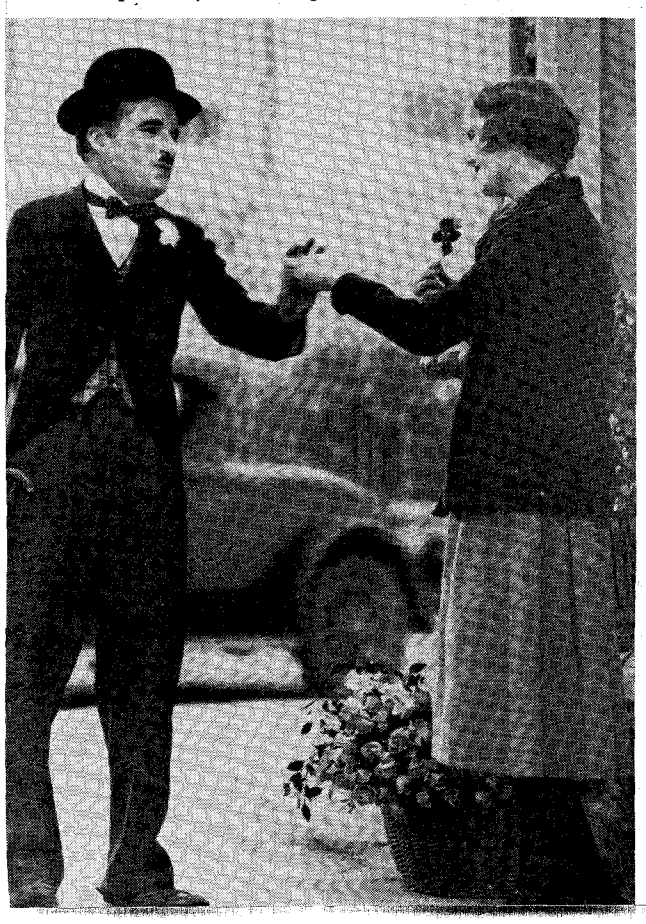
Charlie (white hair) relished adulation of British fans last year before the London première of his 85th film, A King in New York. But the picture made the critics groan.

Charlie Chaplin's Stormy Exile

City Lights (below), Chaplin's 1931 classic, was probably his last "perfect" movie, says the author.



Charlie launched an angry assault against the heirs of William Tell—and the mild, but proud, Swiss decided to put Charlie in his place.

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

Conclusion

VEVEY, SWITZERLAND.

Mack Sennett, the Keystone director who brought Charlie Chaplin to Hollywood in 1913 and launched him on his rocketlike rise to world fame, had a simple, sure-fire formula for success: "Always keep the comic on the wrong end of the gun." Charlie took the advice with a vengeance, and has lived it up ever since. There's only one Charlie Chaplin. His admirers worship him, his critics despise or pity him, but all agree he is unique. When Charlie steps on the banana peels of life, they are very special banana peels. Fate placed them there.

In last week's account of the storm clouds gathering over Chaplin's exile villa in Switzerland, you read the story of the ugly hassle during which Charlie sacked his private secretary. When Isobel Deluz got home to Lausanne that evening, in a state of nervous collapse from Chaplin's scoldings, her doctor ordered her to bed for a fortnight. The next day Mrs. Deluz wrote to the Manoir de Ban, the Chaplin villa, to apologize. Too late. Nobody walks out on Chaplin and ever comes back. And it is not in Chaplin's nature to apologize himself, least of all when he has played the bad actor.

Chaplin's tizzies do not come out of nowhere. The actor is jet-propelled, and when he runs out of fuel, he plummets. Some sixth sense now told (Continued on Page 107)

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BLOOD ON HIS HANDS

They had him pegged for a killer. Who, then, would believe he hadn't murdered the man lying dead at his feet?

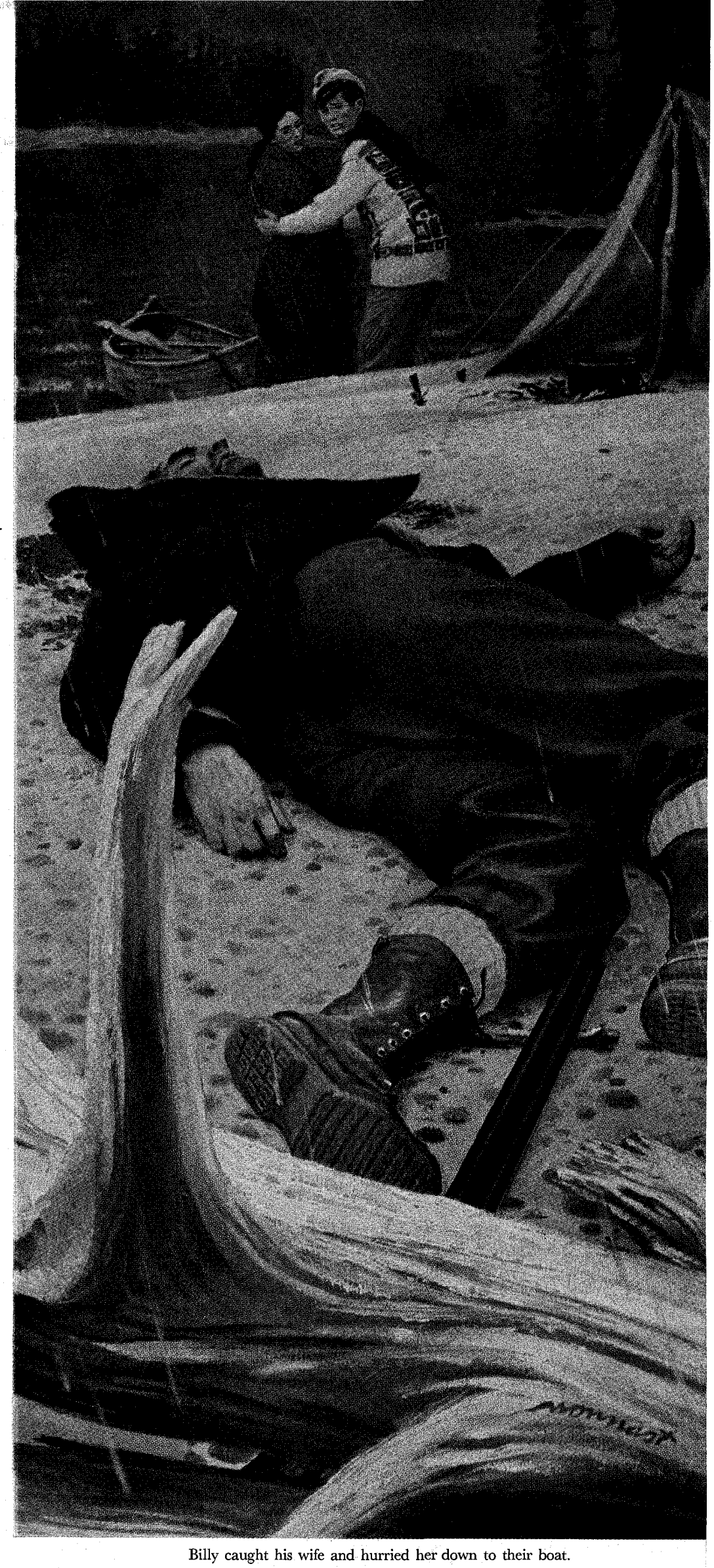
By ARTHUR MAYSE

A delegation waited on Hardluck Billy Flett and his young wife, Sara, when the Indians had been a week in the Kyri Island fish camp, the hopeless North Pacific drizzle sifting down most of that time and the salmon gone no one knew where.

"We don't say you can help it, boy," the handliners' spokesman addressed Billy Flett, "but facts is facts and we might as well face them. It ain't just the lack of fish either. Day you folks arrive here, the Gilland kids take sick. Wilf Reid cuts himself chopping wood, and me, I have a blowup on my boat." The white man paused, slope-shouldered in the wet, his bandaged hands dangling. "Well," he said heavily, "we've took a vote. The feeling is that the luck won't mend while there's a Jonah among us, 'specially one with blood on his head. So ——"

"So you want we should shove off," Billy finished for him. He spoke without heat; he and Sara had been run out of camps before. Didn't signify that he had warned the greenhorn Gillands to boil their drinking water, or that Reid oughtn't been cutting firewood while rummed up, or that no man not a fool will slop gas into a tank with a lighted cigarette in his face. Made no never mind that Sara was expecting. His reputation flitted with him from island to island of the British Columbia upcoast, harder to shake than his shadow, making him a handy goat for lame brains unwilling to carry the burden of their own shiftlessness.

Billy rocked up off his heels while his wife watched him from eyes as soft brown as a doe deer's. He stood with their cooking fire between him and the delegation, a short, bandy-legged Kwakwelth in patched blue jeans and a siwash sweater that sagged halfway to his knees. The braid on his ornate yachting cap, gift of an American he had guided once, was salted (Continued on Page 46)



Billy caught his wife and hurried her down to their boat.

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Death and I at 60 Fathoms

A Californian tells how he broke the world's depth record for skin diving and barely came through the harrowing ordeal alive.

The author (right) with his medical adviser, Dr. Nelson E. Mathison, who is a diver himself. Mathison helped Smokey develop his special oxygen-helium breathing mixtures.

By NORMAN (SMOKEY) REAM
as told to Eric Mick Nathanson

When I slipped into the choppy waters of the Pacific Ocean off Catalina Island last September twenty-ninth, I knew that 217 men had died attempting what I wanted to do—skin-dive deeper beneath the sea than any human ever had before.

It was a windless morning of blue sky and bright sun, but I was as jumpy as a spear-gunned shark. The dive originally had been scheduled for the Sunday before, but had been put off when the official observer failed to show. Now another one was coming—commentator Bob Ferris, of KABC, Los Angeles.

After the record dive, Smokey, suffering and semiconscious, was rushed to a Navy recompression chamber by speedboat, plane (below) and ambulance.

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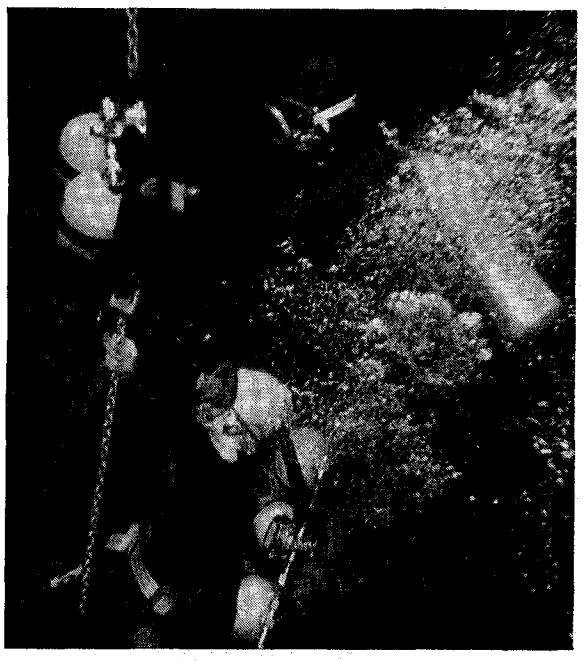
The Struggle to the Surface: "I Thought I'd Had It."



200 FEET: Smokey (in light helmet) gets new air tanks from a member of his underwater safety team.

150 FEET: "At the first decompression stage, I started feeling the pains that every diver dreads—the bends."

100 FEET: "The cramps were getting worse, my head was throbbing—three hours to go."

He was to rendezvous with us before 10:30, when the dive was to begin.

Dr. Nelson E. Mathison, of Long Beach, a tall, lean and handsome man of forty-seven, told me that my nervousness was only natural. "That vitamin shot I gave you must be working, pepping you up," he said. "Just stick to your schedule and you'll be all right."

Eight months before, when I'd first told him I wanted to dive to 400 feet and asked him to help, he hadn't felt so confident. "Don't come to me," he'd said. "I don't want to bury you! I don't think you can do it. It's much too dangerous."

I would have gone ahead without him, or with somebody else, but once I had convinced him that I knew what I was doing, he had begun to help me in my research. He was a skilled and enthusiastic diver and underwater photographer, who knew from firsthand experience what I was up against.

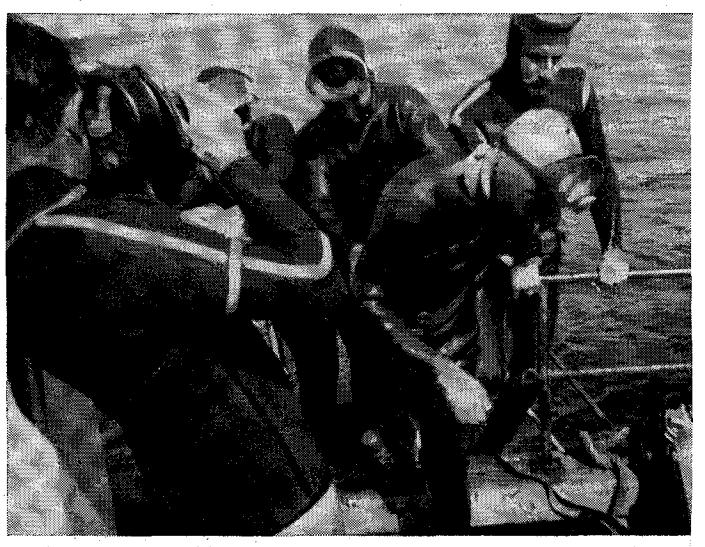
The Navy had turned me down flat when I asked them for aid. The diving-equipment companies around Los Angeles wanted no part of me, afraid that I might die wearing their products.

Even some of the people going out with me had their doubts. I had planned to pilot El Sea myself, but a couple of the boys requested that I hire a skipper. "What if you don't come up, Smokey?" they pointed out sheepishly. "We've got to have someone to bring us back."

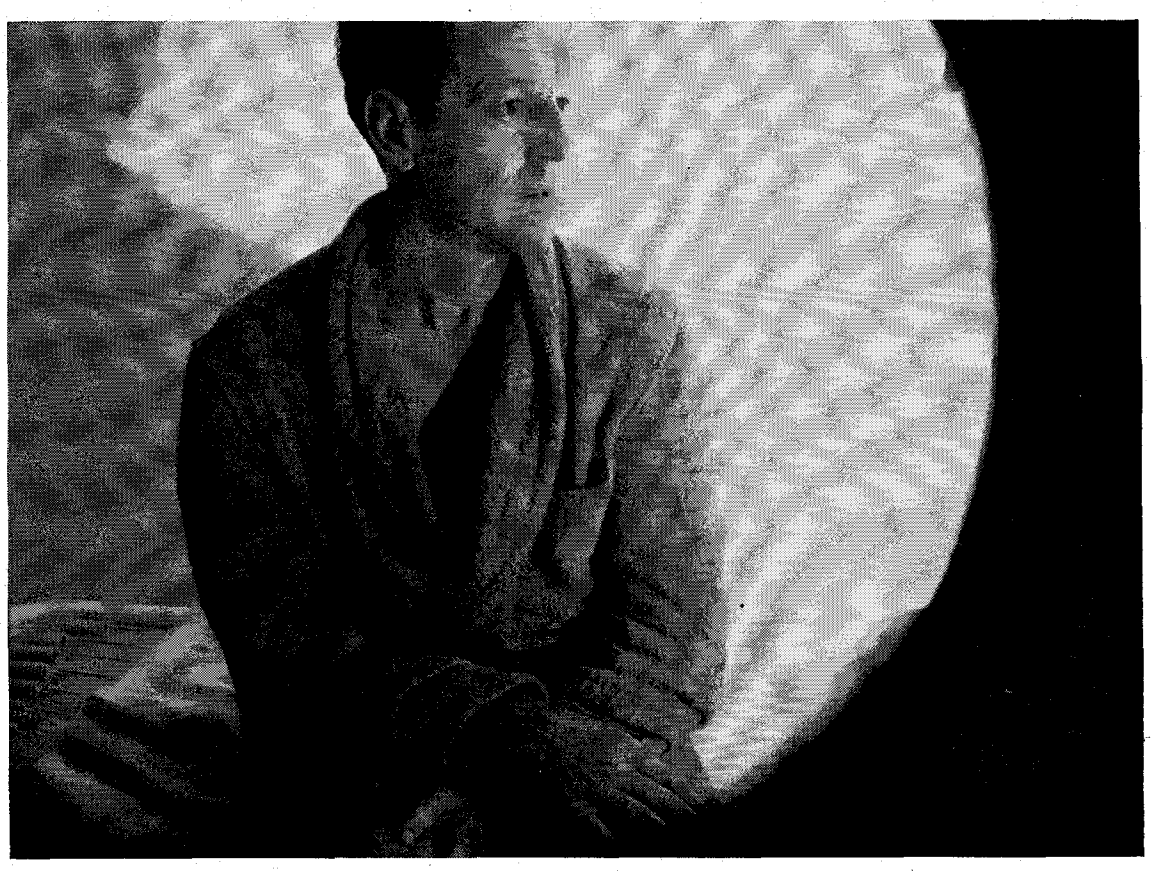
So I hired a captain, Rusty Shields. When Captain Leon Masquelier, owner of the yacht, decided to pilot the boat himself, Rusty switched over to my safety team, which now consisted of three men and a woman. Besides Rusty, there was Glenn McCall—forty-six, squarely built and full of zip. He was a welder by trade, and a diver because he loved it. When I had asked him to be one of my safety men, and told him I'd pay all his expenses, he'd answered, "I don't want your money. If I do it at all, I'll do it for nothing."

Then there was his pretty twenty-eight-year-old wife, Renee, a physical-education teacher at Burbank High School—quiet on the surface, but as (Continued on Page 60)

70 FEET: "I was hurting real bad." Dr. Mathison examines the author for signs of oxygen poisoning.



SURFACE: In agony from the bends, Smokey clambered aboard El Sea after the 3½-hour ascent.



Smokey remained in the Navy's recompression tank for 38 hours while pressure was built up to simulate deep-sea conditions, then gradually reduced, to rid his body of harmful nitrogen. He emerged "looking 150 years old."

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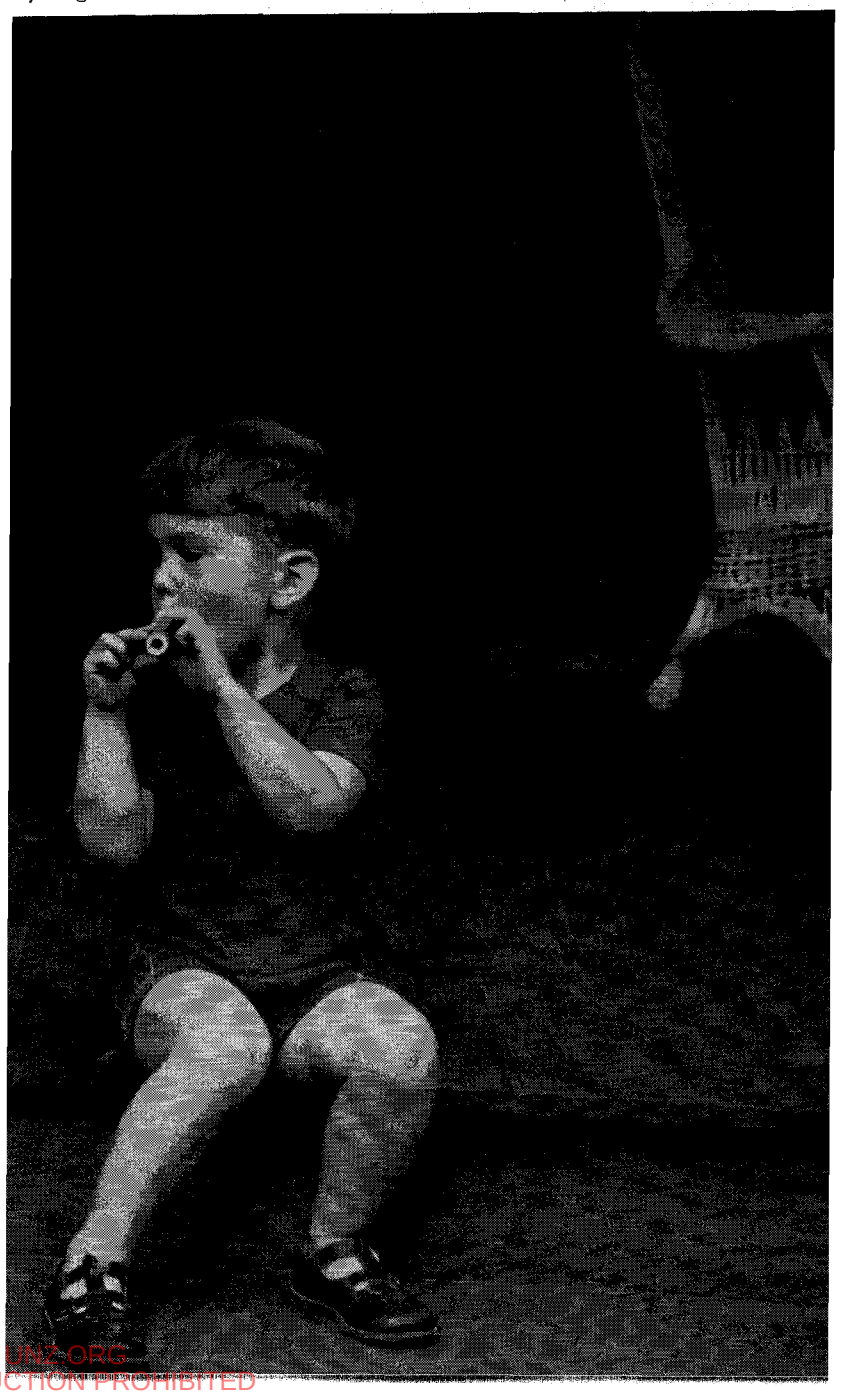
A POST PICTURE STORY

Kevin Smith Has Adventures All the Time

Photographs by MARGERY LEWIS

ı young friend's recorder. All the rest of Kevin's playmates at home are adults.



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This is a mother's-eye view of her son. His name is Kevin Smith, and he's three. His parents are divorced. He lives with his mother in an apartment on the third floor of the old house at the left. Here, not far from the crowds and clangor of downtown Philadelphia, she found a compromise between city convenience and the greenery of the suburbs. There's a lawn to play on and a big old front porch. But to Kevin, a bright, gregarious child with a streak of pensiveness, the most fascinating things occur inside the boardinghouse whose tenants have become his family.

It doesn't matter to Kevin that they're not an ordinary family of brothers and sisters who can be playmates. They are a varied crew of people who accidentally share the same roof for a time, each with different tales for a curious little boy. Some of Kevin's present "relatives" are: a sailor from Denmark who has given up the sea for house painting; a bookish middle-aged lady in retirement; a divorced office girl, with two children at boarding school. A kindly, energetic landlady presides over the thirteen-room household. She sets a bounteous table for her guests, especially on holidays, and Kevin can be sure she'll remember his birthday too. There is also old Lief, the boardinghouse dog.

When he's home from nursery school, Kevin trails the grownups from kitchen to bathroom, from the front hall to the yard. Or he invites himself into someone's room to investigate the curious, endless concerns of adults.

Kevin's mother, Margery Lewis, whose camera caught her son on his daily rounds, is a professional photographer. Her pictures on other subjects have previously appeared in the Post. "My work," she says, "takes up 100 per cent of the time and Kevin the other 100 per cent."

Such a schedule is demanding, as every working mother knows. But she and Kevin have at least one advantage—a home with built-in baby sitters. THE END

In a big house there is lots of running room: Here Kevin and the dog Lief march past the landlady herself.

An ex-sailor friend gives Kevin a lesson—with a bladeless razor—in the daily masculine ritual.

George Queen, Kevin's favorite garbage man, hoists the boy up for a look at a sanitation truck's mechanical scoop.

Kevin wanders at will. The bookish lady doesn't like her reading interrupted—except by Kevin.

On a visit to the boardinghouse kitchen, Kevin takes an experimental bite of an unshucked ear of corn.

Tucked in for the night: Kevin believes that when his eyes are closed he's invisible and that no one can see him.

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Post Scripts

Announcements I Was Sorry I Missed

"Your attention, please! Will Passenger Howard please report to the information counter of Trans-Nation Airways! Your attention, please! Will Passenger How——"

"Beginning tomorrow morning, Wentworth Boulevard will be one way north on the east side of Hawthorne Creek and one way south on the west side. Motorists are not—we repeat, motorists are NOT ——"

"Passengers for Train Number Forty-Five, the Overland Supercharger, scheduled to depart nine-fifteen for Peyton, Dansville, Lake McAlpin, Glen Cove and Flora Vista, must have their tickets validated at Gate Seven not later than ——"

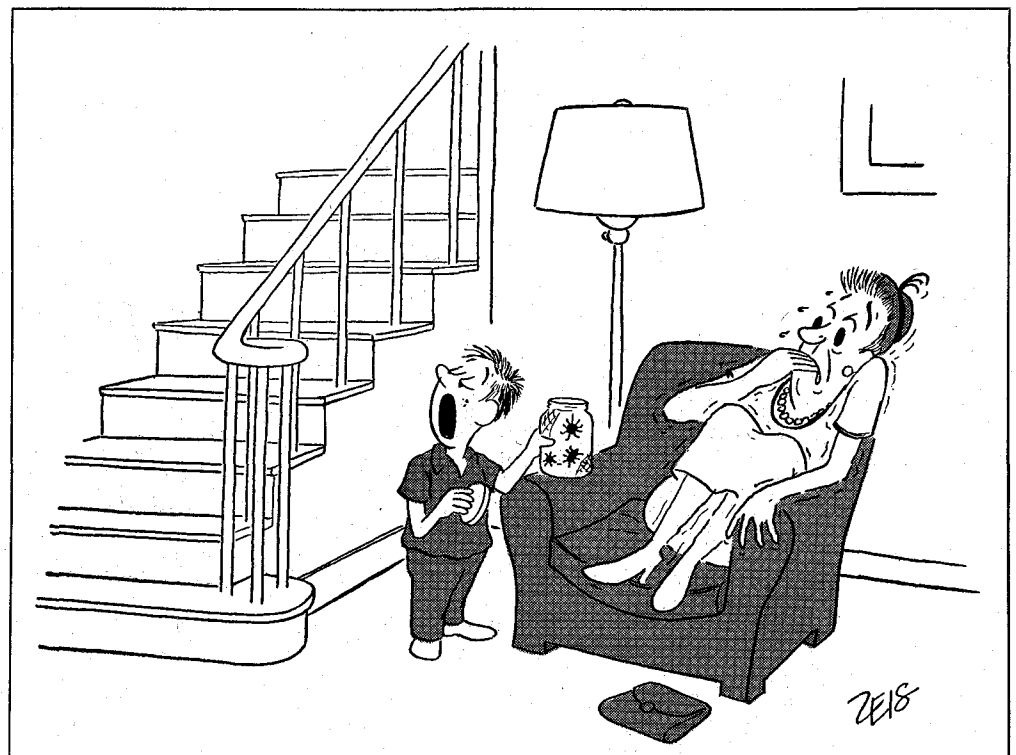
"Each half hour throughout the evening, Station ZYXW will repeat the announcement, particularly for the benefit of the many persons who undoubtedly plan to drive as far as two hundred miles to see the game, that the State-Tech game, scheduled for tomorrow night, has been postponed because ——"

"Mr. Howard—party of five. . . . Mr. Howard—party of five. . . . Mr. Howard—party of five. Your table is waiting. . . . Last call for Mr. Howard. . . . Mr. Guthrie—party of five ——"

RAYMOND HOWARD

"She doesn't like being watched."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I'm down here—entertaining Mrs. Holzmeyer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Say, dad, you're certainly right about this college bit! The head of Vocational Counseling made an interesting talk to us sophomores the day before vacation started, and he said an engineer with a degree makes an average of $62,000 more in a lifetime than an engineer without one. Guess that'll come in handy if I ever have to support you and mom, ha-ha!"

"Say, mom, I guess I didn't tell you, I met Debby's mother and dad. They came down to drive her home, and boy, her mother must be a hundred and ninety! Funny thing, Debby was saying it must be wonderful to have a young mother like you that can sort of understand things, and I said it sure was."

"Dad, old Prof. Haskell was talking to me about you the other day—I guess you were a real wheel at Engineering School, all right! He said he'd know I was your son anywhere, on account of our grades and attitudes and everything being so much alike. Just a chip off the old block, he said!"

"You know, dad, I've been thinking—you and mom sure get along fine, when you come right down to it. I guess it's like you've always said, 'Catch 'em young and train 'em early!'"

And the fast break:

". . . so Debby and I decided we'd get married this summer, because we knew you'd be glad to keep on paying my tuition and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

Bohemian Clambake

Each neo-Bohemian strikes a pose,
  And the Intellectuals babble.
The Artist for Art's sake looks down his nose
  At the money-grubbing rabble.

So it's hey for the vodka! Ho for the gin,
  As the smoke and the tongues grow thicker!
And woe to the Babbitt who wanders in,
  Unless he's providing the likker.

For Freedom is what they're enamored of:
  An ardent passion foreboding
A stanch support of free verse, free love,
  And especially, free loading!

PENNY PENNINGTON

Could You Sort of Tie it Under Your Chin and ——

"Which of these two head scarves do you like better on me, dear? Tell me truthfully, now. Do you like this red one or do you like this purple one?"

"Frankly, I think both of them look O.K. Why don't you just go ahead and buy whichever one you think?"

"But I want to please you, dear. You say which one."

"O.K. Get the red one."

"Then you really do like it better than the purple one?"

"I—yes, I like it better than the purple one."

"Of course, in a way, the purple one really isn't too bad. Matter of fact, I sort of like it. Here; let me try both of them on just once more, and then you make the final decision. I'll buy the one that you say looks better on me."

"O.K. Try them on once more."

"There—and there. Now, which one?"

"The purple one."

"You mean, rather than the red one?"

"Well, certainly! I mean, after all, there's just the red one and the purple one, so ——"

"Now I'm confused. I don't know which one to buy."

"Look; why don't you solve it the simple way? Buy both of them."

"But I don't need two of them. Here; I'll try both of them on just once more, and, this time, whatever you say will be final. Ka-boom—just like that—I'll buy it."

"Fire away."

"The red one—or the purple one?"

"Still the purple."

"And not the red one, eh?"

"Look; if you want to buy the red one, for Pete's sake ——"

"I didn't say I did. I merely said —— Look; I have an idea: Perhaps I could tell better how they look if you could sort of hold both of them up beside your head, and I could stand back just a little."

"O.K. Give me the things."

"There. Now I'll stand back a little."

"Ready?"

"Ready, dear."

"O.K.; now, here's the red one—and here's the ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

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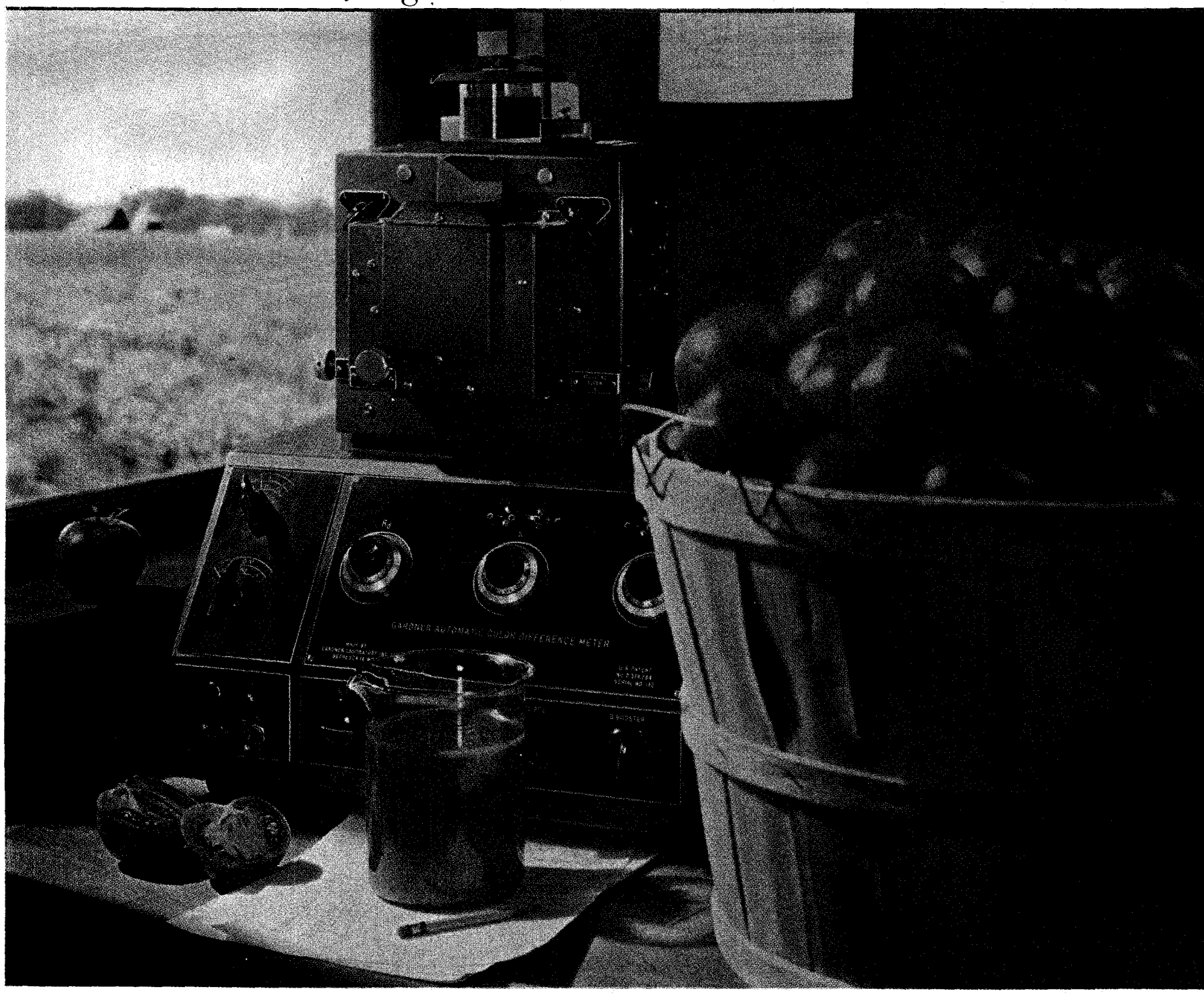
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



The color memory that never fails

The importance of color to the appetite and how the colorimeter helps Campbell protect it

It's a known psychological fact that you eat with your eyes as well as your mouth. The more pleasing the color, the more appetizing foods seem to be.

The colorimeter is our color guard

The problem in the growing and processing of foods, is that human color memory just isn't reliable. That's why Campbell uses a colorimeter as a constant guard on that good red of the Campbell Tomato. This instrument—the one you see in the picture—compares color values in an absolutely scientific way.

The ideal tomato red

This is how it works. After looking at thousands of samples of tomatoes, Campbell long ago selected the most appetizing tomato red and made this their standard. It's that famous "Campbell Red". This color was then recorded.

At tomato harvest time, samples from the new crop are compared with this standard on the colorimeter to make sure the color measures up. That's why you always get that bright, appealing tomato red in our Tomato Soup, Tomato Juice, V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices and other products prepared from the Campbell Tomato.

Perfection is many little things

All this concern with color may seem like unnecessary trouble. But it's typical of the way we handle every little thing that has anything to do with food from the Campbell Kitchens. It's all summed up in this creed we live and work by: "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care".

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The Biscayne 2-Door Sedan with Body by Fisher and Safety Plate *Glass all around.*

YOU'LL LIKE BEING LOOKED AT *in your beautiful* '58 CHEVROLET. *Rightly so. For you know that the sculptured lines of that longer, lower Body by Fisher set a new style in styling. And every move your Chevy makes tells you there's new high-mettled performance to go with that exclusive high-styled look.*

There's a special kind of glow that goes with owning a new Chevrolet. Behind the wheel, you feel like you're right where you belong. You know you're being looked at—and you couldn't look better.

You're driving the car with the styling that's causing the year's biggest stir. The plain fact is, people like to look at Chevrolets. They especially like those boldly sculptured contours and that graceful gull-wing rear. You can't miss or mistake a Chevy!

But this car brings you satisfaction that goes far beyond its beauty. It surrounds you with the bank-vault solidity of famous Body by Fisher. It carries you serenely over the miles with a smoothness that could only come from a new kind of Full Coil suspension—or Chevy's real air ride*. It responds with a silken rush that tells you here's something wonderfully new in the way of V8 power.

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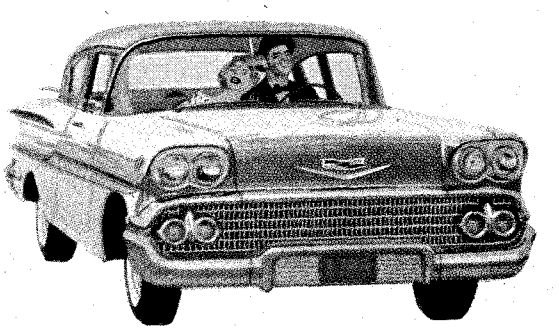

CHEVROLET

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THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The police thought they had an airtight case, until Perry Mason produced a witness with astounding testimony . . .

Who was Fern Driscoll?

To Harriman Baylor she was a woman of inferior social standing who had involved his son in a sordid love affair.

To Perry Mason's client, Mildred Crest, Fern was a dead girl with whom she switched identities after a car wreck. Fern's purse, Mildred later discovered, contained $4000.

Carl Harrod, the blackmailer who uncovered Mildred's masquerade, was dead. He was stabbed with an ice pick Mildred allegedly purchased. Now she was on trial for his murder.

Mason put his client Mildred on the witness stand, but a shady trick by the prosecution had already turned the trial against him. His case, Mason knew, hung by a slender thread.

CONCLUSION

Perry Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake debouched from the elevator.

Drake said, "I'll go on to my office and see what's doing. I'll be down to your place after a while, Perry."

"O.K.," Mason said. "Let me know if your men have uncovered anything important."

Mason and Della Street continued walking on down the corridor, rounded the turn and paused in front of the door marked PERRY MASON. PRIVATE.

Perry Mason fitted his latchkey, clicked back the lock, entered his private office, scaled his hat over to a chair and said, "Well, it's anybody's guess. What did you think of her, Della?"

"I think she's doing all right," Della Street said.

"Judge Bolton is watching her like a hawk."

"I know he is. He watches every move she makes, and he's leaning forward."

"And that," Mason said, "is a good sign. If he had made up his mind to bind her over, he'd simply sit there in judicial impassivity, waiting for her to get done with her testimony, and then he'd announce that since there seemed to be sufficient evidence to indicate a murder had been committed and that there was reasonable ground to believe the defendant was the guilty person, he was going to bind her over. You see, that mixup on the ice picks had introduced a new note into the entire case. It means that he must consider that Mildred Crest is a deliberate, cold-blooded killer if she did the things the prosecution claims she did."

"You mean purchasing those ice picks?" Della Street asked.

Mason nodded.

Harriman Baylor jumped up and said, "I know nothing whatever about this case!"

Della Street said, "I have a feeling that Judge Bolton believes me."

"I think he does too," Mason said. "Well, I'll let Gertie know that we're back from court."

Mason picked up his telephone and, when he heard the click on the line at the switchboard, said, "We're back from court, Gertie. When you go home, fix the switchboard so outside calls come in on Della Street's telephone, will you? We're expecting ——"

Gertie's voice interrupted him. She was so excited that she could hardly talk: "Just a minute! Please! . . . Hold on! . . . Just wait!" She hung up the telephone.

Mason turned to Della Street and said, "Something's got into Gertie. She's really steamed up about something."

Gertie, the incurable romanticist, came bursting into the private office, her eyes wide. "Mr. Mason, he's here!"

"Who?" Mason asked.

"He didn't want to give his name," Gertie went on. "He's terribly distinguished-looking, long, wavy, dark hair that sweeps back from a beautiful forehead, delicate features and ——"

"Who the devil are you talking about?" Mason interrupted.

"The man in the case," she said in a hushed voice. "Forrester Baylor!"

"The devil!" Mason exclaimed.

"I don't care what they say, Mr. Mason. I know that he loved her. He's been living years during the past few days. The lines of suffering have etched character on his face and ——"

"Get your mind back out of the clouds," Mason said brusquely. "Send him in, Gertie, and don't go home. Stick on the switchboard. If any newspaper reporters call, lie like a trooper."

Gertie whirled with a swirl of skirts, showing a flash of well-rounded, nylon-clad legs.

"Well," Della Street said, as Gertie rushed from the office, "the plot thickens."

A moment later, Gertie was back. "Mr. Mason, Mr. Baylor," she said in a hushed voice.

The man who moved slowly past Gertie was tall, straight-backed, slim-waisted, and looked as though he hadn't slept for a week. The dark eyes seemed lackluster, although the face had breeding and character.

"Mr. Mason," he said in a low voice, and his long, strong fingers gripped the lawyer's hand.

(Continued on Page 70)

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Blood on His Hands (Continued from Page 37)

green. Under it, his oddly gentle face masked the sadness in his heart.

"How 'bout the rain?" he said quietly. "Do I get blamed for that too?"

None of the half dozen fishermen answered him. Boots shuffled uneasily on shingle; their spokesman said with a loud, false heartiness, "No hard feelings, eh, Billy?" Then they were straggling off toward the main camp, heads bent against the drifting rain.

"Like a string of geese," Billy observed to his wife. They had every right to stay, and he doubted the white men would have tried rough stuff. But it was a lot easier to move out than to argue, and he was used to running. Seemed, sometimes, that he'd been on the run for most of his twenty-four years.

He began to dredge gravel onto their fire with the side of his gum boot. Sara rose and, moving ponderously, set about breaking camp. In ten minutes their gear was stowed beneath the shelter tarp in Billy's green flush-plank double-ender, themselves on board and the short cedar oars in the rowlocks. Pulling out from Kyri Cove, Billy scowled over his wife's head. A sloppy camp, a trifling bunch. Getting rid of the jinx man wouldn't change those no-account fellows' luck.

Sara's soft voice reached through his bitter thoughts, "Where do you figure we ought to go now, Billy?"

"Santos Island, I guess." His wet face creased in a smile. "Have you there in a couple hours, honey. Fix you all snug in the codders' shack—you know, down along by the south point where the good spring water is." He settled to his rowing, putting into his tone a cheer he didn't feel. "Tomorrow, I got a notion, we're goin' hit fish. Do they come proper, Sara, why, we'll make us enough for the baby in a week. 'Nother few weeks, who knows? Maybe the down money on our gasboat, huh?"

He had spoken so to her yesterday, and the day before that, and all through the weeks of a bitter-poor season. He wasn't fooling himself or his wife, but Sara let it pass.

"Mr. Blaney won't like us putting in at Santos Island," she said. "You sure we should?"

"Sure I'm sure." The sea around them lay gray and gentle, a tired old-woman sea. Northwest across rain-dimpled salt-chuck, an easy haul, Santos humped under skeins of mist. Jim Blaney didn't live on the island, visited it only to butcher a steer or two for liquor money or on the rare occasions when he remembered that his half-wild cattle needed salt blocks. "Ol' Blaney won't even know we been there. Anyhow, does he turn up by some happenchance, I'll take care of him."

The words had slipped out, stung from him by a remembered hurt, one of the truly deep humiliations of his life. Later reverses had snowed it under, but it returned fresh and hot now to set his ears tingling. *Yeah*, Hardluck Billy Flett told himself. *Same way you took care of him last year when he come stomping in to bust up your honeymoon. Big talk from a weak belly, mister. Does Blaney order you off, you'll get, same as you did before.*

"Thinking it over," he muttered now, "maybe you're right. Time like this, it's better we don't take any chance of trouble. S'pose we pass up Santos, mosey on to Canim River? That way, case junior gets impatient, there's other women handy and Cameron Bay hospital an easy run."

He expected Sara to brighten at that, and she did, giving him her slow smile. For himself, he could stand being treated like poor relations by his Canim River cousins if it'd make his wife happier.

"Stop fretting," Sara said to him gently. "I know you aren't scared of Blaney. And you just forget what him on Kyri came out with, the silliness about you being a bad-luck carrier and all. Crazy talk, Billy, that's what it was."

He grinned at her, marveling, as he so often did, that a girl like Sara—pretty, nice in her ways—should have given up her office job at Quelth Agency to share his wanderings. There his luck hadn't been bad, but good—so good it more than made up for the rest. Only it hadn't all been fool's talk, what the white man in the fish camp had spilled. It was on his conscience, never having told Sara how, years back, he'd come to kill a man. Sometime he'd tell her, make her see why, with a business like that to haunt him, he had to run from trouble instead of stand and fight. But not here in a sodden rowboat, on a day that would fit November better than August. Later, when the baby was born, when the luck swung, when they'd parlayed the double-ender into a thirty-foot troller, a floating home, he'd get that sorry affair off his chest.

"Just crazy talk," he agreed, clearing his mind by a strong effort of will.

A cat's-paw fanned his cheek, scampered on to set the gray surface prickling. Where the waters widened to the southeast, a wind line showed black and ominous. Billy rested on his oars, weighing and judging. Then, reluctantly, but with no word spoken, he pointed the double-ender for Santos a mile distant. Sara was sea wise; she didn't have to be told that

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with a he-wind making, the open crossing to Canim River reserve was no trip for a small boat.

A gasboat crawled between them and the Santos lee. Billy squinted at it over his shoulder, recognizing its distinctively ugly lines. Sara had identified it also.

"Father Jerome," she said, "in Mainadieu." Then, wistfully, "I kind of hope he stops at Santos too. It'd be real nice to have a chat with him."

"Sure would," Billy agreed. Privately, though, he wasn't sorry when the mission craft held her course. Way he felt today, he wasn't fussy about visiting with any white man, not even the kind little Oblate who had married them.

They pulled inside the sheltering hook of the south point from a sea grown choppy-mean. Jim Blaney's No Trespassing sign frowned down on them, black letters crudely daubed on a drift plank spiked to a snag. Blaney's steers eyed them sullenly from the wild meadow above the foreshore. The cod fishermen's shanty was gone, nothing left but a burned-out oil-drum stove and a rectangle of blackened debris.

Sara didn't move so easy these days. Billy helped his wife from the boat, then reached in for the Enfield he carried against fish-thieving hair seals.

"No!" Sara spoke sharply. "Leave it there, Billy."

He started a protest, a mumbled "Aw, honey!" but her voice cut across his.

"You'd be no good to me and the baby in jail. Besides, even if Blaney happens to be here, he'll be across on the other side. He couldn't see our smoke, a day like this." She patted his arm, passing him, and Billy accepted her wisdom with a dubious grunt. Together, they rigged their shelter fly. They were gathering drift chunks when Billy, glancing seaward, caught a black speck tossing its way toward the island.

"Looks like we're goin' have company after all," he said. "'Nother rowboat heading in."

But Sara had turned from the hostile sea. She stood with her bundle of sticks hugged close, peering inland. The cattle were turned and staring too.

"It's him," Sara said. "He's coming down."

She didn't need to tell him who. There could be only one other person on the island, the man whose unrelenting brutality had put his wife in an early grave and driven his sons from him while they were still no more than children. Some drunken impulse had set Blaney on the prowl, and he had spotted them.

"Now listen, Billy." Scared Sara might be, but she spoke firmly. "Don't let him crowd you into anything. If he tells us to leave, don't argue. Sea isn't so bad we can't make it back to Kyri."

Billy swallowed hard. The rancher hadn't yet shown, but the head-high nettles above the beach were already shaking to his passage. He'd be drunk, and he'd be ugly. *You got a rifle in the boat,* Billy reminded himself, *a fish knife on your belt. You got a wife to take care of and a baby, your son. This white man, he hates In'yans, he beats up on people for pleasure. Does he come for you like he did las' time, stand up to him. You got every right.*

But the old, sick helplessness bound him. He wasn't a fighter; he had lifted his hand against a man once only, and that in desperation, and the aftermath would plague him all his life. Sara had moved close. She took his hand and they stood together, while Blaney bulled his way out of the nettles, a shotgun clipped under his arm.

The big old rancher's voice came before him, bawling in rage, "Stinkin' nitchies! Damn dirty siwash thieves! You want free beef, huh? Well, I'll give you beef!"

He fronted them, closer to seventy than sixty, but rock-hard, his anger bursting out of him in an obscene torrent.

Billy knew his own voice was a feeble croak. "We ain't doin' no harm, Mr. Blaney. Weather hauled down, we had to land." He was begging now, his guts turned to water. "All we want ——"

"Talk back to me, would you? Last time didn't learn you, eh?" Blaney moved closer, his whisky breath in their faces, his bloodshot eyes glowering under ragged brows.

Priming himself. Setting up for a beating, looking forward to it the way good men do to a feast or a frolic. Billy's arm was lead to lift, but he shoved Sara behind him. His other hand forced its way to the knife on his *(Continued on Page 50)*

Ex-Baby

By Lenore Eversole Fisher

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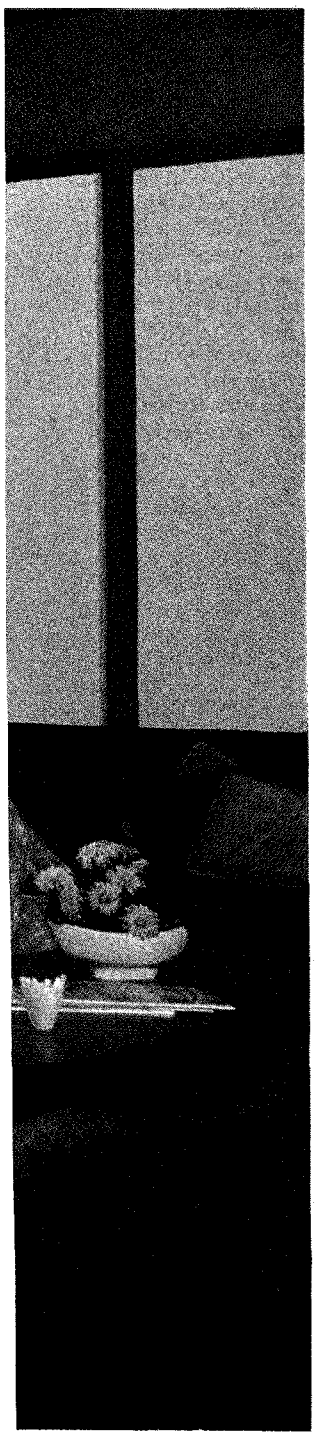

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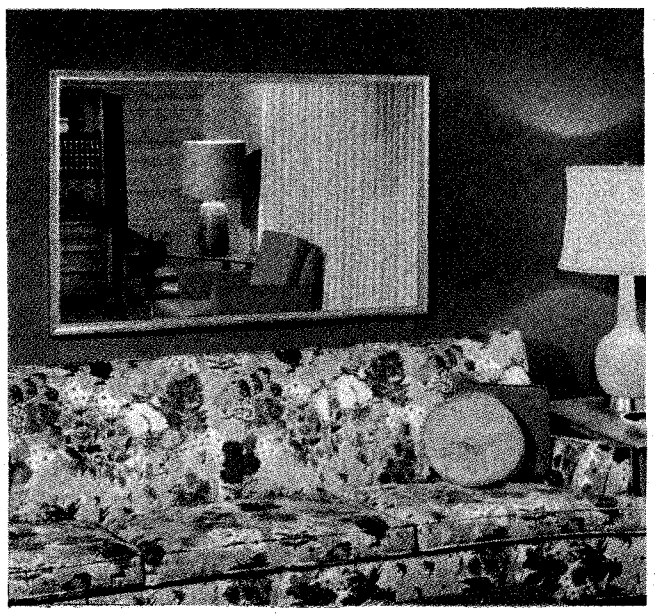

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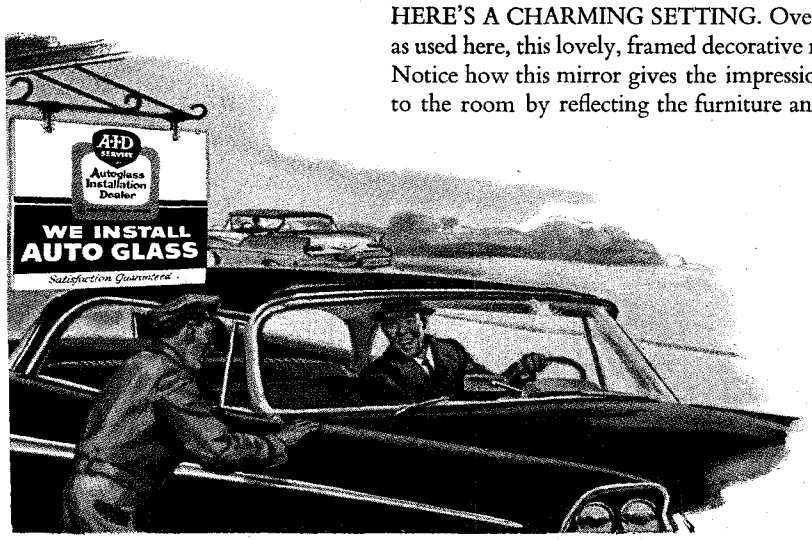

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(*Continued from Page 47*) haunch. With a sound more animal than human, a relishing growl, Blaney shifted his shotgun, gripped it by the barrels and slung it behind him. The gun skidded, clattering on drift logs. Thunder slammed against Billy's eardrums, dazing and deafening him. Blaney still lurched toward him, fists knotted. But the rancher's face was blank and blind, and he was leaning, toppling, to sprawl his length on the shingle.

Billy heard his wife suck in her breath. She said softly, "Oh, Holy Mother," and he caught and turned her, hurrying her down to their boat, not letting her look back at the man who lay with blood puddling around his head.

"Stay here," he ordered Sara; and himself, step by dragging step, returned to their camp and the horror tumbled before it.

Blaney was dead. No need to grope for pulse or heartbeat. At six-foot range the shot had struck in a solid mass, blasting the back out of the rancher's head. Slowly, Billy rose from his knees. A voice hailed and he spun, panic constricting his throat. The other boat, the skiff he'd glimpsed tossing offshore, had landed. A young yellow-haired fellow in ragged rain-tests was stumbling toward him through the loose pebbles and sea wrack of tide line.

Billy ripped the shelter tarp off its poles. He threw gear into it, slung the bundle on his shoulder and lit out for his boat. With a single heave, he launched the double-ender. He caught Sara up and swung her in. A crest all but swamped them, but he was ready for the second and shot them over it. Pulling strongly, he drove for the south point. Rounding, rolling and bucking in the welter, he saw through spray the yellow-haired man halted by Blaney's body. The man shouted after them, but the wind whipped his words away.

Sara was calling, too, leaning toward him with eyes wide in a frightened face. "Turn back, Billy! We have to go back!"

But he only shook his head, his mouth clamped hard. His boot hooked the bailing can from under the thwart. Sara took it and, kneeling, began to scoop water overside. Out there in the channel, big seas smoked north in procession now, the southeaster herding them, but that threat was nothing to the terror behind. There was a place he knew, a hidden and guarded spot, where not even the Mounties could find them. There, they'd be safe.

Billy continued to work the boat clear of the island, letting the slim fourteen-footer run with wind and tide. Late afternoon found them pitching half a mile off the Canim River bars. Sara, huddled in the sternsheets, pushed dank hair away from her cheeks. Her eyes asked a question, but again Billy shook his head. The thought of his hidden lagoon, the secret hideaway where trouble couldn't follow, had swelled to an obsession that crowded all else from his mind. He held north in narrowing waters till an island interposed its bulk between them and the weather. A six-knot tide laid hold of them, hustled them into the funnel of a rapid where kelp streamed from a complex of reefs which barred the pass against powered craft effectively as a locked gate. But a rowboat could slip through; this Billy had learned far back in his lonely rovings.

In the very gut of the narrows, boils blistering around them, he drove his boat straight for the base of an outward-leaning bluff. Sara pressed both hands to her mouth, staring past her husband at disaster. The rock face parted as if split by a giant fist. An isolated pinnacle ghosted astern and they rode a waterway no wider than a creek, cliffs an oar's length distant on either side. Current slid them around a hairpin bend. The tumult of the rapids dwindled abruptly into silence, and the lagoon opened before them, flat quicksilver under a clearing sky in which the first stars showed. At tidehead, totem poles staggered above a clamshell beach. Dim-seen through crowding forest growth stood three roofless long houses of cedar plank.

Not till they had landed and were lugging their gear up the beach, did Billy speak.

"We're O.K. here, honey," he said to his wife then. "Ain't no one, police or anyone else, goin' come hunting for us in here."

"But we don't need to hide." Sara was shivering in her soaked skirt and sweater. She looked tired and ill, and the tremble in her voice struck at Billy's heart. "What happened back there was an accident. You had nothing to do with it; you didn't kill Jim Blaney."

"You know it," Billy told her. "I know it." He shook out the tarp and, working automatically, began to set up camp. Soon they'd have fire, a roof above them, blankets spread on evergreen boughs and supper cooking. "But who else? Who's goin' believe us, Sara?"

"That man who came in, for one. He must have been pretty close when Blaney's gun went off. There's a good chance he saw what happened."

"Maybe so. Only we just can't take that chance." He couldn't bring himself to meet her gaze; could only guess how it would hit her, the thing he'd put off telling her. "Look, honey, I killed a man once. Didn't mean to, didn't want to, Lord knows." Words rushed from him in a distraught tumble while his hands kept busy, slivering drift cedar, scraping a match on his belt buckle, nursing small flames till the damp splinters dried and crackled to an orange blaze.

"Happened north in a pole camp when I was eighteen. Was this cook had been hitting the lemon extract, went clean off his head. He run into the bunkhouse with a straight-edge razor in his fist. Cut two men before they could even roll off their beds, slash-slash, like that. Me, I was in a corner by the stove, I couldn't get away. I flang a cordwood chunk as he come for me. Meant to hit him in his chest, but he tripped and the stick caught him in his forehead and dropped him dead."

Billy's face twisted at the nightmare memory. The weight of his evil luck was like a stone beneath his ribs. He challenged Sara hopelessly, across the dancing flames.

"So now you see how it is. Do I hunt up the Mounties, they're goin' say first off, a man don't get shot from behind by accident. Then they'll figure, 'This In'yan, this Hardluck Billy Flett, he killed a fella once. It'd come easy, killing a second.' When they ask around, they'll certain-sure hear 'bout the beating Jim Blaney gave me last year. Sara, honey, you want I should get myself hung?"

His wife continued to gaze at him, a sadness on her smooth, oval face. "I knew about that pole-camp trouble," she said to him calmly. "Father Jerome told me when I went to him before we got married. He told me what the coroner said, too, Billy; about how, if you hadn't thrown that stick, four men might have died instead of one. The police believed you that time. They will now, just so we go to them, not hide out like this."

"No!" The word exploded from him, a cry of pain. He seized his ax and lunged away from the fire into woods now cavernous with night. Sara was a good girl, a wonderful wife, and he loved her with everything in him. But she didn't know, she couldn't possibly understand how a man's bad luck could hamper and throw him, even kill him if he ever stopped running from it. He'd been on the run when he found this nameless lagoon, an orphan too poor even to sink a headstone over the spot where the sea had claimed his parents, too heartsick to fret any longer at residential school. Here he'd stayed through the seasons of a year, living as the Kwakwelth had once lived, safe in a sanctuary so lost that even the spectacled white men who came hunting totems for their city museums had never stumbled upon it.

"I ain't going back," Billy muttered to the night and the weeping forest. "Not ever!"

He stacked cut boughs on his ax haft, the cedar scent comforting him, some of the tenseness, the wild-animal wariness, draining from him. Time later to plan for the future. Here they were safe.

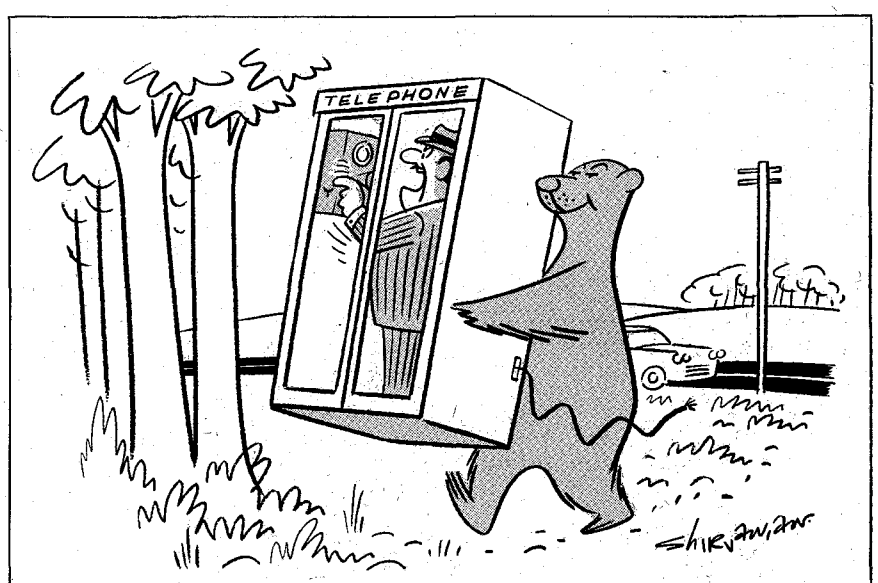
Sara did not look up when he shouldered out to the circle of firelight with his load.

"You like this place?" he said to her tentatively, and she nodded.

"It's purely beautiful. What happened to the people who used to live here, Billy?"

He shrugged, laying boughs to dry before the fire. "No idea. But I can guess why they made a village here. Wasn't any raiders, Haidas and such, goin' find this place and kill them or make them slaves. In here, Sara, they didn't harm nobody and no one could get at them. They lived happy, same as we will." His smile fetched no response, but he made his voice hearty. "A rough day. Soon as we've et, you'd best go to bed."

Reviewed in the light of a clear gray dawn, (*Continued on Page 52*)



"Operator . . . operator . . . I've been cut off . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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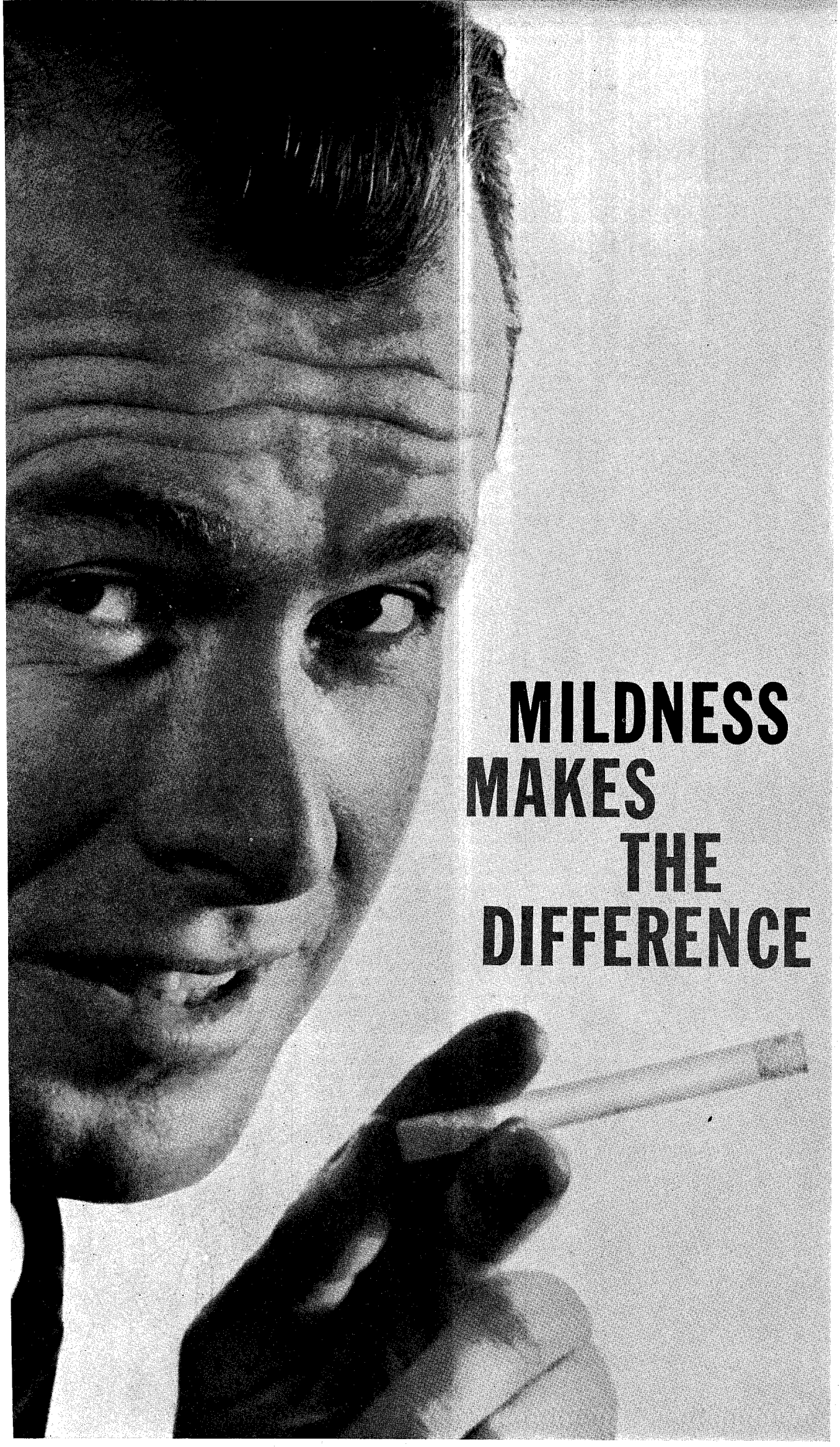

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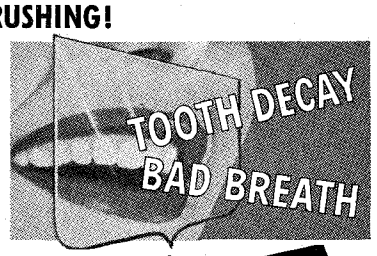
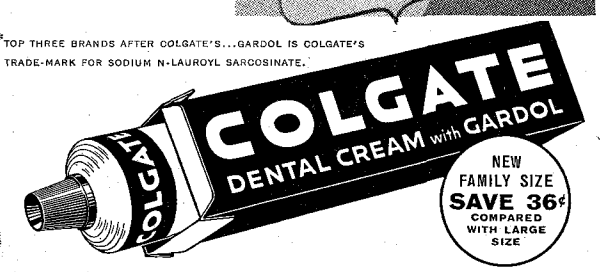


*TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S...GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.



WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

(*Continued from Page 50*) yesterday's happenings seemed like a bad dream from which he had freed himself. Billy whistled while he launched his boat. Bait fish choused by the rapids found shelter in the lagoon, and feeder springs followed the bait; his other spell here, he'd snagged many a good salmon along the kelp beds that spread in from the lagoon entrance. He left Sara to soak up the rest she needed. When he returned several hours later in sunlight, his boat was well ballasted with fish. Spring salmon, three of them, the largest close on thirty pounds, and a goggle-eyed ling cod with sweet white meat under its mottled hide. Not for weeks had he made a haul like that. A few more such and they'd have cash for the baby, a start on their gasboat at last.

Except they couldn't sell their catches, no matter how bountiful. Safety demanded they steer clear of all fish packers, of canneries and landings and towns, any place where white men gathered. The lagoon was their prison as well as their refuge. They were secure only so long as they remained inside the bubble, kept away from the outer world.

Billy studied on that, easing his boat across still water. Well, they'd smoke their salmon, then. With fish in the lagoon, with clams on the flats, salt in the rock pools and berries and roots for the taking, a couple could make out well enough. There was the baby, of course—and when he thought about that, some of the good feeling left him. *Still,* he told himself, *you get right down to it, Sara won't be the first to have her baby out of hospital, 'way off by her lone.*

He scanned flats and foreshore, looking for Sara. But the beach curved empty and the camp area seemed deserted, even though the morning was well along. She'd had her breakfast, Billy decided. Then, like as not, wandered off along the creek where huckleberries would be clustered thick this time of year. She was one of those couldn't bear to be idle; Sara wouldn't hang around camp waiting for him to come in. But the hollow happiness was entirely gone now, and he laid into the oars, worry deepening until it became a nameless fear.

The double-ender grounded on the flats and he left it there. Running, splashing through tide trickles, he hurried toward the beach. Close in, he hollered his wife's name. The ruined houses of the ghost village mocked him with an echo.

He found Sara where he had left her, huddled under her blankets. The smile she gave him was a mere twitching of her lips. Perspiration shone on her forehead. But her hand gripped his strongly, and her low voice was steady. "I guess yesterday hurried things—the cold and rough water and all. Billy, there's something you have to tend to."

"Sure," Billy mumbled, on his knees beside her. "Sure, honey."

"Not just for yourself. For all of us. I want you to go to the police. Tell them what happened on Santos; tell them the truth."

Her eyes closed, her voice trailed off as pain wrenched her. She was his wife, the only really good thing in his life, and she needed help now—a help he couldn't give her. With the sense of a trap closing around him, he wrapped Sara in the blankets. He left his rifle leaning against a cedar butt, their grub pack open for the ravens to plunder. Sara in his arms, he toiled across the flats to the boat. Tide had brisked the lagoon entrance to a swift little river. He skirted the leaning cliffs and drove out to the rapids, threading a course among reefs till the pass kicked him through to open water. A quarter mile distant, a familiar hull, a slattern thirty-footer, plodded along the sound. Billy hailed. A bearded face poked from Mainadieu's house. Father Jerome waved him a greeting.

The mission vessel's asthmatic engine chunked steadily, wafting its stench of hot oil into the wheelhouse. They crept at four knots, smoke of the Cameron Bay sulphite plant a haze at the feet of the cross-sound mountains.

"I've tooken you off course," Billy Flett said apologetically to Father Jerome at the wheel.

The Oblate shook his head. "Not so, my son. It happens I was bound for Cameron Bay on a less happy errand. One of my parishioners"—Father Jerome's voice hinted a mild reproof—"another whom I haven't seen for too long a time, has sent for me. He's in very grave trouble."

"Police trouble?" Billy put the question more from politeness than interest. His thoughts were all for Sara, resting easy below. Even at Mainadieu's snail speed, she'd be in hospital within two hours.

The priest nodded. Dead ahead, bait fish were skipping and skittering. A shiny back rolled clear, and while the swirl still widened, a coho salmon charged, gape-jawed, through the needlefish school. A rustling came to their ears as if the sea were alive and whispering. North to the limit of vision, the play of hunter and hunted troubled the oily calm of the sound. The big northern cohos were coming down at last.

"A heavy run," Father Jerome observed. He turned his head, blue eyes youthful above his gray-streaked beard. "You'll have fine fishing presently, Billy. You'll make a good winter stake for your family. But the run won't benefit Peter Gosse, I fear."

"Who's he, father?"

"The young man the Mounties are holding at Cameron Bay. He was brought from Santos Island last night by a tugboat crew who put in to wait for weather. They found him about to leave the island, and Jim Blaney shot dead on the beach." Father Jerome continued to study the bait shoals and the voracious horde that harried them, while Billy's heart seemed to skip and stumble in his chest. "He had Blaney's wallet in his pocket. I expect when the (*Continued on Page 56*)

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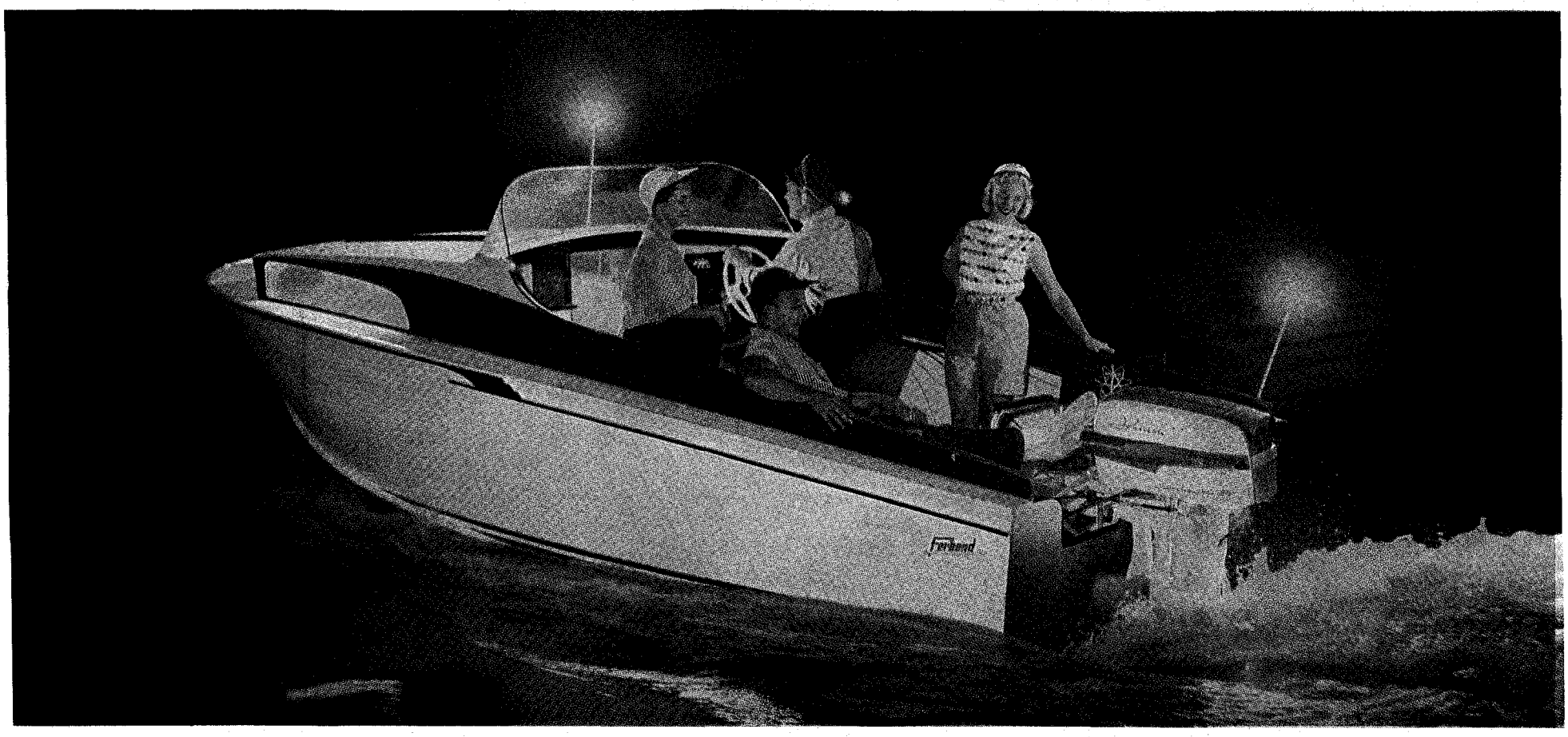

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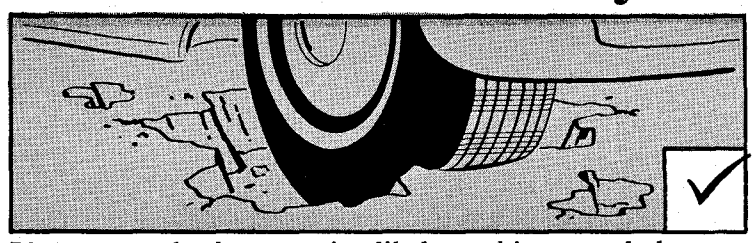
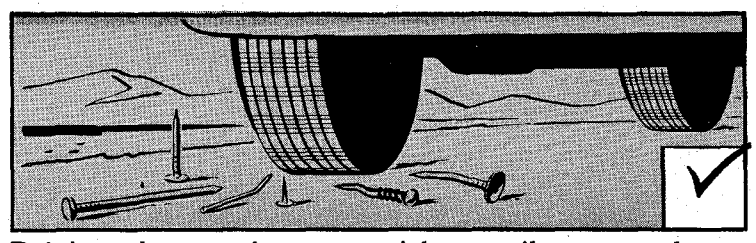
Which safety do

Blowout Safety?



If you travel where you're likely to hit a pot-hole, you need the blowout safety of today's new Safety First tires. U. S. Royals are so strong they were actually used in landing a 21-ton airliner.

Puncture Safety?



Driving where you're apt to pick up nails, you need protection from sudden "flats" . . . puncture safety. U. S. Royals, with nails driven through their treads, survived 5,000 miles—with no "flat"!

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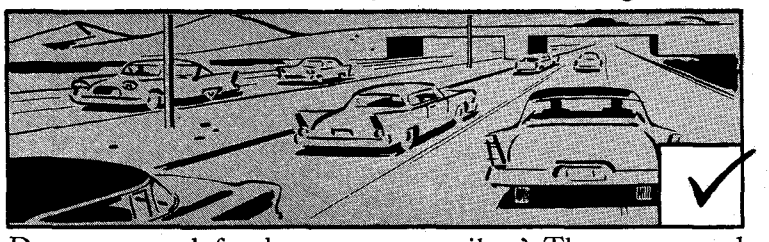
you put first?

Thruway Safety?



Do you travel for hours on turnpikes? Then you need thruway safety—and you get the most from U. S. Royal. New "Safety 1st" tires have up to 8 times the cruising endurance.

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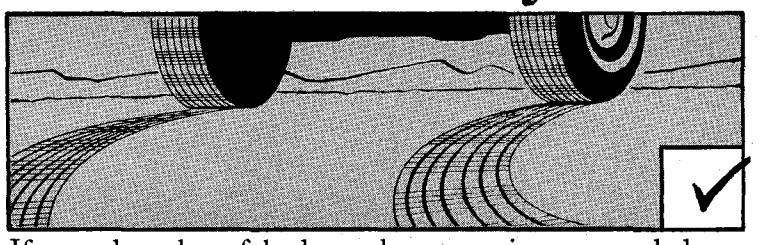

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(*Continued from Page 52*) patrol vessel returns from Santos, they'll charge him with murder."

So I don't have to tell. The thought struck instantly. *They ain't after us; we don't need be afraid. This time the hard luck picks another goat to land on.* Relief coursed through him, sapping his legs, turning his hands unsteady so that he jammed them into his pockets. He kept his tone casual.

"This Peter Gosse fella. What's he say about it?"

"Insists that Blaney shot himself. That Blaney dropped his gun while hazing trespassers off the island. That when he found Blaney was past help, he took the wallet." Father Jerome sighed. "He's an immigrant boy without friends or family. He was starving."

"Tough," Billy muttered. "You think he was telling the truth?"

"He could be," Father Jerome replied. "But without witnesses, and against such damaging evidence, his chances are poor."

"Figure he'll hang, father?"

"He very well may," the priest said. Cat's-paws were darting ahead of a wind, the sound turning sullen. But the buildings of Cameron Bay showed plain now, the sulphite plant and the red-roofed hospital on the hill.

That white boy across yonder, this Peter Gosse, they owed him nothing. If he had blundered into a hanging fix, it was his grief, not theirs. With the baby born, they'd soon put that business out of mind. Get on with their plans, work to win themselves a decent life.

Father Jerome was speaking to him, smiling at him. "And you, Billy? How have things gone with you and your wife?"

"Not too good. Lot of trouble, father—white people pushing us around, stuff like that." He should be happy inside, light as a feather, but he spoke moodily. "I tell you it can be mighty hard sometimes, bein' an In'yan."

The priest's blue eyes regarded him kindly, but back of his smile was a settled sadness. It was as if Billy's own conscience stood mirrored in that gaze.

"Not merely to be an Indian, my son," Father Jerome said gently. "It's hard, always, to be a man."

The mission boat curtsied to the first onslaught of wind. Billy took himself below. His wife lay with eyes open.

"Doing O.K., honey?"

Sara's head stirred in a nod. "I've been thinking about those lagoon people. What really happened to them, Billy?"

"Smallpox, I figure." He'd found a mort of bones, his first trip in, spent most of a week burying them. "They got wiped out."

"Then they weren't safe, after all. Some things you can't run or hide from." The way she was looking at him, it was as if her eyes saw through to his heart. "I heard what the father said, Billy. The whole of it."

He stood braced to Mainadieu's rolling, staring down, while his wife's words echoed with Father Jerome's in his head. It was hard to be a man—deathly hard, sometimes. But you can't run from death, or life, or least of all from yourself. Not if you'd be a proper man, the kind a woman ought to have for her husband, and a boy for his pa.

The rolling eased; they were drawing into the lee of land. Billy Flett touched his wife's cheek once, lightly, then clambered back to the wheelhouse.

"When we get in, father," he said to the mission priest, "will you see her to hospital? Me, I got business uptown."

It was deep evening when a nurse brought him to the ward where Sara lay. The baby was taking its own sweet time; might be hours yet, the hospital matron had told him.

"I been to the Mounties, Sara."

She didn't look anxious any more, but placid and faraway, as if her mind were on more important matters. She said, "I knew you'd go."

"I talked with the sergeant, told him everything, just the way it happened."

"And he believed you, Billy?"

"Looks like. Sergeant says unless the evidence they turn up on the island goes against what me and Peter Gosse told him, I can light out after the inquest."

"I'm glad," Sara murmured from the remote place she had taken herself into. "I'm awful glad."

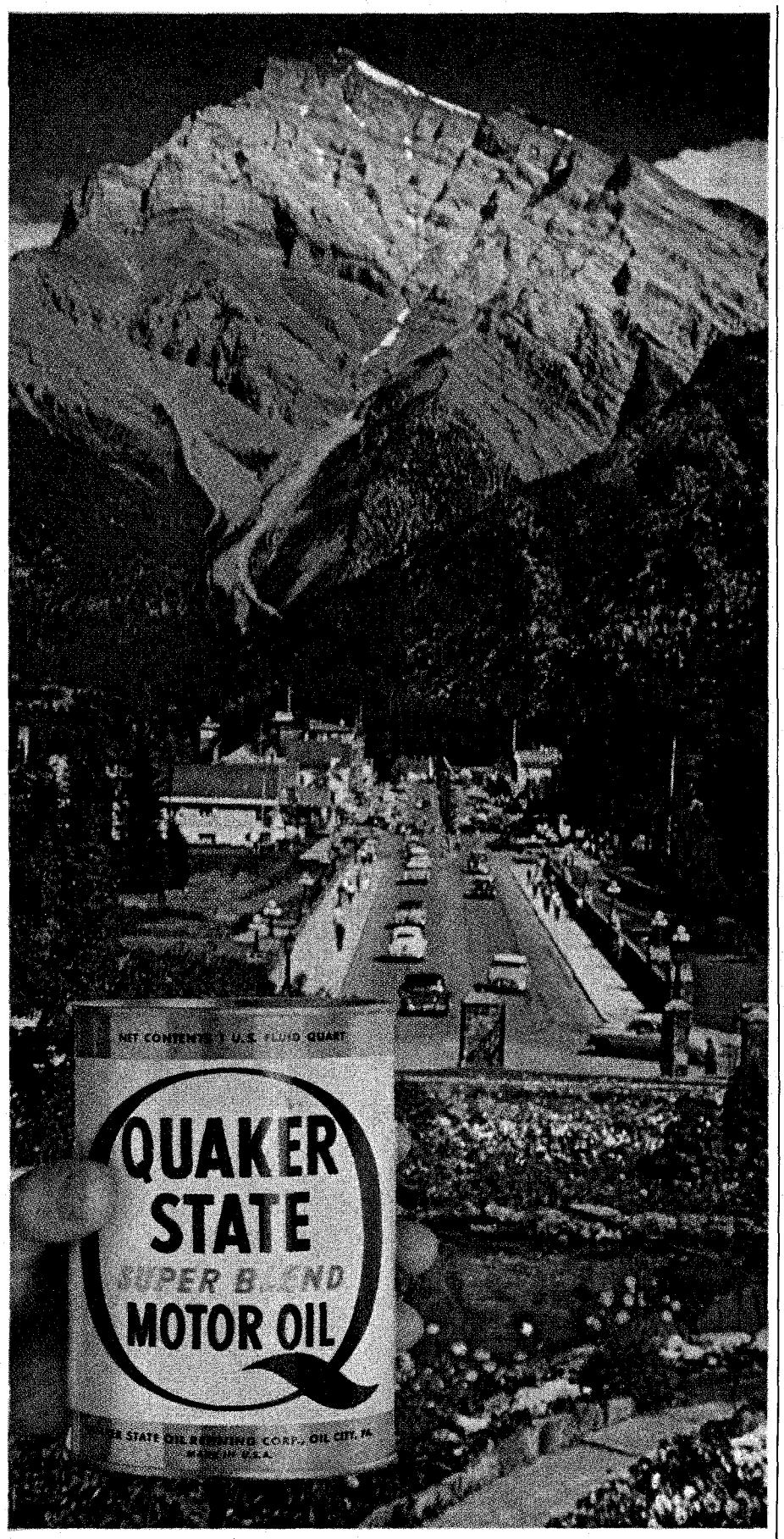
"Sara?"

"Uh-huh."

"You make it a boy, eh, sweetie?"

"A boy for sure," she promised him.

Billy left her, walking lightly, as if a weight had been lifted from him. In a few days those big coho salmon would hit the Kyri Island feeding grounds on their run south, linger for a last feeding spree. And he was pretty sure the handliners at Kyri would change their tune when he showed up with plenty fish for company. Already he could see himself coming back for Sara and their son, money in his pocket, perhaps even in a gasboat to tie alongside the other trollers at the government dock. The picture set him whistling. He was going to be a busy man, mighty busy; no time to spare for worrying about a trifling thing like luck. THE END



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DRAWN BY MONAHAN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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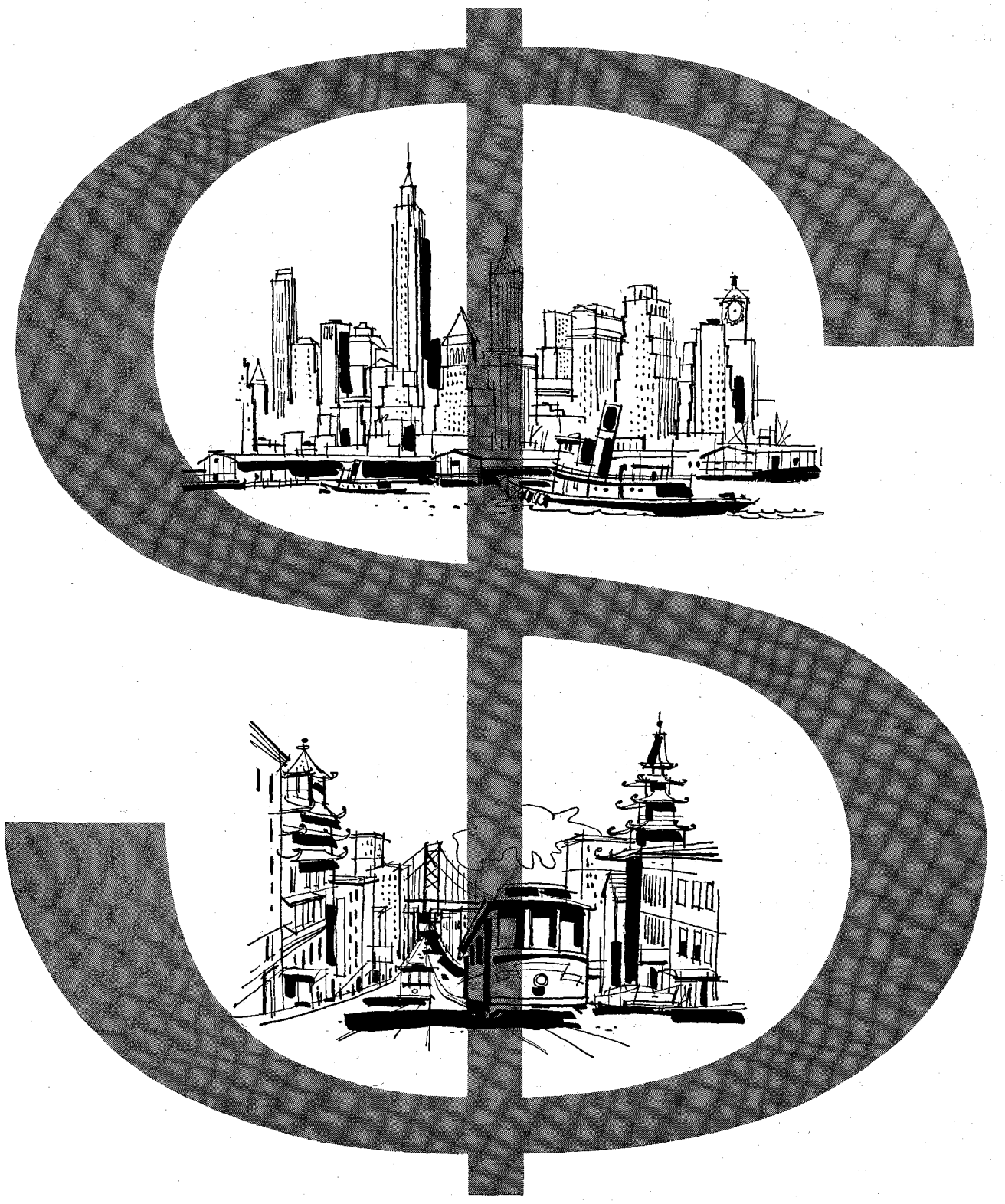

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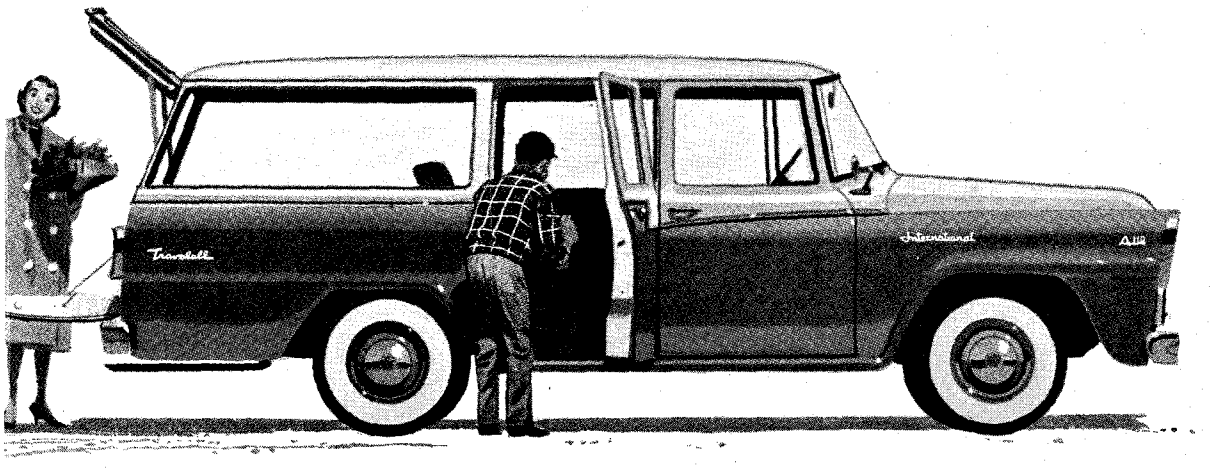

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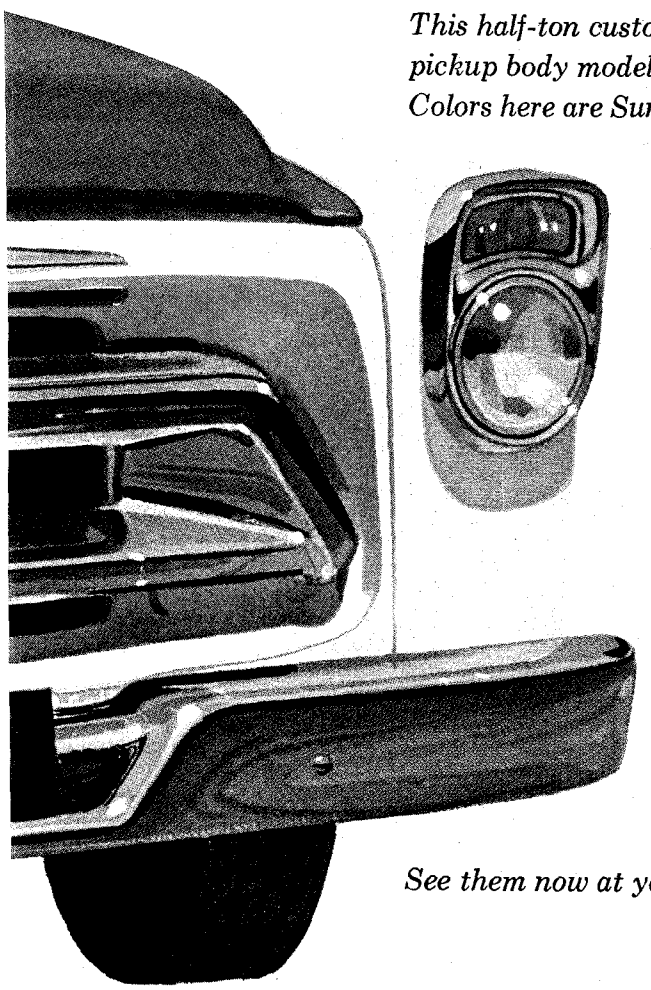
This half-ton custom pickup is only one of 10 pickup body models in the broad International Truck line. Colors here are Sunshine Yellow and Driftwood Grey.



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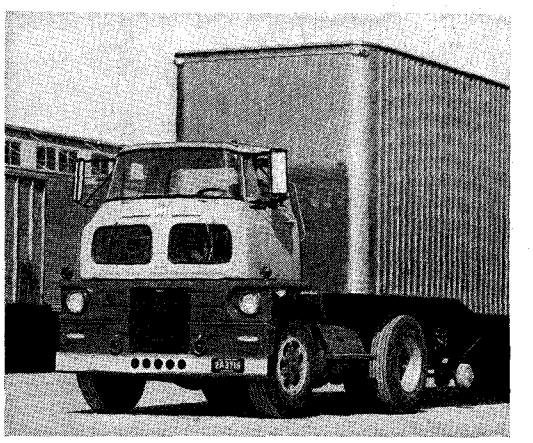

News for cross-country haulers! New INTERNATIONAL Sightliner measures only 48 inches from bumper to back of cab. It's the shortest tilt-cab model available. Gives 10% more payload capacity. Hauls up to 224 cu. ft. more legal payload, more than any truck in its weight class.

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Death and I at 60 Fathoms

(Continued from Page 39)

positive and sure of herself under the sea as a mermaid. Finally, there was twenty-eight-year-old Dick Anderson, a real lively, humorous character, and the only guy I know who sports long, thin, waxed-end mustaches.

As for me, at thirty-seven I had a background of twelve years' experience as a diver, plus considerable research and study. I was a veteran at both ordinary skin diving with a face mask and deep skin diving with Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus (SCUBA). I first took up skin diving during World War II when I was a P-38 pilot stationed in the South Pacific. In recent years it has been both a sport and a part-time occupation with me; I've added to my income as a painter of Western oils by occasionally diving for salvage.

Being an artist, I've always loved the varied and vivid colors of the undersea world. Diving under the ocean has a calming effect on me. I like the silence, and the little clicking sounds that the fish make. I forget all my problems and troubles. I always have a feeling of disappointment when my air runs out and I have to come back up.

Yet I have learned this: No matter how long or well you come to know it, the ocean is an alien world—exotic in its beauty, but harsh and unpredictable.

Ever since the Frenchman Frédéric Dumas, an early developer of SCUBA equipment, dived to 307 feet in 1947, others have been trying for new records—often with fatal results. Most of the deaths have been in Europe, along the shores of the Mediterranean, where skin diving caught on and became a craze long before it did in the United States. But there also have been fatal attempts in this country, such as that of Hope Root, a fifty-two-year-old Miami lawyer and amateur diver, in 1953. The only successful venture I knew about was that of thirty-year-old John Clark Samazan, a French-born Los Angeles man, who pushed the record to 350 feet off Catalina Island in 1955.

My goal was 400 feet, a figure that held the same magic for me that four minutes used to hold for mile runners. I had developed a piece of equipment to make this depth attainable. It was a new and better regulator for controlling the flow of air from breathing tanks into a diver's lungs at great depths. Breathing regulators then in general use were not recommended below 150 feet.

I had perfected my new regulator in the fall of 1956 and tested it down to around 300 feet a number of times. It worked on a vacuum principle, so that the slightest effort of breathing—even if I became unconscious—would keep the air flowing into my mouth and keep the water out. Now, in the fall of 1957, I was going for the record.

We set off from Avalon on Catalina Island and headed out for deep water. A couple of miles off Casino Point, Captain Masquelier found 450 feet of water and we dropped the hook. The sea was calm, ideal for my dive. But the appointed hour of 10:30 came and went, and there was still no sign of the official observer. I couldn't stand another postponement like the one the previous Sunday. This dive was a thing I had built myself up to psychologically, and every minute that ticked by added to my doubts.

I was staking my life not only upon my new regulator but also upon the soundness of my solution to a related problem. I felt that one of the reasons men like Hope Root had died was the chemical make-up of the compressed air they were breathing underwater. My answer to that problem was lined up on the port side of El Sea; fourteen yellow tanks of an oxygen-helium mixture, marked in green—"He-83, 0^2-17." They represented more than a year of research.

In ordinary dry-land breathing, the lungs inhale a mixture of approximately 21 per cent oxygen and 78 per cent nitrogen, along with minute amounts of other gases. But at depths from about 150 feet down, the nitrogen, trapped in the body under great pressure, worms its deadly way into the tissues, the muscles, the joints, the nervous system and the brain. It brings on a condition that divers call rapture of the deep, or nitrogen narcosis, or just plain "pressure happy." It creeps up on you and has a numbing effect. It makes you lose your sense of self-preservation.

To lessen the danger of nitrogen narcosis, I was going to breathe helium instead of nitrogen. When I began experimenting with helium, I knew that the British Navy had worked with it a lot, and I wrote to the Admiralty. They referred me to Sir Robert H. Davis, the British manufacturer of most of the world's "hardhat" diving equipment—the much older and more cumbersome apparatus of helmet, pressure suit and exterior air hoses to the surface. Sir Robert directed me to Volumes VI and VII of a mass of heavy technical books that he had written—Deep Diving and Submarine Operation. They contained vital information on oxygen-helium mixtures, and a sample decompression table which I used as a basis for my own. In my first experiment I used 20 per cent oxygen, 80 per cent helium, a standard medical mixture often used in chest surgery. It worked well at 200 feet, but I knew that 20 per cent oxygen would be too much for my deep dive. It would eventually give me oxygen poisoning and make me pass out.

The reverse situation was also dangerous. If the mixture contained too low a percentage of oxygen, I would suffer from anoxia—lack of oxygen—under the low pressures near the surface. The problem was to determine a mixture of oxygen and helium that I could start breathing at the surface, and continue to breathe all the way down to 400 feet and back to the surface.

Because I still had to spend most of my time earning a living, the research went slowly—and expensively. For example, each tank holding seventy cubic feet of air cost eighty dollars—and I wound up with twenty-five of them.

To simplify and speed up my experiments, I frequently used a compression chamber to drop me artificially to the depth and pressure I wanted. That was when I had enlisted Doctor Mathison's help. The doctor's a cautious man. He never was willing to supervise any part of the project in an official capacity. However, after he'd checked over my findings, and after I'd worked with him in a successful test of some capsules for diving he'd developed that increase the oxygen intake into the blood, he agreed to help me. With his assistance, I established that a properly moistened 17 per cent oxygen, 83 per cent helium mixture was the most ideally suited for my five-foot-ten-inch, 150-pound frame.

I'd devised a special set of triple tanks to wear on my back, and a second set of double tanks for my chest. After that, the safety team would relay me singles. Their own tanks of regular compressed air were stacked in the stern of the yacht to keep them separate from mine.

About noon on the day of my big dive, however, when I was checking the pressure on my triple tanks to keep from going nuts while waiting for the official observer to turn up, I discovered with a shock that I never would go down to 400 feet that day. During the week's postponement, 350 pounds of oxygen-helium had leaked from the triples! Originally, they had held 210 cubic feet at 2000 pounds pressure, but the gauge now read 1650. My margin of safety for a 400-foot dive had been erased—and I had almost overlooked it.

Doctor Mathison and I did some quick figuring, and calculated that I still could make it safely to 380 feet, which would break the record by thirty feet. I called the safety team together and told them what had happened.

Lying at our feet, stretched up and down El Sea's long decks, was 440 feet of five-sixteenths anodized iron chain, which was to mark our pathway down into the sea and back up again. Now Glenn McCall and Dick Anderson began wiring a short two-by-four beam to it as a marker at 380 feet.

At 10:30 it had been calm, but now the wind was rocking the boat. The vitamin shot I had taken was wearing off, and so were Doctor Mathison's oxygenation capsules that I had swallowed many hours before. I took another capsule, gulped down a couple of vitamin pills—and waited some more.

I let out a yell when I saw the Avalon harbormaster's speedboat cutting through the water toward us, kicking up a mass of spray. I shouted with relief, "There they are! Let's go! Let's go!"

It was about 12:30 when the speedboat pulled alongside with Bob Ferris, the official observer, and a party of fifteen, including television, radio and newspaper people. There was also my old friend Jim Schlemeyer, a Los Angeles real-estate man, who had taken on the job of project manager, and had sunk some of his own cash into the venture.

Jim went down into El Sea's cabin with me and helped me into my black neoprene rubber suits. I put a three-eighth-inch suit on over my bathing trunks, and a quarter-inch suit on top of that. It was hot summer on the surface, but far below the sea, the temperature would drop into the forties. Last, I put on my yellow rubber hood and a pair of leather gloves for sliding on the chain.

When I returned to the deck, Dick and Glenn began paying out the 440-foot chain slowly into the Pacific. Below the 300-foot mark it was painted yellow, so that I wouldn't be in doubt as to what depth I was at.

Earl Schlemeyer, Jim's brother, hoisted a Number Seven flag to the mast. To anybody who could read it, it meant, *Diver in the water. Stay clear!* The police and Coast Guard had refused to assist us on this, although in any emergency I knew they would help. Sightseers and other diving boats had been kicking up wakes and coming alongside all morning. Later this factor proved almost disastrous.

"Keep them off the boat," I told Captain

(*Continued on Page 62*)

Cool Comment

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Who burns the candor at both ends.

Irene Warsaw

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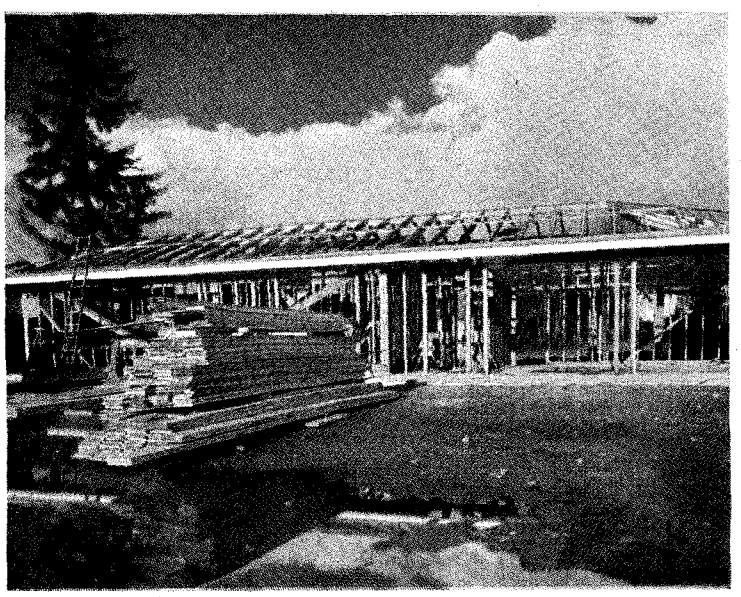

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(*Continued from Page 60*) Masquelier. "And if they get on, don't let them mix up the tanks."

My safety team would be in almost as much danger as I, staying under for long periods of time, or diving again and again with fresh air tanks. Catalina Airlines had promised to keep a plane standing by in case it was needed. The Coast Guard channel would be kept open too.

I took one last look around, then stepped down the diving ladder into water up to my knees, gripping the railing hard to keep from being pitched off. Glenn and Dick strapped the cumbersome triple tank to my back, then the double to my chest. They put a forty-pound weight belt around my waist and hung an ammunition sling carrying thirty-five pounds of lead over the top of the double tank. With all my equipment, I weighed 475 pounds.

It was 1:30 when I dropped down into the water. I pointed for the bottom, but nothing happened. I couldn't get down. The buoyant tanks were holding me on the surface.

I grabbed the safety chain, yanked off my mouthpiece and shouted to Glenn and Dick, watching just above me on the ladder, "Somebody bring some weights!"

They burst into laughter, and so did the crowd on deck. I shoved the mouthpiece back into my mouth angrily. I knew what had made them laugh. When you breathe helium, you sound like Donald Duck when you try to talk. I felt a little bit like him at the moment.

Glenn and Dick came into the water with the extra leads. "I'm putting ten more pounds around your waist," said Glenn, "and fifteen more on your double tank in front. That ought to do it. Good luck, Smokey. We'll follow you down to two hundred feet and wait there. I'll come down another fifty feet and get you if I see you're in trouble."

I went under, sliding the chain through my hands and feet. According to my timetable, I had six minutes to get down to 380 feet and then back to 200. I used up about a minute of it getting to ninety feet. I was clearing my ears, and you can't do that fast. Then I started down the chain rapidly, moving through cloud-like layers of plankton filtering the light.

It was dark and then light and then dark again. My regulator began its steady whine from the pressure against its diaphragm. In the otherwise silent world below 150 feet, there is always this high-pitched scream for company, and the Christmas-bell tinkles of the air bubbles as they rise to the surface.

At 200 feet I changed mouthpieces, leaving the double tank tied to the chain and switching over to the triple tank. This was one of the things that had worried me, but it went well. I started down again, moving faster the lower I got. The chain flashed yellow through my gloved hands—a sign that I had passed 300 feet. I was inhaling in short gulps, exhaling in long sighs, breathing comfortably.

Then my rubber-booted feet knocked off a cardboard tag the official observer had placed at 360 feet. There were also tags at 370 and 380 feet, and I knocked them off, too, not even trying to retrieve them. The water was bright and clear, with sunlight bouncing off the clean white sand of the bottom. I had expected it to be dark and impenetrable.

I marked my arrival at 380 feet by slipping a piece of wire the official observer had given me through the chain, and tying my right glove to it. Later the official observer—making allowance for a slight snag in the chain—was to report my depth as 370 feet.

I had twenty seconds to look around and feel elated at what I had done. I couldn't just turn around and come back up from that depth.

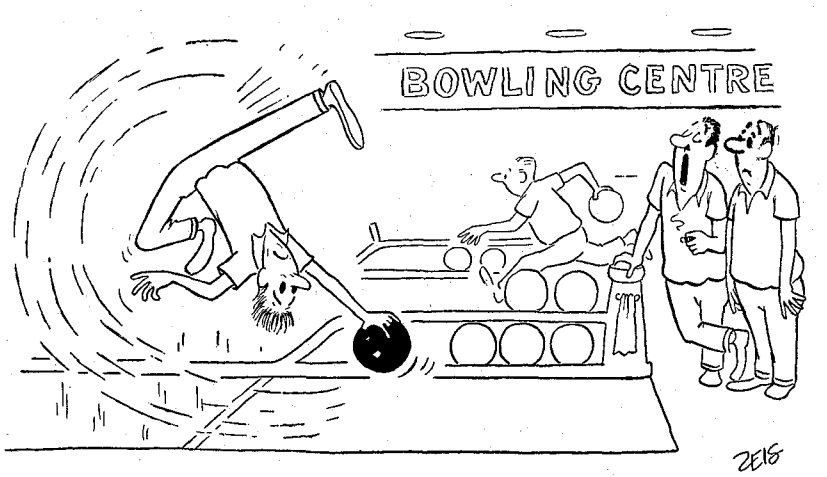
I counted slowly to twenty, then unhooked the fifty-pound weight belt at my waist and tried to slip the fifty pounds of weights that I had slung over my right shoulder when I removed the double tank. But they had got tangled in the straps of my triple tank and I couldn't jettison them! My own natural buoyancy and that of the air tanks weren't enough to carry me back to 200 feet, where Glenn and Dick would be waiting to help me. I'd have to haul almost 400 pounds up the chain, hand over hand.

I staggered my climb in ten-foot jumps up the jerking chain, each time pausing a few seconds to rest. But at 340 feet, when I tensed my legs under me and shot upward, something jerked me to a stop and I flipped upside down. My face plate filled full of water. In panic, I'd breathed through my nose instead of my mouth. *I've had it!* I thought. *I've had it! This is the end!*

But now the experience of twelve years of diving and training asserted itself. *Stop, think, don't panic,* I said to myself. *Something is caught on the chain, holding you back. Look for it. Cut it loose. Then you'll be all right.*

I reached for the knife strapped to my leg, and felt around behind me until I found the loose strap that had snared on the chain, and cut it. I was loose, but I was already pressure-happy, and didn't know it. All I could think about was getting out of there in a hurry, disregarding the pauses that were necessary.

At 200 feet Dick Anderson saw me first. Unaware of my trouble, he started taking flash pictures as I climbed abreast of him and Glenn McCall. I motioned them to take the lead off me, and felt a surge of relief as my weight was lightened and I started moving upward.



"Now there's an unusual approach."

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Glenn grabbed me and held me back. He pointed to the plastic slate tied to his knee, on which my decompression table was written, and signaled me with hand and head motions not to move up any more. Dick swam behind me and adjusted my triple tank, which had been knocked horizontal when I was flipped upside down.

Glenn handed me a piece of lipstick to write on his slate. He had lost the special phosphorescent wax pencil we had planned to use. He pointed downward.

I wrote, "I knocked all tags off. I tied glove on with wire."

He circled his thumb and forefinger in the signal of success, and we moved up the unsteady safety chain slowly. My first decompression stage was 150 feet. My schedule, based on the table I'd found in Davis' book, called for me to stay there seven minutes. At the 150-foot stage, however, I started feeling the pains that every diver fears—the bends. First there were prickly sensations in the ends of my fingers, and then stabbing pains in my joints. The pressure-packed nitrogen bubbles were beginning to coalesce and do their damage. In my panicky moments below, I'd moved up too fast.

Glenn saw that I was in pain, and I scribbled on his slate, "bends." He began massaging my legs and my arms to help the circulation of blood. There was nothing else that he could do.

Before the seven minutes were up, Renee McCall and Rusty Shields began their shuttle service from El Sea, bringing down oxygen-helium tanks for me and compressed air for Glenn and Dick.

We left the first decompression stage and moved slowly up to 110 feet, where my stage was one minute. The cramps were getting worse and my head was throbbing. I still had more than three hours to go, following the table I had worked out. I hoped to reduce that time somewhat by using pure oxygen when I neared the surface, but I still wondered if I could last it out. By the time we reached sixty feet, where my waiting time was twenty-three minutes, I was hurting real bad.

After moving up to fifty feet, it took us approximately an hour and a half to get to thirty feet, and there were now indications of trouble above to complicate my own problem. Partly empty or empty tanks were brought down, and one of the safety team had to scramble madly for the surface to bring me down a new one.

Renee wrote out on a slate what had happened aboard El Sea. It was what I had feared before going down. Uninvited passengers had come aboard the yacht from other boats, got in the way and mixed up my tanks.

At that point, getting mad was a luxury I couldn't afford. It used up energy. We were all cold from the long duration under water, and although Glenn continued to massage my legs and my arms, every few minutes I thought I would pass out with the pain. I knew I had to get out of there fast.

I wrote out on a slate, "Bring down oxygen!"

I had one tank of pure oxygen aboard for just such a purpose, to cut down my decompression time. But not until I reached thirty feet could I start breathing it. Thirty-five minutes later, the safety team helped me move toward the surface. I had already written, "Yes," at the bottom of a message from the surface that asked, "Do you need an airplane?" But I wanted to climb on that deck on my own two feet, just like I'd gone down.

When I broke the surface of the water, I practically crawled up the diving ladder. It was good to see the sun and the sky again and to breathe freely, despite the pain. I hadn't gone to 400 feet, but I had accomplished much. Both my regulator and the oxygen-helium mixture had worked beautifully, and I had broken the world's record for SCUBA divers by a large margin. I was suffering now only because of my own stupidity and panic in meeting the unexpected mishaps that every skin diver or SCUBA diver must be prepared to meet under the sea.

Hours later, after a painful trip by speedboat, plane and ambulance, during which I passed back and forth between unconsciousness and semiconsciousness, I was sealed into the Navy recompression chamber at Terminal Island with a diving attendant. I couldn't hear at all, and I could see very little. When I realized where I was, I felt worse. A friend of mine had died in there several months before, after being in it for nine hours.

The Navy "took me down" four times to a depth of 165 feet, and each time, as I came back up, the bends returned painfully. After thirty-eight hours I finally stepped shakily out of the chamber, weighing twenty-one pounds less than when I started the dive, and looking, as Doctor Mathison and some of my other friends said, about 150 years old.

It was later that day that I heard from Earl Schlemeyer one of the most interesting reactions of all to my dive. A regular flight had been delayed when Catalina Airlines rushed me to the mainland, and an irritated girl turned to Earl and said excitedly, "You know why the planes stopped running? Some man fell off a boat and went right down to 400 feet, and they had to rush him right out of here!"

Earl had to fight hard to keep a straight face. THE END

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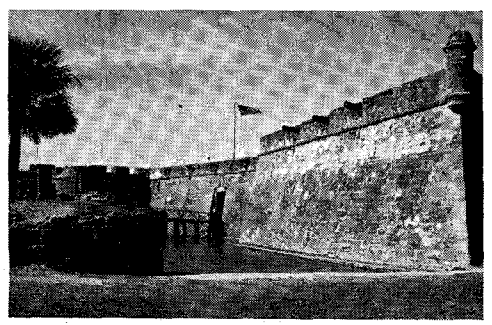

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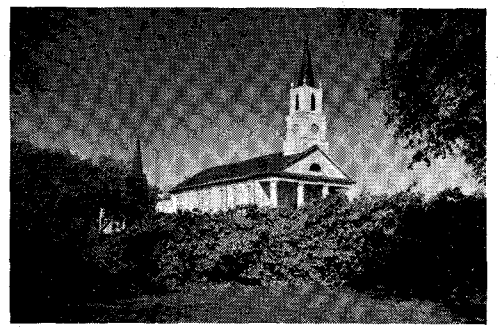

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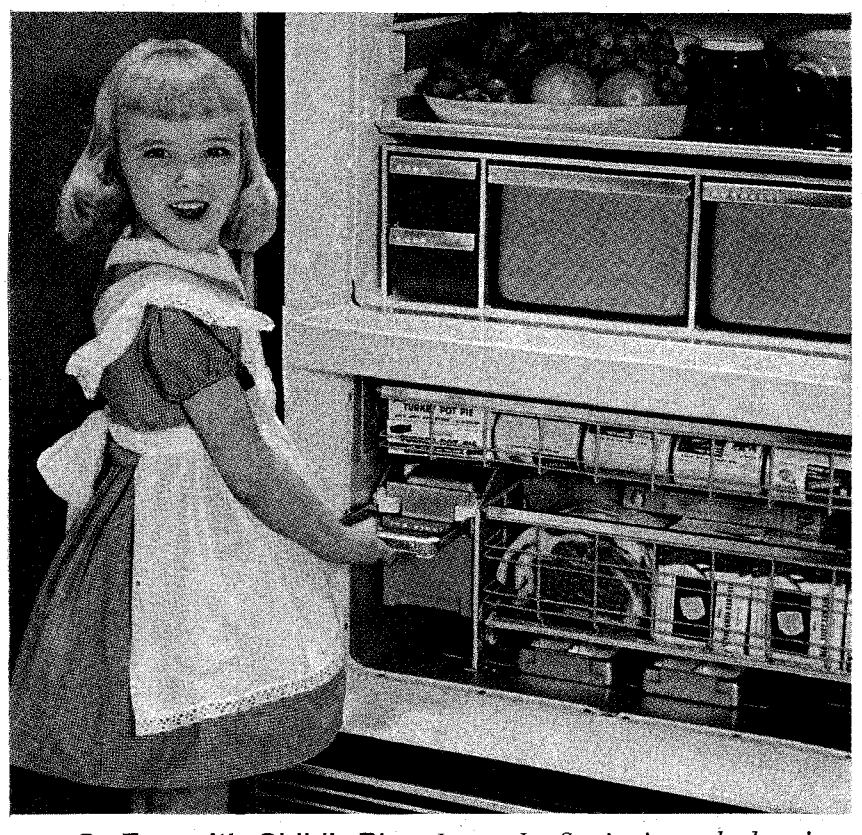

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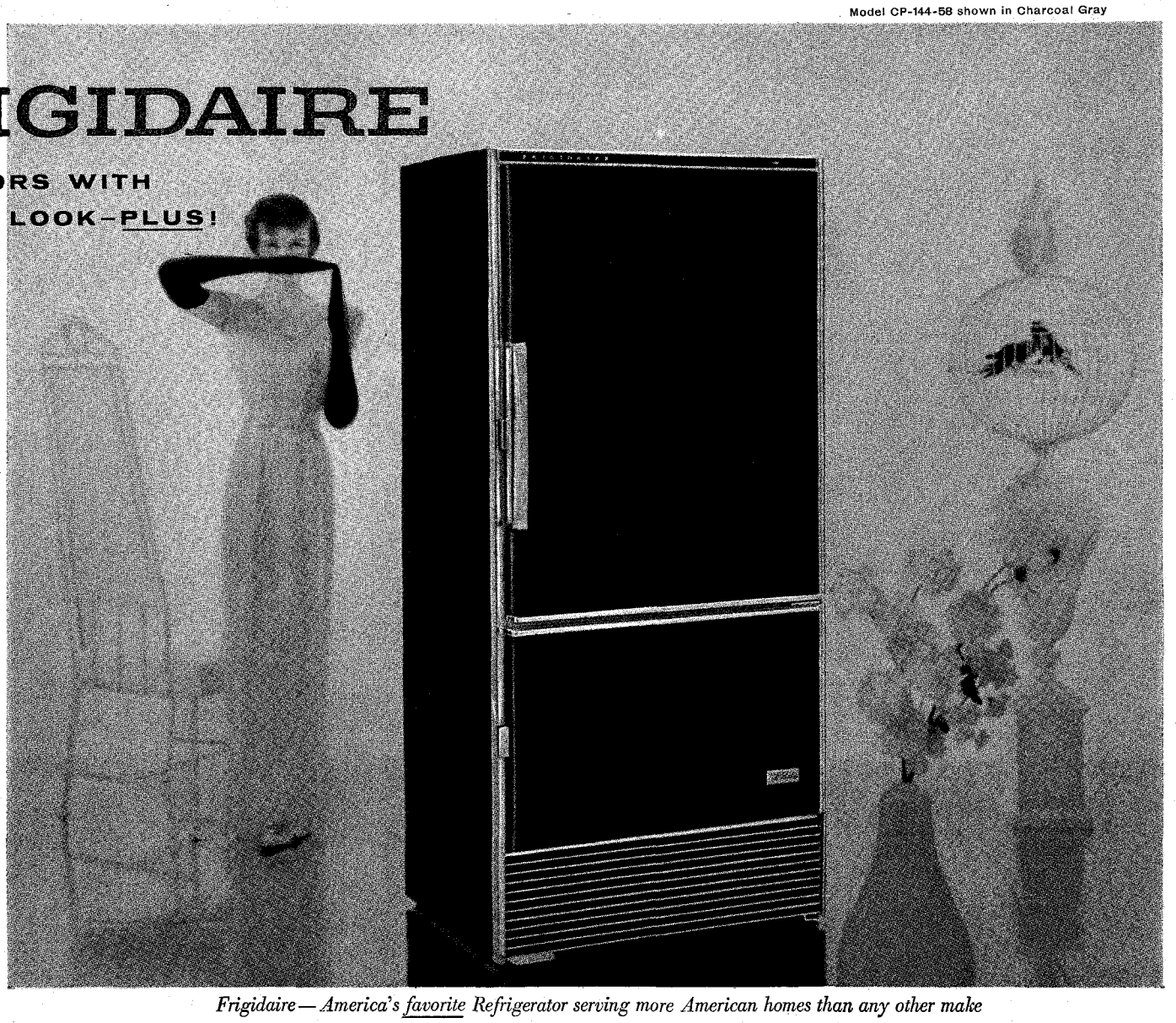

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Lawless Lady (Continued from Page 35)

No one seeing them together could miss knowing that they were hopelessly in love. Only one thing prevented the disclosure that all the embassy wives knew was inevitable. That was the uncertainty of Bill's next assignment. There were some posts where he could not take a new bride.

He found her this morning looking into the window of a silver shop. As always, the sight of her blond beauty turned his heart over. They had not met since noon of the day before.

"That necklace with green stones would suit you," he said, stopping beside her.

"Oh, Bill!" Their hands touched, and for Bill it was like touching a live battery. "I missed you so last night!"

"I had two reports to finish," he said. "How was the Danish minister's reception?"

"Very grand. The nuncio inquired after his *cher collègue*. Meaning you, of course. He made me feel terribly consequential." A New York girl, Stevie adorned her conversation with odd words in peculiar contexts. Bill had to listen very carefully, watching her eyes and lips, a concentration he enjoyed.

"And I needed a lift too," she went on, "because Mrs. Carter Loring was there—you know, her husband's chairman of Loring Mines."

"They're great pals of the ambassador. I never met them. When did they arrive?"

"Yesterday afternoon. In Loring's private executive plane. He went upcountry to shoot pygmy deer. She's staying at the Hotel Vallombrosa till tomorrow, when he flies back to pick her up and go on to Rio."

"I ought to call on her. What's she like?"

"Fabulous! I don't think I'd like your meeting her. She's so perfectly put together it's unfair. Silky ash-blond hair that's real, a skin like luscious cream, and a figure that's unbelievable. What are you looking at me like that for?"

"I was thinking how well the description fitted you."

"Oh, Bill! Be serious! With all these hopeless freckles?"

"I like freckles."

"You're sweet. Anyhow, her clothes are terribly subtle and sophisticated, and she's one of those women who are so *soignée* they make ordinary creatures like me feel unkempt, unwashed and unnecessary. I never felt more redundant. The men buzzed about her like honeybees, and the rest of us just made a background, sort of a Greek chorus, wishing we could prophesy doom, but seeing nothing so hopeful."

"Sounds like a merry evening indeed," said Bill. They came to the plaza, skirted the cathedral and turned between two lines of market stalls. "I had a personal note from a friend of mine in the department," he went on. "Unofficial, of course. He thinks my transfer will come through soon. They'll probably post me to Spain."

"Bill, how wonderful!"

"I have some leave coming. We could be married in New York and take our honeymoon in Wisconsin. That is, if it really happens. If they don't send me to Iran, or the Congo. Nothing's settled yet."

A little group awaited Stevie at the door of the American information center: Her assistant, flashing-eyed Pilar Campomayor, a cluster of students and a local poet, who came to look at Stevie and write lyrics about her—at a respectful distance.

Bill said good-by. "I'll leave a card for Mrs. Loring at the hotel," he said. "What about lunch today?"

"Of course. One o'clock at the Vallombrosa. I'm showing Mrs. Loring the sights this morning."

He went up to the embassy offices and spent the morning grappling with the details of his own work, plus all the loose ends left behind by the counselor and the first secretary. At noon, two random visitors without appointments took up some time. One was a middle-aged New England lady, a volunteer envoy of world peace, with nice, earnest eyes, but an implausible plan for translating Anglo-Saxon nursery rhymes into Indian dialects as a means of correcting savage thoughts. Bill listened patiently and made a note to see that she got an invitation to the next embassy tea. The other caller was a California businessman on a survey trip, who wanted and got detailed information on conditions within the republic.

Then it was five past one, and Bill set out for the Hotel Vallombrosa across the plaza. Stephanie was waiting for him at a table in the dining room.

"Bill," she said, "it's too fantastic. What do you suppose Diane Loring did?"

"I have no idea," he said, sitting down. "Does it matter?"

"She stole the head of Don Diego."

Bill choked on his roll. "She what?"

"I saw her tuck it into her handbag. Because she was so obviously a VIP, the director of the museum—you know, Jorge Torreon Flores—opened the case so that she could get a closer look at his prize exhibit. While his back was turned, she pinched the shrunken head. Then she closed the case, and distracted poor Don Jorge's attention—she's good at that—until we got away."

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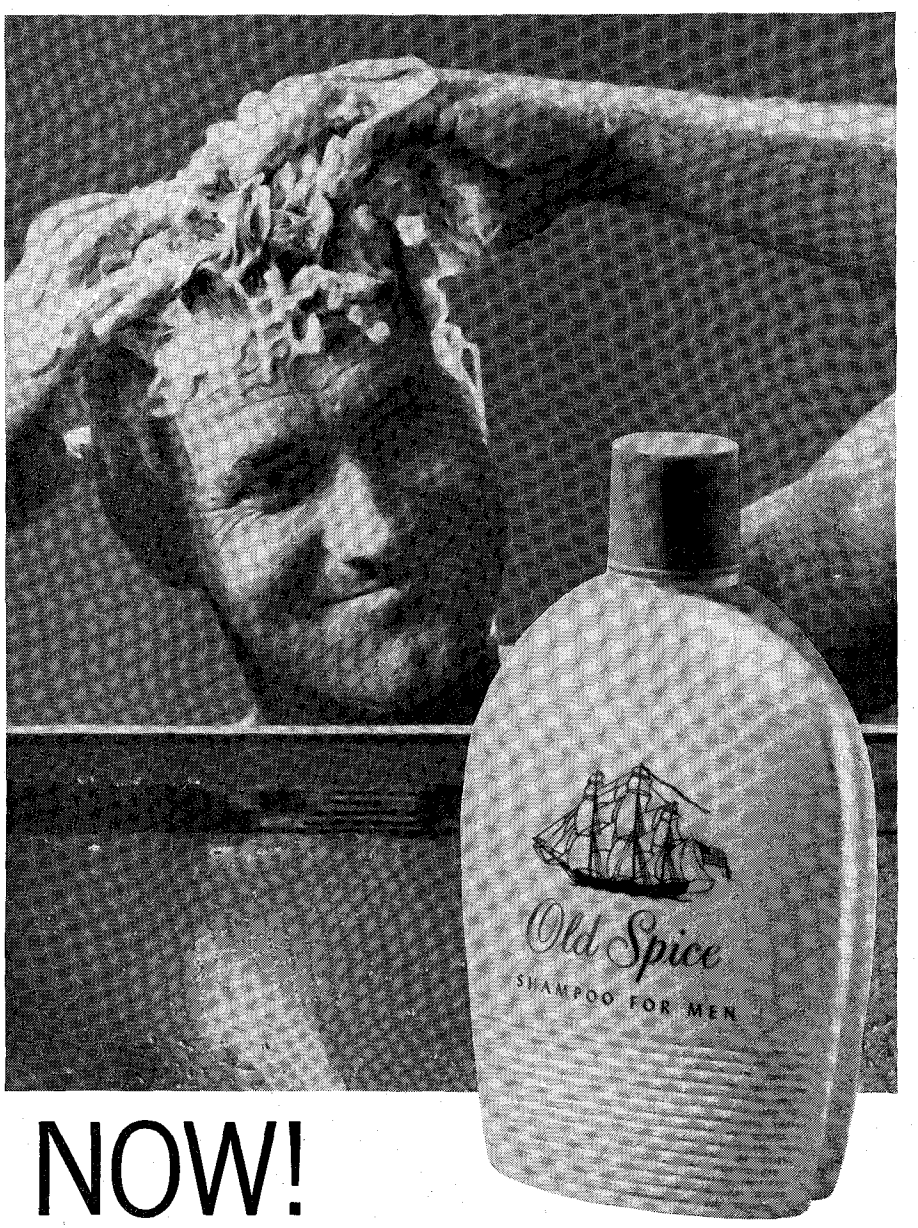

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"Why on earth would Mrs. Loring do such a thing?"

"I asked her, and she said she tried to get a shrunken head for their gun room when they were in Guayaquil, but all she saw were those fallacious imitations. She wanted a real one, and here was a real shrunken head, none realer, so why not take it?"

"Didn't you explain to her that this isn't any ordinary souvenir, that it's the authentic head of Don Diego Vallombrosa, the Christopher Columbus of the republic?"

"I tried to, but she only took a tighter grip on her handbag. That just made it a more desirable trophy for the rumpus room."

"But the thing's a national treasure."

It was true. The declining years of Don Diego Vallombrosa had not been fortunate. Out of favor with the Council of the Indies, the old man had been reduced to governing a jungle province in the remote interior. There he had fallen victim to his Indian wards. In 1570, ten years after his death, a punitive expedition recovered the hero's head. By that time it had been shrunk to the size of a large orange, converted to a dry and leathery memento, smoked in the thatch of a palm-leaf hut, cured with incantations over a chieftain's fire of aromatic wood.

The great, predatory nose, like an eagle's beak, identified the head—that and the jutting, grizzled beard and the gold sailor's earrings, huge in the now tiny lobes. To Don Jorge the relic was the apple of his eye, even dearer than his pre-Columbian artifacts. And Jorge Torreon Flores was first cousin to Pedro Torreon Mella, the foreign minister, and brother-in-law to Colonel Zulueta, chief of the national police, not to mention his kinship to the president. Besides all that, Don Jorge was a firm friend of the United States and a man Bill admired.

"I'd better go see her right away," said Bill.

"You can't," Stevie said. "She went out to the country club for a swim and lunch with the mining crowd."

"Have you told anybody else about this?"

"I haven't had a chance."

"Well, don't. The fewer people who know, the better. I can see an official visit coming up."

In this, Bill was right. After lunch, he took Stevie back to the library. Her reference service, plus English lessons to three different age groups, would keep her busy until six.

At four o'clock, the embassy receptionist informed Bill of the arrival of the director of the National Museum.

Under the disguise of an Edwardian man about town, Don Jorge concealed his learning and ability, his hard work and solid virtues, as other men might conceal embezzlement or a conviction for fraud. He had degrees from Oxford, Heidelberg, Salamanca and the Sorbonne. He had served his country for almost two decades in Geneva, until the League of Nations collapsed. Bill had listened by the hour, after dinner, to his anecdotes of Briand and Stresemann, MacDonald and Mussolini, admiring the old man's shrewd comments and informed judgment.

Now Don Jorge came into Bill's office wearing his protocol face, formal and distantly polite. Bill assumed an interested but noncommittal air. He listened impassively to the preliminaries.

Don Jorge became explicit. "There is no doubt," he said, "that Mrs. Loring took it. I am sure Stephanie Butler did not."

"So am I. But surely there were other visitors today?"

"None for whom I unlocked the case."

"I see," said Bill. "The matter will be investigated thoroughly, I assure you. You are positive the head is missing?"

"Quite sure. You understand, Mr. Brooke, this is an informal inquiry. No need to bring in the police and the Foreign Office—yet."

"I appreciate all the possibilities," Bill said. "Still, it's hard to imagine Mrs. Loring doing such a thing. There must be some innocent explanation of an event which, believe me, I find as regrettable as you do."

That was understating it, Bill reflected grimly. He was the responsible officer in charge. Mrs. Loring's light-hearted thievery could develop into one of those crises that would mark W. J. B. Brooke in the personnel file as a man not to be trusted with difficult situations.

Don Jorge got up and stood by the desk as Bill rose also. "I understand," the old man said, "that the Lorings are scheduled to leave the airport in their private plane at ten-thirty tomorrow morning. I hope and trust, Mr. Brooke, that by then this sad affair will be straightened out."

"I feel confident that it will be, sir."

"It would be unpleasant to have to hold Mrs. Loring and her baggage for search." This was the naked sword shown only for an instant. "Good day, sir."

Bill walked with his visitor to the elevator, while they made idle conversation about the current visit of a French ballet group.

On the way back to his office, Bruce Collins, the assistant air attaché, intercepted him in the corridor.

"If you don't mind, chief," he said, "I'd like to take off for the Zone tomorrow morning at six. Checkup by the flight surgeon. O.K.?"

"Sure. When does your boss come back?"

"He isn't due until around noon, but I guess you can struggle along without air advice from me for six hours, can't you?"

"I'll try."

Collins turned away, and Bill had the receptionist put in a call for Mrs. Loring at the Hotel Vallombrosa. He took it at his desk, and, glancing down, saw the carbon of a just-decoded cable. Ambassador Clavering would return to his post tomorrow, seizing the opportunity to fly down with Colonel Burke, the air attaché. Estimated time of arrival, 1100 hours.

As Bill told Stevie, when they met for tea at 6:30 in the lounge of the Vallombrosa, the situation had sinister possibilities. If Mrs. Loring was denied clearance, there would certainly be a tremendous row, with Bill Brooke at the storm center. The ambassador would arrive in the middle of it, to find the wife of an old friend demanding another head—that of W. J. B. Brooke. And she might get it.

"She couldn't be so hardhearted," Stevie said hopefully.

"No effort at all," said Bill, who had seen the lady. Mrs. Loring had received him on the balcony of her suite, and it had been an unpleasant interview from start to finish. He found that Stevie had not exaggerated Diane Loring's sleek, feline perfection. But it left Bill cold, just as there must have been some Greeks who were not moved by Helen's fabled beauty to launch even one ship, let alone a thousand. It was clear, too, that she regarded Bill as a negligible quantity, a small-time meddler.

"I can't think how it concerns you."

He explained patiently. "What you—let's say—picked up in the museum isn't an ordinary specimen. It's a classified historical treasure. Even if you had bought it, you would need a special permit to take it out of the country, and they wouldn't give you one. I'll have to ask you to hand it over. The museum will get it back, with no questions asked, and the episode will be closed."

She looked at him mockingly. "Dear me! And if I don't?"

"Then you will be detained. In plain words, arrested."

"I should think our embassy might have something to say about that."

"That is what I am trying to tell you. As acting chief of mission, I must defend your interests. You're giving me an impossible case."

"I admit nothing," she said. "Who told you I took this odd object?"

"The director of the museum."

"That funny old man? Would you take his word against mine?"

"Please, Mrs. Loring. You can't go flying around the world assuming the people you meet are just quaint local characters. Don Jorge is a distinguished archaeologist, an authority on international law and a retired diplomat with a great reputation. I would accept his word without question."

She smiled. "Even if it conflicted with mine?"

Bill became exasperated. "You haven't given me your word yet about anything. But I know you stole that head."

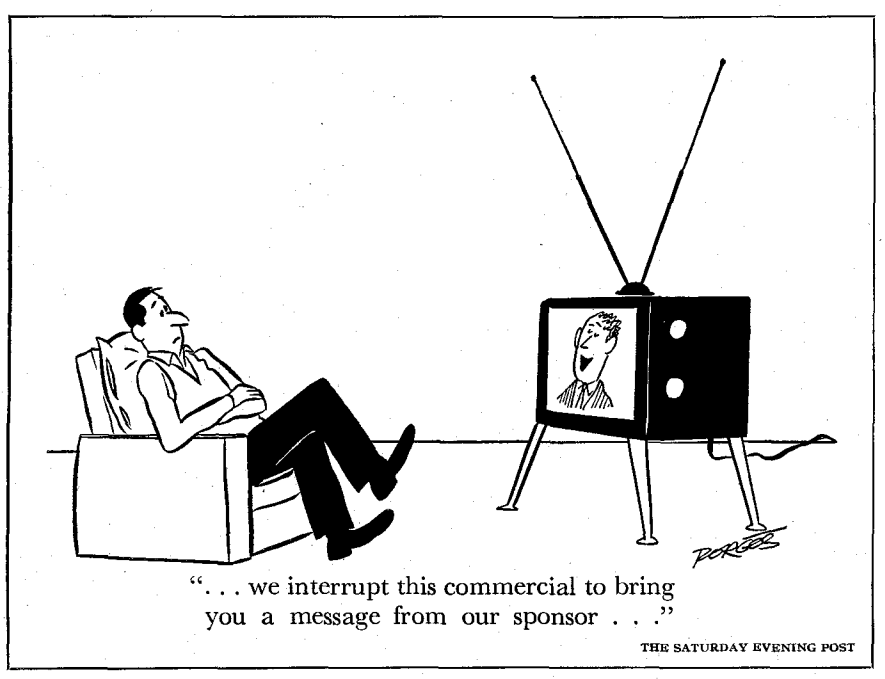
"What makes you so sure?"

"Stephanie Butler saw you."

"Ah, yes, the little girl friend. We became rather pals. She poured out her heart to me about your hopes and plans."

"We're to be married as soon as I learn my new post."

"So I gathered. I hope you get a good one." (*Continued on Page 68*)



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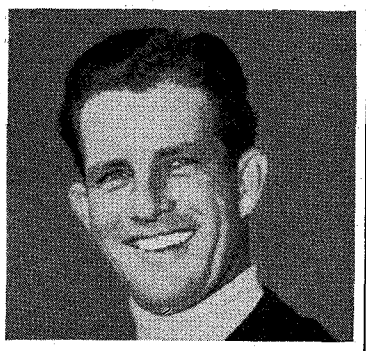

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(*Continued from Page 66*)

"Thank you," Bill said stiffly. "But about the head ——"

"I must say this is an awful fuss over a trifle. Couldn't we avoid it all if you gave them an official assurance that I haven't got this treasure of theirs?"

"Naturally, they would not question the good faith of the United States Government."

"Then why don't we do it that way?" she said brightly.

"Good idea," Bill said with relief. "Give me the head."

"I thought we could simply forget about the head."

Bill was silent for a moment. "Let me get this straight. You want me to make an official denial even though it's a lie?"

"There's no need to be dramatic, Mr. Brooke. It's only a formality, isn't it? I'm sure such things are done all the time. And I'd remember to tell Jimmy Clavering how helpful you'd been. It might make a difference in your new assignment."

It could, at that, Bill thought bitterly. His position in itself was unassailable, but there were grades of appreciation beyond his control. It would be his account of an unpleasant incident against the wide-eyed version Diane Loring would give the Hon. James Walter Clavering, an active politician who aspired to higher flights. Under the circumstances, Bill's efficiency report would suffer. He was expendable.

"You have a peculiar notion of the Foreign Service," he said. A boiling anger lay close to the surface of his mind. "Under no circumstances can I put the seal of the embassy on a statement which I know to be false. You don't know what you're asking."

She smiled sweetly, with an unshakable confidence that he found infuriating. "On the other hand," she said, "I have a very clear idea of what you're refusing."

That was that. Their leave-taking was barely polite. He went downstairs and found Stephanie Butler at a tea table in the crowded lounge. It was a gloomy meeting.

"As a diplomat," he told her, "I came off very badly. I didn't accomplish my mission and I blew my top."

"I'd have thrown a lamp at her," Stevie said loyally.

"Tomorrow morning," he said, "when the balloon goes up, it's going to be all my fault. She has the ambassador on a string."

"Couldn't you call him up tonight?"

"He's already left Washington. Besides, I'm supposed to be able to handle situations like this. Otherwise, what am I doing in the Foreign Service?" Bill let a silence fall while he selected with great care a small roll, on which he spread honey. Then he went on, not looking at Stevie, "Of course, we could rationalize the thing, I suppose. If we could persuade ourselves that the head's a fake anyhow, and Don Jorge an old crackpot, then the certificate she wants might become a mere formality. Or we could pretend that it was. Would you like that?"

"Bill!" Stevie looked horrified.

"Diane Loring claims it's done all the time."

"Do you believe that?"

"No."

"Neither do I," she said. "And speaking of the fair Diane, there she goes now, with Bruce Collins."

Heads turned in the lounge as Mrs. Loring, at her most dazzling, floated through, followed by the assistant air attaché in his best uniform.

"Where did she pick him up?" Bill wondered.

"They met last night at the Danish minister's. I imagine they're going to the French cocktail party for the ballet group."

"I'd forgotten about that. We'll have to show up there."

"Couldn't we give it a miss?"

"I'm afraid not. My absence would be noted."

The cocktail party turned out badly. Bill was there in line of duty; he ate two hors d'oeuvres and sipped sparingly at a single glass of champagne. But he was a diplomat and he reminded himself that negotiations are never to be broken off as long as hope and time remain. When he saw Mrs. Loring alone in a corner, he went over and made himself agreeable. Bruce Collins, a ladies' man in the Air Force tradition, had trapped one of the pretty little ballerinas near the punch bowl. Stevie was deep in conference with the French information officer.

Diane Loring, during their brief conversation, took a new tack. "I have a feeling you're persecuting me," she said. "I give you my word I have not got the shrunken head." Then, after a perceptible pause, "And I have no idea where it is."

"I believe you mean it," said Bill.

"Of course I do."

At this point they were separated in the crush, and Bill went to look for Stevie. He found her in a critical mood. "I can't understand why you keep fawning on that impossible creature," she said coldly.

"Fawning on her?" Bill repeated, thunderstruck.

"You're just like the rest of the men. You can't stay away from her, can you?"

"Don't be ridiculous!" he snapped.

A hostile, furious Stevie looked at him through eyes that were no longer soft and kind. She turned away, and Bill heard her ask a man he didn't recognize whether he could give her a lift as far as the Plaza Central.

For Bill, the party went dead as soon as she left. He thought her unreasonable and willfully devoid of the understanding he had a right to expect. He also had a miserable feeling that Stevie had a legitimate case against the compulsions of official cocktail parties. If diplomacy did not exist, he thought gloomily, who would ever invent such a poisonous combination of surface geniality with submerged resentment and hidden hostility?

As he was leaving, he ran into Bruce Collins again, and they agreed to have dinner together at a restaurant opposite the cathedral. Mrs. Loring, it seemed, had exchanged Bruce for some larger game, on short notice, a matter of indifference to the assistant air attaché. After a brief stop at the Vallombrosa, where Bruce

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Past Misunderstanding

By Elinor Lennen

The words of friend and
friend are but a token
Of deeper interchange,
where souls communicate
As much through silence as
through phrases spoken,
A truth none can
pronounce nor abrogate.
From memory, toward
hope, the message plies
In quiet consonants of
moods and eyes.

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picked up a package, they went on to an outdoor table, where they could listen to the evening band concert.

Bill was in bed by midnight and up by seven. The night had cleared his mind, and he knew exactly how he would handle the situation that would develop at the airport. He did an hour's work at the office, and then went down to the library to inquire for Stevie. Her assistant told him that she had gone to meet a jazz combo, supposed to be arriving on the morning plane from the south.

That put them all together when Bill walked into the waiting room at the airport, with his brief case under his arm: Stevie, barely polite, whose eyes consciously refused to meet his; Diane Loring, effusive, but a little uncertain at last; Carter Loring, a lean engineering type, peering through a window at the plane that stood outside, with its propellers ticking over; Don Jorge, who was glacial.

Bill saw Colonel Zulueta, chief of the National Police, loitering at the nearby bar with a glass of orange juice. In attendance were two unmistakable plain-clothes men.

The time was 10:25. Carter Loring pointed that out as he shook hands. "Nice of you to see us off, Mr. Brooke," he said. "Hope you don't mind if we get started. My pilot's a little worried about the weather ahead of us."

"Go right ahead," Bill said heartily. "I only wanted to meet you and say good-by to your charming wife."

That brought Stevie's head around with a snap.

Don Jorge looked startled. "Mr. Brooke," he said, "I hope you have not forgotten our conversation of yesterday."

"Certainly not," said Bill. "But I am convinced that there must have been a misunderstanding all around. After a personal investigation, I can assure you that Mrs. Loring does not have the object in question and is certainly not taking it out of the country."

"I must accept your word for that?"

"It is official."

The old man inclined his head sadly. "In that case ——" he said.

Diane Loring put out her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Brooke," she said. "You have been most understanding. Give our regards to Jimmy Clavering. We'll be sure to write and tell him how helpful you are."

Then they were gone, walking rapidly to their plane. Bill turned to Stevie, and found her staring at him in undisguised horror.

"How cheap!" she said. "How loathsome! Honestly, you're the most despicable creature alive. Last night you said you wouldn't give in to Diane Loring even if it meant your career. And now she has you jumping through a hoop."

Bill took her arm and urged her toward the bar, where Don Jorge was talking to Colonel Zulueta. "You can tell me all that later," he said. "Just now we have business with Don Jorge."

He unstrapped his brief case and took from its capacious depths an object about the size of an indoor baseball, wrapped in many layers of tissue paper.

"Here you are, sir," Bill explained. "The head of Don Diego Vallombrosa."

Don Jorge looked for a moment as though he would weep. His hands shook as he opened the folds and saw the shrunken head staring blindly upward from its bed of tissue.

"But this is tremendous," he said emotionally. "How did you recover it?"

"I am not at liberty to say."

"I should not have asked. I beg your pardon."

"It is I who beg yours."

When they had gone, Stevie threw her arms around Bill and kissed him under the approving gaze of two porters and a guard. She was crying a little. "Oh, you dear, sweet, wonderful, ridiculous mugg! Why on earth did you let me go on thinking you had given in? How did you get the head?"

"A matter of deduction," Bill said modestly. "What explained Diane's interest in Bruce Collins, who isn't her type at all? Obviously, she heard that he was flying to the Zone, and might be induced to deliver a small hatbox—it's in my car now, empty—to a friend of hers, since there's no check on diplomatic personnel. After that, it was just a question of worming the truth out of Bruce and ordering him to hand over the hatbox. He had no idea, of course, what was in it."

"Not that I'm vindictive," Stevie said, "but I do wish you had rubbed Diane's nose in the truth before she got away."

"It would have been fun," Bill said, "but it wouldn't have been diplomacy. This way, everybody's happy. Don Jorge, because he has recovered his treasure. Diane Loring, because she thinks she has a shrunken head waiting for her at Panama. And, when he lands, the ambassador will be happy to learn how well things went in his absence with W. J. B. Brooke in charge. That leaves you and me. I feel fine. A cable came in this morning, before I left the embassy, extending my tour of duty in Constitución for another year. Also, confirming two months' home leave, during which I propose we get married. That makes me very happy. What about you?"

"Deliriously happy," said Stevie.

THE END

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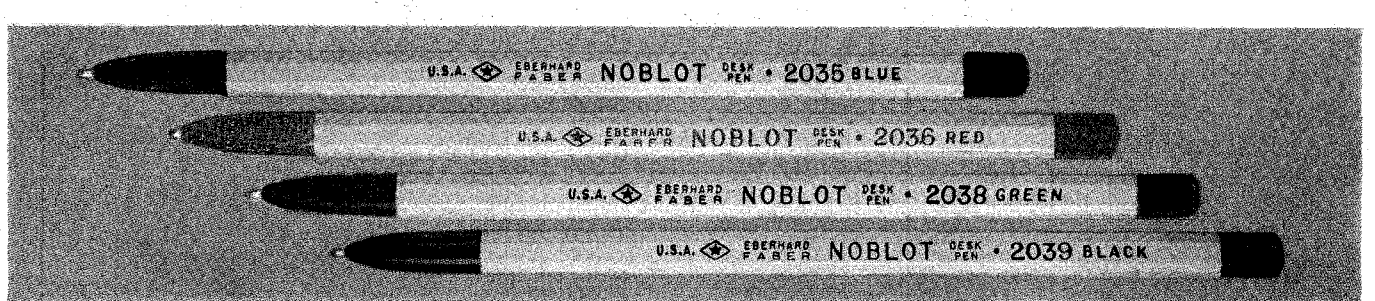
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The Case of the Footloose Doll

(Continued from Page 45)

"My confidential secretary, Miss Street," Mason said.

Forrester Baylor bowed from the waist.

"All right," Mason said, "sit down. Let's get the cards on the table. Who told you to come here?"

"No one."

"Who knows you're here?"

"No one."

"Your father?"

Forrester Baylor shook his head. "My father forbade me to leave Lansing."

"Your sister?"

"Kitty is a good egg. She'd help me out, but I don't want anyone to know I'm here."

"Where are you staying, Mr. Baylor?" Mason asked. "At what hotel are you registered?"

"I'm not registered anywhere as yet. I checked my bag in a locker at the airport and took a taxi to the depot. Then I took another taxi here. I didn't want to be followed."

"You're traveling under your own name?"

"No, under an alias, and I've taken great pains to elude the newspaper reporters in Lansing."

"What do you want?"

"I want to tell you what I've found out."

"What have you found out?"

"That my father, doubtless with the best intentions in the world, was responsible for Fern's leaving. He manipulated things quietly behind the scenes so that life in the employ of his company became unbearable for her. I also want to tell you that Fern was a decent, straightforward, square-shooting girl. She wasn't pregnant."

"How do you know?"

"If she had been pregnant, she'd have told me. And she didn't tell me. She—she wasn't that kind."

Mason watched the man narrowly. "Sit down, Mr. Baylor. Make yourself comfortable. Unfortunately, it's easy to get fooled about women."

"But I'm not fooled about Fern Driscoll. I—I realize now how very, very much I loved her."

"It's a little late for that now."

"Mr. Mason, I want you to put my father on the stand."

"Why?"

"I want certain things brought out. He's the one who gave her four thousand dollars to leave Lansing."

"How do you know?"

"I know because I didn't give her that money. I know because I was getting ready to ask her to marry me and my father knew it. My father bitterly disapproved of Fern, not as an individual, but purely because of what he felt was her lack of social position. She was a working girl, a secretary. Dad wanted me to marry an heiress. My father came up the hard way. He had to work for everything he got. He has known poverty. He's known snubs. And now he's come to know snobs. In fact, he's in a fair way to become one himself.

"I was interested in Carla Addis. She's clever in a brittle, highly artificial way. She's a sophisticated product of modern wealth. I'll admit there was a fascination there, a glitter and a glamour, and it was easy to be swept along. There were times when I didn't know what I wanted. I was badly mixed up. When Fern left, I suddenly realized what she meant to me. I tried to find her. I searched in vain. I thought she was still in Lansing somewhere. Then my father told me about her death and about the autopsy, and I was—I was crushed! I can't believe it. I can't bring myself to believe anything like that about Fern."

"Autopsies don't lie," Mason said.

Baylor shook his head. "Things just don't add up. However, that's neither here nor there. It's too late to do anything now. But I do want you to know that my father must have given her that four thousand dollars, and heaven knows what he told her in order to get her to leave."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to put my father on the witness stand. I want you to make him admit that he is responsible for Fern's leaving."

"And what good would that do?"

"It would establish a lot of things."

"It wouldn't help my client," Mason said. "But I'm glad you came in. I wish you'd called several days earlier. As far as that's concerned, I wish ——"

He broke off as Paul Drake's code knock sounded on the door.

Mason hesitated a moment, then said to Della Street, "Let Paul Drake in."

Della opened the door.

Mason said, "Mr. Drake, this is Forrester Baylor."

Paul Drake's face promptly became a smiling, wooden mask. His eyes completely concealed any emotion.

"How are you, Mr. Baylor? Pleased to meet you," he said, shaking hands.

"I'm Forrester Baylor, the son of Harriman Baylor," the young man said, apparently stung by Paul Drake's casual attitude.

"Oh, yes," Drake said. He nodded to Perry Mason. "Got some news for you, Perry."

"What about?"

"About the four thousand dollars."

"What about it?"

"It came from the Midfield National Bank in Midfield, Arkansas. The place was held up on the seventeenth by a slender, boyish-looking individual who stood in line and pushed the usual note through the cashier's window. The note said to turn over all of the hundred-dollar bills. The cashier passed over forty hundred-dollar bills. At first he thought it was a young man. Now, the more he thinks of it, he believes it was a young woman in men's clothes. He never did hear the voice. The description matches that of Fern Driscoll."

Forrester Baylor lunged at Drake. "You lie!" he shouted. "You ——"

Mason grabbed Baylor from behind and pinioned his arms to his waist. "Easy does it! Easy does it!" Mason said.

"That's a lie! That's a dirty, despicable lie! Fern Driscoll wouldn't do anything like that any more than—any more than you would!"

Mason swung Baylor to one side, sent him spinning down into the client's big, overstuffed chair.

"Sit there!" he said, his voice cracking like a whip. "Control your emotions! Use your head! Give us some help! I want to know about Fern Driscoll. I want a photograph."

Baylor, somewhat dazed, said, "She wouldn't! She didn't!"

Almost mechanically, he reached into his pocket, took out a wallet and opened it. The smiling portrait of a girl peered up at them from behind a window compartment. Mason grabbed the wallet.

"And," Drake said, "we found Fern Driscoll's car."

"Where?" Mason asked.

"Wrecked at the bottom of a canyon between Prescott and Phoenix."

"Anyone in it?"

"No one."

"Baggage?"

"None."

"Anything else?"

"The car apparently just ran off the road, tumbled down the canyon. There's no sign anyone was injured. The driver evidently escaped."

Mason's eyes were hard. "So the car ran off the road and on the way down the driver not only escaped but dragged out her suitcase as well?"

Drake grinned. "The local authorities don't seem to have thought of that."

"What time was the bank held up at Midfield?" Mason asked.

"Ten-thirty in the morning."

Mason jerked the picture of Fern Driscoll out of Forrester Baylor's wallet. "Paul," he said, "I want you to have copies made of this picture. I want you to get a hundred men on the job. I want every newspaper to have a copy of this picture, and I want them to have the story of the bank stickup in Midfield. You ——"

Forrester Baylor came up out of the chair. Mason stiff-armed him back into the cushions.

"What's the big idea?" Drake asked.

"Never mind the idea," Mason said. "Get out of here and get started before someone stops you. Cover every motel within a driving distance of the three hours east and north of Midfield. Start moving! Show this picture. Get it in the press. Notify the FBI."

"You're playing right into the prosecution's hands," Drake protested. "You ——"

Mason, still holding Forrester Baylor in the chair, half turned toward Paul Drake. "Get started before I fire you," he said.

Forrester Baylor, still struggling to get up, said with low earnestness, "Mr. Mason, I'm going to kill you for this if it takes all the rest of my life to do it!"

Judge Bolton, sitting sternly upright, looked down upon the packed courtroom.

"The court has seen the morning papers," he said. "I am going to ask the spectators to refrain from any demonstration of any sort. The defendant is in court; counsel are present. The defendant was on the stand being cross-examined by Hamilton Burger. Will the defendant please resume her position on the stand?"

"Just a moment," Hamilton Burger said. "I find that I have no further questions on cross-examination."

"No redirect," Mason said.

"Very well, Mr. Mason. Call your next witness," Judge Bolton said.

"I will call Mr. Harriman Baylor as my next witness," Mason said.

"What?" Hamilton Burger shouted, in sheer surprise.

"Mr. Harriman Baylor!" Mason said, raising his voice. "Mr. Baylor, will you come forward and take the stand, please?"

Baylor jumped up and said, "I know nothing whatever about this case. I am only interested because ——"

"You have been called as a witness," Judge Bolton said. "You will come forward and be sworn."

Hamilton Burger said, "If the court please, I resent any attempt on the part of Mr. Mason to try and extricate himself by seeking to involve Mr. Baylor in a matter concerning which he knows nothing. I may state that I have personally interrogated Mr. Baylor in the greatest detail and I am satisfied he knows nothing whatever concerning the facts of this case. I am satisfied that he does know certain matters concerning the background of Fern Driscoll, and it may be that the prosecution will want to bring out some of those facts when the case comes to trial in the Superior Court. But at this time, as part of the preliminary examination, there is nothing that Mr. Baylor knows which would be of the slightest value to the defense and I feel that he should not be called as a witness."

"The district attorney should know," Judge Bolton said, "that defense counsel has it in his (*Continued on Page 72*)

"Glad to be going home?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 70*) power to call any person he wishes as a witness. Mr. Baylor will come forward and take the stand. You will have an opportunity, Mr. District Attorney, to object to any specific question as it is asked."

Baylor reluctantly came forward.

"Hold up your right hand and be sworn," Judge Bolton said.

"If the court please," Hamilton Burger said, "Mr. Baylor is suffering from bursitis. It will be necessary for him to hold up his left hand."

"Very well; hold up your left hand and be sworn," Judge Baylor said.

"Just a moment," Mason said. "If the court please, I object to the district attorney giving testimony in this case."

Judge Bolton looked at Mason in surprise. "The district attorney has given no testimony in this case, Mr. Mason."

"I respectfully beg to differ with the court. The district attorney is making statements which are evidentiary in their character and are of the highest importance."

"The district attorney said that Miss Street had committed perjury," Judge Bolton said. "The court would have rebuked the district attorney if any objection had been made at the time. However, the court feels that the district attorney is unquestionably sincere and that his statement was made for the purpose of saving a loyal employee from being arrested on a charge of perjury."

"I am not referring to that," Mason said. "I am referring to Mr. Burger's statement that Mr. Baylor is suffering from bursitis and therefore cannot raise his right hand."

"Why," Hamilton Burger said angrily, "I'm not giving any testimony; I am merely explaining to the court that such is the case."

"How do you know it's the case?" Mason asked.

"Why, Mr. Baylor —— Why, Mr. Baylor has been in my office. I have talked with him in detail. He has told me all about his trouble."

Mason grinned. "It now appears, your honor, that the district attorney is not only giving testimony before the court but that he is giving testimony which is founded purely on hearsay."

"Just what is all this leading up to?" Judge Bolton asked.

Mason said, "Under the law a witness is required to raise his right hand and have the oath administered. If this witness refuses to raise his right hand, I demand to know why he can't raise his right hand."

Judge Bolton regarded Harriman Baylor. "You are unable to raise your right hand because of bursitis, which is, I understand, a disease which affects the shoulder?"

There was a moment of silence.

"Or," Perry Mason said, "is Mr. Baylor unable to raise his right hand because of an infection in the right arm due to the wound of an ice pick?"

"An ice pick!" Judge Bolton exclaimed.

"An ice pick," Mr. Mason repeated firmly. "If the court will notice newspaper photographs of Mr. Baylor at the time he arrived in this city, the court will notice he is coming down the stairs from an airplane carrying his brief case in his left hand, waving his right hand in a gesture of friendly salute, presumably at the cameraman who took the picture. At that time, according to the newspaper report, he claimed he had bursitis. If that was true, it must have been in his left shoulder. His right hand and his right arm were unaffected.

"Now I would like to know why it is that he has had this sudden indisposition in his right arm. I would like to have a physician examine Mr. Baylor to see whether or not there is bursitis in the right shoulder, and I would like to know the names of the physicians he has consulted since he has been here in this city, so that we can subpoena them and find out whether the trouble with his right arm is not due to a wound inflicted by an ice pick."

Judge Bolton said, "Mr. Mason, that is a very serious charge, a very grave accusation. I trust that you have facts with which to back it up."

"It is no more grave than the statement made by the district attorney that Mr. Baylor was unable to raise his right hand because of bursitis," Mason said. "If you want to rebuke anybody, rebuke the district attorney."

Judge Bolton flushed. "Mr. Mason, that remark borders dangerously on contempt of court."

"I didn't mean it that way," Mason said. "I simply felt a natural resentment that any statement I made as to the cause of Mr. Baylor's injury was accepted with the gravest doubt, whereas the district attorney was permitted to give the court the benefit of his solemn assurance, an assurance which, as it turns out, was predicated entirely on hearsay testimony, and he received no rebuke. I would suggest, with all due respect, that the court examine Mr. Baylor and ask him for the names of the physicians who have treated him."

"That won't be necessary," Baylor said in a low voice. "I regret that the matter has reached this stage. I have carried on the deception long enough. My conscience is bothering me and now I am faced with complete ruination. I wish to make a statement to the court. Mr. Mason is entirely correct. The bursitis is in my left shoulder. The trouble with my right shoulder is due to a wound from an ice pick which was at first painful, but which now has become badly infected."

Judge Bolton banged furiously with his gavel. "Order!" he shouted. "Order! There will be order in the court or I will clear the courtroom! The spectators will refrain from making any disturbance! This is a court of justice! Now be silent!"

When Judge Bolton had restored order somewhat, he looked at Baylor with a puzzled frown. "This is something," he said, "that I'm afraid I don't understand."

"It is simple enough," Baylor said. "I went to the apartment of Mildred Crest because I felt that I had to have certain letters my son had sent Fern Driscoll which could cause the greatest embarrassment to my family and to my social position. I felt that those letters were in danger of becoming public property through the activities of a scandal magazine. I chose to go there at a time when I knew the defendant wasn't there. I entered her apartment by using a duplicate key which I obtained by bribing the janitor. I unscrewed the light bulbs so I could not be surprised and identified. I was searching for the letters with the aid of a flashlight when the defendant unexpectedly returned. I suddenly realized the position in which I had placed myself. I felt that the only thing for me to do was to follow a plan I had worked out to be used in such an event; that was to turn out my flashlight and in the dark rush past the young woman who blocked the doorway.

"I didn't want to hurt her, so I lowered my right (*Continued on Page 75*)

The Perfect Squelch

The American officer stationed in Great Britain got along nicely with his "British cousins" except for one thing: one friend among them kept rubbing in the fact that the United States was a relatively raw, new nation which had copied or adopted British town names, customs, speech and much else.

One night the officer took his friend to dine in one of the oldest eating places in London. "Now there probably wasn't a restaurant in your entire country when this historic place first opened its doors," the Britisher drawled. "Just look at those documents on the wall."

"That one"—the officer pointed to what was obviously a copy—"happens to be the Declaration of Independence. In my country, we have the *original* of that, you know."

R. E. Powell, Lt. Col., USAF

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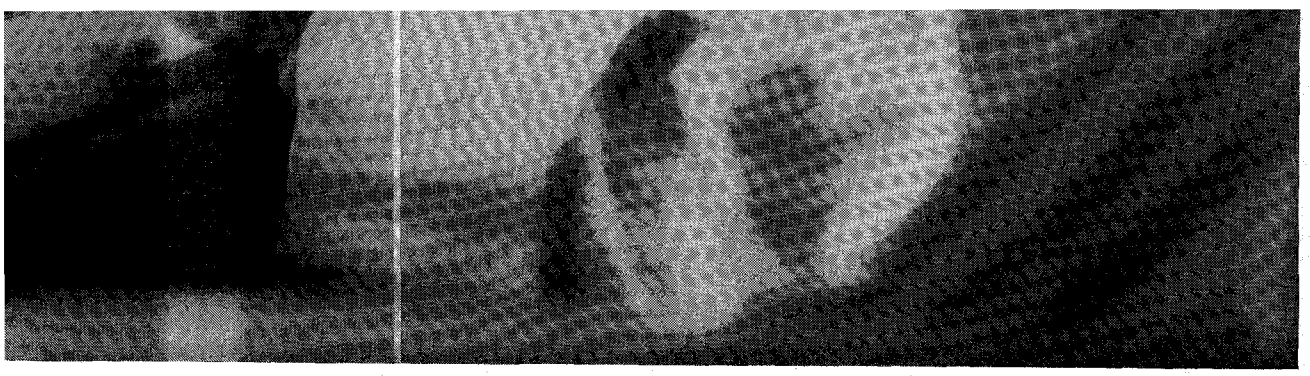

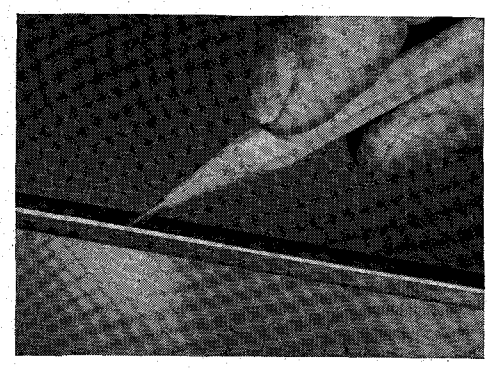

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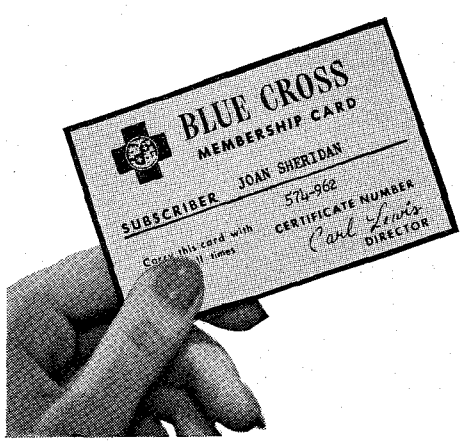

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(*Continued from Page 72*) shoulder and charged. What I didn't realize was that she had an ice pick in her hand. The ice pick was, by the momentum of my own charge, impaled in my arm near the shoulder and torn from her grasp. I ran down the stairs, and it was just as I was at the foot of the stairs that I encountered Carl Harrod. Harrod apparently had been keeping an eye on the apartment house. He recognized me, turned and followed me. By that time I realized I was out of the frying pan and into the fire. Harrod had a camera. He got a flashlight picture as I ran to my car. The magazine with which Harrod had been negotiating for the story of my son's attachment would have paid many times as much for a story involving me as a housebreaker. I knew I was licked.

"Feeling that I might have a chance to buy my son's letters, I had arranged for a large sum of ready cash which I had on my person. I had withdrawn the ice pick and thrown it into the gutter before I made my arrangements with Harrod. I paid him ten thousand dollars in cash to help me out of my predicament. It was my only way out. Carl Harrod agreed to go to his apartment and call Perry Mason. He was to tell him that the defendant had stabbed him with the ice pick.

"Since I felt certain the defendant hadn't recognized me, and since I knew she'd call Mr. Mason and tell him she had stabbed someone, we felt Harrod's call to Mason would completely confuse the issues and give me a chance to keep out of it. I was to go to my suite in the hotel, shut off the telephone and refuse to see anyone. Harrod, however, was to report to me, using the name of Howley, when he had performed his part of the bargain. I made arrangements so that my call from Howley would be put through at once.

"If Carl Harrod was able to convince Mr. Mason he was the one who had been stabbed, I was to give him another ten thousand dollars. I also realized there would be further payments, but at the moment I couldn't help myself. It was the only time in my life I had ever yielded to blackmail. This time I faced the pitiless publicity of a scandal magazine. I had no choice. Anything would have been better than that sort of publicity.

"We never expected Perry Mason would want to call a doctor to examine Harrod. We knew his client would have told him of the man who had rushed at her, of having stabbed him with the ice pick. It was my idea Harrod would claim the ice pick had penetrated his shoulder, but Harrod tried to put himself in a bargaining position by claiming he had been stabbed in the chest. That was so he could offer a settlement if Mr. Mason would turn over the letters we wanted. Harrod had my ten thousand dollars in cash, ten one-thousand-dollar bills. He knew that I would pay him another ten thousand dollars and that, if he could get those letters, I would pay him even more.

"Harrod knew that Mr. Mason would try at all costs to protect his client by keeping the matter from the police. Harrod, of course, was jubilant. He assured me he could handle Mr. Mason so Mason would, as he expressed it, be eating out of our hands. He said he had handled people of Mason's type before, that Mason couldn't be forced to do anything for himself, but that he could be made to do anything when it was a matter of protecting the interests of a client. Harrod assured me he was going to force Mr. Mason to turn over the letters we wanted.

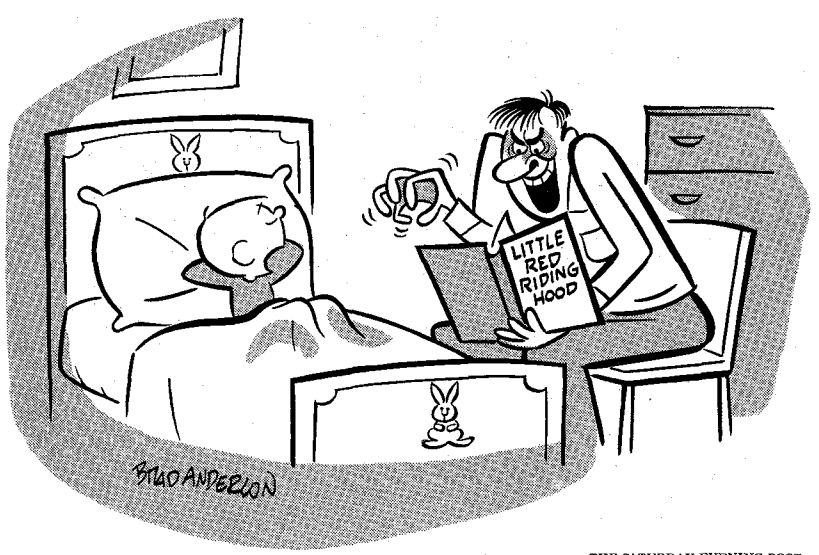
"Harrod, of course, was expecting compensation for all this, but he knew I would pay him more than the magazine would. I am sorry, your honor. I entered upon a scheme of deception and now I find myself trapped by my own chicanery."

Judge Bolton looked at the crestfallen, completely flabbergasted district attorney, then looked at Perry Mason.

"If this is the truth," Judge Bolton said, "who inflicted the fatal wound on Carl Harrod?"

"There was only one person, your honor," Mason said in a voice of quiet assurance, "who could possibly have done that. What Carl Harrod hadn't anticipated was that I would insist on calling a physician to make an independent examination. Harrod had no ice-pick wound, no wound of any nature when I was talking with him, but he knew after my interview that I had gone to summon a doctor. Carl Harrod, therefore, did the only thing he could. He told the young woman with whom he was living to insert an ice pick in his chest, not to insert it deep, but to make a sufficient wound so that he could show a puncture mark to the doctor I was bringing who was to make the examination.

"Nellie Elliston saw an opportunity to get the large sum of cash Carl Harrod had just acquired from Mr. Baylor. That is the only explanation which accounts for the facts. Harrod bared his chest. He instructed her to insert the ice pick to make a superficial wound. She went to the utility drawer in the kitchen, took out an ice pick, returned to bend over Harrod, smiled down at him and plunged the ice pick into his heart. Then she took the cash Harrod had acquired and fabricated an entirely spurious death scene and



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dying declaration. Because the district attorney was so anxious to get me involved in the case, he didn't have her submit to the rigorous tests which he would have imposed under other circumstances."

Judge Bolton looked around the courtroom; then turned back to Perry Mason. "How do you know all that, Mr. Mason?" he asked.

"Knowing that Irma Karnes was identifying the defendant, not because of the transaction at the Arcade Novelty, but because of mental suggestion and because of an image so firmly implanted in her mind by improper police methods, I knew there was only one thing that could have happened. And when I suddenly remembered the picture of Mr. Baylor arriving at the airport with his right hand waving a greeting, yet remembered that later on that same evening he had been forced to shake hands with his left hand, claiming a bursitis in his right shoulder, I knew what must have happened."

Judge Bolton said, "The court noticed that, when Mr. Mason made his statement about the real reason Mr. Baylor could not raise his right hand, Miss Elliston slipped out of the courtoom. In order to dispose of the case at bar, the court suggests that the district attorney instruct the officers to pick up Nellie Elliston for questioning. The court might also suggest that it takes judicial cognizance of the fact that many of our miscarriages of justice are the result of mistaken identification, and suggests that, when a witness is making an identification, the witness be permitted to pick a person from a line-up under test conditions which are conducted with scrupulous fairness."

"And," Perry Mason said, "in order to keep the record straight, and in view of Mr. Baylor's statement, I now wish to call my last witness, Fern Driscoll."

"Who?" Judge Bolton snapped, and then added angrily, "Is this a trick, Mr. Mason?"

"This is not a trick," Mason said. "I wish to call Fern Driscoll as my next witness. She is waiting in the witness room. If the bailiff will please summon her, I will ——"

"Order!" Judge Bolton shouted. "Order in the courtroom! I will have no more demonstrations. The spectators will remain orderly or I will clear the courtroom!"

Judge Bolton turned to Mason. "I trust, Mr. Mason," he said acidly, "that you are not attempting to impose upon the court to obtain a dramatic effect. Having called Miss Driscoll as a witness, the court is going to consider it as an abuse of the process of the court unless you are able to produce that witness."

"Here she is now," Mason said.

Abruptly the courtroom became tensely quiet as a rather tall, dark-eyed, chestnut-haired young woman walked slowly to the witness stand, held up her right hand and was sworn.

"Your name?" Judge Bolton asked.

"Fern Driscoll," she said.

Judge Bolton glowered at Perry Mason. "Proceed!" he said.

"Would you kindly tell us what happened after you left the employ of the Baylor Manufacturing and Development Company in Lansing, Michigan?" Mason asked.

"I left there under circumstances that made me very despondent," she said. "I felt that I was no longer welcome in the organization. I started driving west with my car."

"And you picked up a hitchhiker?" Mason asked.

She nodded.

"And what happened?"

"The hitchhiker was a young woman who told me a story about being down on her luck. I guess she was. She told me she had listened to the importunities of a married man who told her that he loved her, that he was going to get a divorce and marry her. She found out that he was completely insincere, utterly ruthless, and, when she went to him and told him she was in trouble, he simply laughed at her. He threw her out. She had lost her friends. She had no money."

"Go on," Mason said.

"I think," Fern Driscoll said, "the young woman was temporarily insane. She was desperate. I had a little money. She watched for an opportunity, clubbed me over the head, grabbed my purse, knocked me unconscious and rolled me out on the road. When I regained consciousness, I found that she had taken my car, my suitcase and all my belongings. I reported the theft, but no one seemed particularly concerned.

"I felt certain my car would be recovered eventually. I even hoped nothing very serious would happen to the young woman who had stolen it. She was emotionally unstable and I believe temporarily insane. She had come to believe the world owed a living both to her and to her unborn child. It was quite in keeping with her emotional state for her to hold up a bank. No one paid any particular attention to me or made any effort to recover my property. It wasn't until the press announced that the identity of the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We find the defendant . . . 36-24-36!"

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bank robber was known and that Fern Driscoll had done the job that the FBI went into action. That organization located me within an hour. Needless to say, I knew nothing about the fact that I was supposed to have been murdered, or that this young woman was on trial, or that she had wound up with my purse and my identification."

"Was the defendant who is here in court the young woman hitchhiker who stole your car?" Mason asked.

"Absolutely not!"

Mason turned to Hamilton Burger and smiled. "Your witness," he said.

Burger said, "No—no questions."

"That's my case, your honor," Mason said, smiling.

"Do you have any further evidence?" Judge Bolton asked Hamilton Burger.

The district attorney merely shook his head.

"The case against the defendant is dismissed," Judge Bolton said. "Court's adjourned."

Fern Driscoll started to leave the witness stand; then suddenly stopped, her eyes on the tall man who was hurrying toward her.

"Forrie," she said quietly.

Forrester Baylor didn't waste time in conversation. He simply took her in his arms, held her close to him, and made no attempt to conceal the tears which were coursing down his cheeks.

"My darling!" he said at length. "My darling! Oh, my darling!"

So intent were the newspaper photographers on catching the scene that Mason and his client were able to slip out of the courtroom.

Mason and Della Street entered the lawyer's private office. Della Street moved close to Mason, held his arm, and he could feel her trembling.

"Chief," she said, "I'm so darned excited, and so—so —— I want to cry."

Mason patted her shoulder. "Go ahead and cry."

"The look in his eyes—he really did love her, chief! He really did! I mean he really does!"

"He shouldn't have let her get away," Mason said. "He was like so many men who take too much for granted."

She looked at him for a long, searching moment; then asked, "How in the world did you know she was alive?"

"When people start doing things that are definitely and decidedly out of character, you know that there's been a mistake somewhere," Mason said. "Harriman Baylor might have paid money to Carl Harrod and started working with Carl Harrod if Harrod had had the letters his son had written to Fern Driscoll. However, Harrod didn't have those letters. I had them. We know that Harrod was stalemated. He couldn't sell his story without proof. He couldn't get proof until he got the letters, and he couldn't get the letters. Yet suddenly Harriman Baylor began to be very palsy-walsy with Carl Harrod.

"And as we gradually began to get the picture of Fern Driscoll, we learned that everything in connection with her as the hitchhiker was out of character. The whole thing simply didn't add together into a total.

"Then, when I learned that the money in Fern Driscoll's purse had come from a bank robbery, that Fern Driscoll's car had been found wrecked where it had evidently been driven off the road, it didn't take too much brain work to realize that the woman who had wrecked Mildred Crest's car wasn't Fern Driscoll at all.

"Therefore, I felt that, if we could broadcast the fact that Fern Driscoll was wanted for the robbery of a national bank, we'd probably get some fast action. Fortunately, we did. Paul Drake's correspondent was able to get Fern Driscoll on a midnight plane, giving a happy solution to an otherwise puzzling case. Then, by calling Harriman Baylor to the stand, we had the whole case really buttoned up."

"But you wouldn't have ever thought of calling him unless you had known ——"

"I should have known a lot sooner than I did," Mason said savagely. "I made the mistake of looking at things from the police viewpoint instead of from an objective viewpoint. I knew that Mildred Crest couldn't possibly have stabbed him with that ice pick which was produced in court. Therefore, either the police had to have mixed the ice picks up or Nellie Elliston was the only person who could have killed Carl Harrod."

"What about Mildred Crest?" Della Street asked. "What's going to become of her?"

Mason's face became granite-hard. "Mildred Crest," he said, "is going to have a very nice job with the Baylor Manufacturing and Development Company. And Mr. Harriman Baylor is going to see to it that she advances just as fast and just as far as her ability warrants."

Della Street looked up at him with misty eyes. "Will you please bend over," she said, "so I can kiss you on the forehead?"

Mason regarded her with eyes that were tender. He said gently, "I'm afraid, Della, I can't bend quite that far. You won't mind if I'm a few inches short, will you?"

"Not at all," she told him.

THE END

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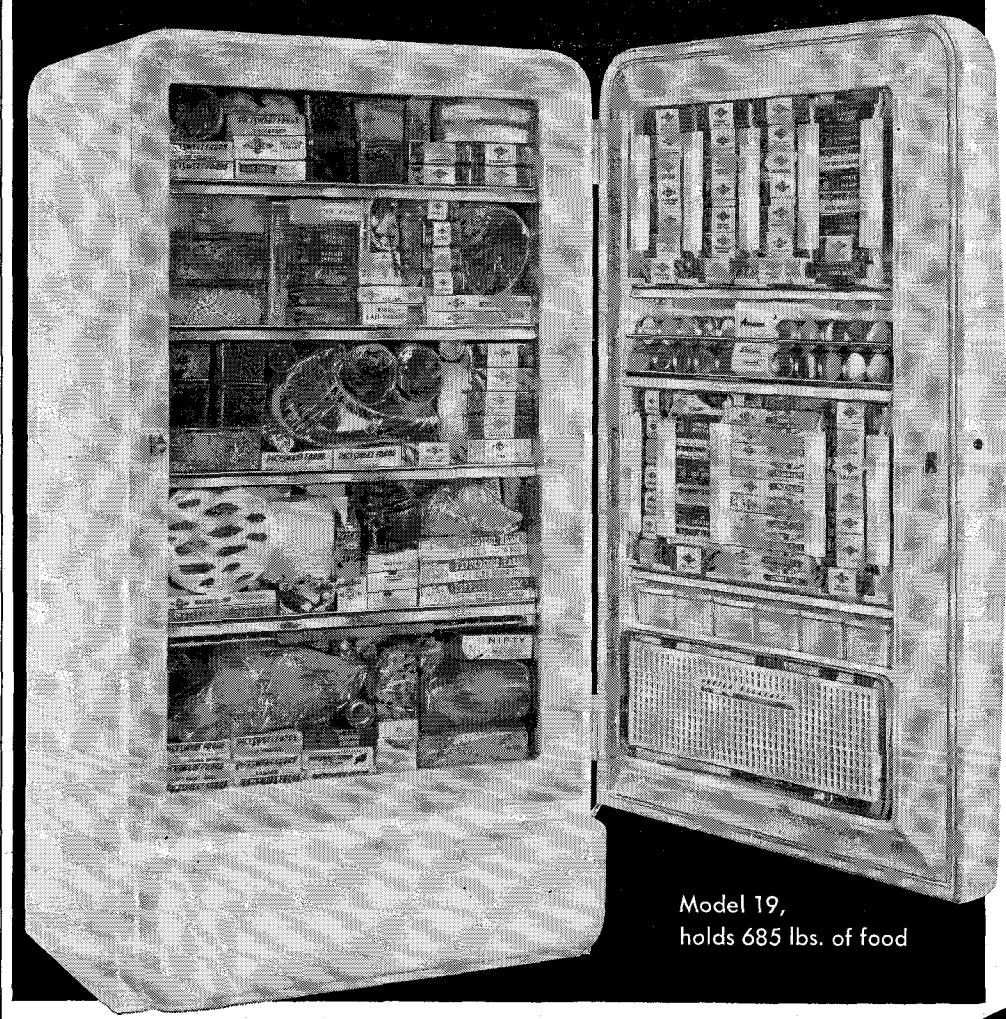
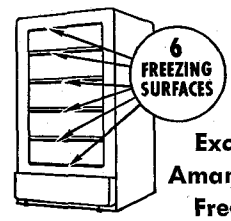


Model 19, holds 685 lbs. of food



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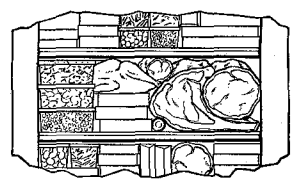
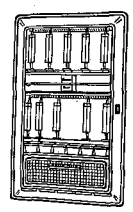
Six Fast Freezing Surfaces! Each shelf, plus top and bottom liner, a prime freezing surface, with freezing coils permanently attached! And Amana-Matic freezing is 2½ times faster than other methods; insures even 0° temperature so your food stays safer, longer!

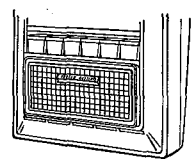


No Space-Wasting Baskets! All food is right on, or directly below, prime freezing shelves! Preserves flavor, nutrition, color. All easy to see, easy to reach, easy to pack.

Exclusive Stor-Mor Door!



Gives you 50% more food in plain sight, finger-tip ease of choice! Automatic inventory racks—first package in, first out! Adjustable dividers are adaptable to any width package!



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**Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

Books are Here to Stay (Continued from Page 31)

have long to wait. This time the dangers were serious! Henry Ford and others perfected a cheap automobile; Thomas Edison and others developed a motion-picture machine. Soon the people who weren't spending every leisure moment tootling down dust-laden highways were thrilling over The Perils of Pauline in a neighborhood nickelodeon.

Anybody fortunate enough, however, to have learned the joys of reading in his formative years knows that there never has been and never will be a substitute for a really good book. All the wisdom of the ages, all the tales that have delighted mankind for generations, are there at your finger tips, at negligible cost, to be picked up, savored, digested, and laid down exactly as your fancy dictates. That's why more good books will continue to be sold every year, despite all gimmicks and distractions.

According to official figures from the United States Census Bureau, the sale of books in the U.S.A.—exclusive of textbooks and encyclopedias—was 333,000,000 in 1947. Seven years later, in 1954, when the Bings and the Berles and the Balls and the Bennys already were the toasts of countless TV addicts, that sale was up to 587,000,000—a whopping increase of over 75 per cent. Unofficial figures indicate another 12 per cent increase through 1957. The circulation of books in the country's public libraries shows a consistent and gratifying jump of 33 per cent from 1947 to 1956. The rate of increase in children's books is even greater.

The time to start driving home the idea that books can be a source of lifelong pleasure, in fact, is when a child has turned six—and is barely beginning to learn to read. Wonderful books for beginners—like Dr. Seuss's inspired The Cat in the Hat—are now available to make the parents' task easier, but the ideal system is to convince children that parents, too, enjoy reading. Many a time I have heard mothers and fathers wail, "My kids sit rooted in front of that confounded TV set all day and never dream of opening a book"—only to discover that there are no books in the house for the kids to open. Parents who themselves haven't read three books since they graduated from elementary school should not be too surprised if their children stumble along in their misguided footsteps! Put a couple of attractive books within reach of your children—let them see you dipping into books occasionally yourself—and the results may surprise you!

Don't be annoyed if your child devours countless comic strips or reads accounts of the same baseball game in six different papers—the latter, of course, only on days when the team he favors has registered a victory. The fact that he's reading *anything* is important. The transition to worth-while books can be negotiated later—especially if a qualified, inspired teacher providentially pops up to lead the way. Three inveterate readers out of four gratefully remember one outstanding teacher—too late do they discover also that he usually was disgracefully underpaid—who first imbued them with excitement over a book.

I myself was a hopeless case until my freshman year at Columbia when I encountered a teacher named Harrison Steeves. Steeves' enthusiasm was so infectious that he convinced even the football team that Dickens, Hardy and Meredith were more fun to read than Ballyhoo and Captain Billy's Whiz-bang. He even undid the damage done by high-school authorities who jammed dull, outmoded books like Lorna Doone, Cranford, and The Mill on the Floss down our throats.

These books, unfortunately, are still required reading in some of our best prep schools. Instructors who assign them alienate more potential booklovers than all the radio and TV sets in the world. Adolescents today demand the fiction of Hemingway and Faulkner, the fact books of Gunther and Michener. Musty Victorian "classics" bore them to death. My own sixteen-year-old son Chris spent a good part of his Christmas vacation devouring J. D. Salinger's Catcher in the Rye. The younger set of 1958 seems to regard Salinger with the kind of reverence their fathers reserved for Scott Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe.

I encountered Professor Steeves again years after I graduated. "Because of you," I conceded, "I am now a book publisher."

"And because you are a publisher," he countered, "I hereby place into your hands the manuscript of a murder mystery I have written. It is called Good Night, Sheriff."

Let no man say I did not recognize my duty under the circumstances. I published it. Three printings sold out, too, so this story has a happy ending all around!

It would be folly not to concede that the advent of television—aided and abetted by the burgeoning popularity of quarter paperbacks—has materially dented the sale of hard-back whodunits and Western novels. There now are so many "hoss opreys" on TV that a nimble channel switcher can see a bullet fired by Two-gun Toplitz on CBS whiz through a stagecoach window on ABC and plug the varmint from Bar-None Ranch on NBC. Myron Cohen, the night-club comedian, tells about one lad in Brooklyn who averaged six wild-West programs a day. His mother sought to lure him away from the machine for dinner one evening, but the boy shot his pistol into the air and drawled, "Thanks, pard, but I reckon I ain't got any hankerin' tonight for matzoth balls." When folks can get buckets of gore and an endless cacophony of gunplay by the flick of a dial, there's certainly less likelihood of their seeking more of the (*Continued on Page 80*)

So We Commemorate

Bearded Soapy Smith strikes a pose with Gold Rush pals.

A PIONEER GANGSTER

Leering down at all comers from a cliff above the harbor of Skagway, Alaska, is a white-painted skull twenty-five feet high, shaped of natural stone. It serves as a reminder of the abrupt end of Skagway's leading bad man, Jefferson R. (Soapy) Smith, and is lettered: SOAPY SMITH'S SKULL.

Soapy Smith, a lanky, sardonic saloonkeeper with a long black beard, ruled Skagway ruthlessly during the hectic 1898 gold rush. Hijacking, shakedowns and the stealthy technique of taking rivals "for a ride" were among his specialties long before Chicago and New York gangsters used them.

If his crooked gambling tables failed to part a flush prospector from hard-earned gold, Soapy resorted to holdup at pistol point. When he publicly robbed grizzled old Alexander Steward of $3500 in nuggets, however, it was too much even for wide-open Skagway to stomach.

Frank Reid, a railroad construction boss for the White Pass and Yukon Railway, organized vigilantes. Soapy and his gang overawed them without a shot. Then Reid called a law-and-order meeting on a harbor pier. Sneering, Soapy stalked down the pier to break up the meeting. Reid, .45 in hand, warned—then fired. Soapy shot back.

Soapy died almost instantly. Reid passed away in agony twelve days later. The two were buried nearly side by side. But where Soapy's wooden slab bore only his name, age and death date, Reid's marble monument is inscribed: FRANK REID—THE MAN WHO GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE HONOR OF SKAGWAY.

Harold Helfer

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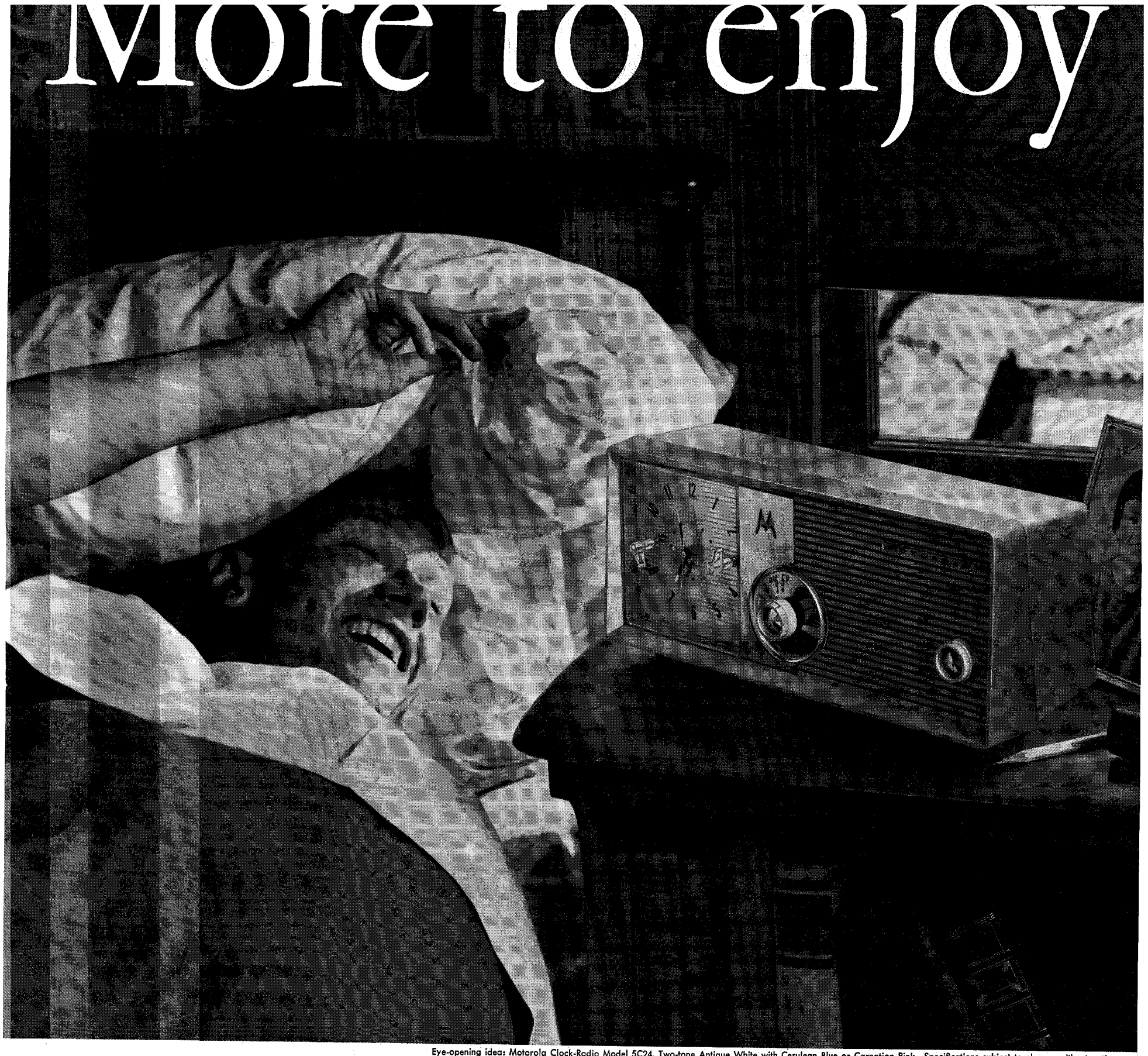
More to enjoy



Eye-opening idea: Motorola Clock-Radio Model 5C24. Two-tone Antique White with Cerulean Blue or Carnation Pink. Specifications subject to change without notice.

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Getting up on the bright side comes a lot easier with a Motorola Clock-Radio like this one! It sings you to sleep, then wisely turns itself off. Wakes you with music—and can even start your coffee. It's America's most *dependable* clock radio, because only Motorola has a lifetime PLAcir® chassis. See why most people buy Motorola radios? *More to enjoy!*

Motorola Radio®

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(*Continued from Page 78*) same between the covers of a book. There is no reason at all for a true booklover to scorn television entirely, so long as he carefully restricts himself to the one or two programs definitely worth watching each day. That consumes an hour or two an evening at the very most—and leaves plenty of time for fruitful reading. Discount those benighted souls who sit rooted before a TV set for hours on end, in a sort of semi-stupor, unable to tell you when they finally stagger off to bed whether they saw a wrestling match, Lawrence Welk or John Cameron Swayze. Don't tell me that if their eyes weren't riveted on TV they'd be opening a book! Probably they'd open nothing at all; just close something—their minds!

I am one book publisher, in short, who is convinced that far from hindering the reading of good books, television definitely has encouraged it. What happened when CBS inaugurated its Sunrise Semester experiment in the New York area recently is a case in point.

Sunrise Semester was dedicated to the dubious proposition that a justifiable number of jaded New Yorkers would get up at 6:30 in the morning just to hear a college professor deliver them a half-hour lecture about a book! Yet it took Prof. Floyd Zulli, of New York University, only a single week to prove that the idea was feasible. The book he chose to discuss was Stendhal's venerable The Red and the Black—originally published in France away back in 1831. I was one who, arising earlier than I had in ten years, staggered to my set at 6:29 A.M. for the tee-off, to see what would happen.

Professor Zulli, it developed, had planned no concessions to his television audience. There were no dramatic scenes from the book enacted in the background, no underclad, undulating females to simper and lead him to and from his hot seat. He simply confronted his listeners as he would an English-lit. class in any college in the country and, a copy of The Red and the Black in hand, talked for a half hour in measured, academic tones.

How many people tuned in to hear what Professor Zulli had to say? I was in a unique position to find out—because the only English version of The Red and the Black in print at the time came in the Modern Library series, published by my own firm, Random House. For the previous four years we had averaged about 1200 copies annually—almost exclusively for college use. In the nine days following the inauguration of the Sunrise Semester program we sold over 5000 copies—more than in the four previous years combined!

Professor Zulli's program proved so popular, in fact, that it not only has been prolonged indefinitely but undoubtedly will be repeated in other metropolitan centers—hopefully not in the middle of the night, either! If a single person can so stimulate the sale of a hitherto partially neglected classic, possibilities for future expansion are obviously unlimited.

Chronic kill-joys who insist—with an infuriating smacking of their lips—that television is murdering culture in America and turning our children into a race of red-eyed, illiterate morons, overlook one demonstrable fact. Television has been directly responsible for an almost unbelievable improvement in the caliber and variety of juvenile literature in this country.

When I was a boy, children's books were confined largely to illustrated classics and sappy, overpriced concoctions like Woofy the Whale and Marmaduke the Mongoose. Today kids watch TV programs based on history, or detailing the wonders of the seas, stars and weather. When they turn away from their sets, they demand books that will give them further details. Explore the expanding juvenile departments in any book or department store and you'll find a comforting variety of well-written, well-produced books for youngsters on history and exploration, hurricanes and volcanoes, and even rockets and guided missiles. The sale of worth-while juveniles, in fact, has increased so rapidly since the advent of TV that today it is the mainstay of some of the country's most famous publishing houses. Fifty-four million juveniles were sold in 1947. In 1957 the net total will be close to 270,000,000—an increase of 400 per cent!

In other words, alert publishers who recognize television for the powerful influence it exerts, and shape their programs accordingly, have increasing cause to bless TV instead of reviling it. The book, newspaper and magazine publishers who are having the most trouble with TV are the ones who haven't learned to live with it. How stubbornly—and how vainly—they close their eyes to its potentials, hoping, no doubt, that if they just sit tight long enough it will quietly go away!

Television provides one additional boon for parents who like to read a book without the blare of a rock-and-roll program for accompaniment. As author John O'Hara has suggested, you need only herd all your own and your neighbors' children into a deep basement rumpus room, turn on TV, unlock the door once a week just long enough to throw them a couple of fish heads—and everybody's happy! THE END

NEXT WEEK

RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION ON THE CAMPUS

A College Chaplain's Report on the Decline of Cynicism

The Mail Frauds are After You

BIG MAN IN SMALL HOUSES

ROYAL BARRY WILLS:
High-Priced Architect and His $5000-Home Design

Stronghold of the KUKUKUKU

By ROBERT C. RUARK

New Guinea's Most Murderous Tribe

IN COLOR:

Grade School in California

DEATH STALKS THE BRIDE

A New Mystery by Nancy Rutledge

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And this collar style is right for every man—thin face, round face, square face.

Like all Arrow Shirts, *Dart* is meticulously tailored to fit perfectly from collar to waist to cuff. Slip into a *Dart* (or *Dale* in luxury "Sanforized" broadcloth) and you'll see why men prefer Arrow five to one.

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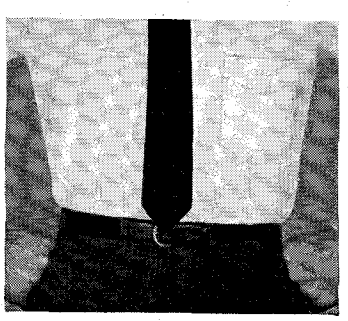
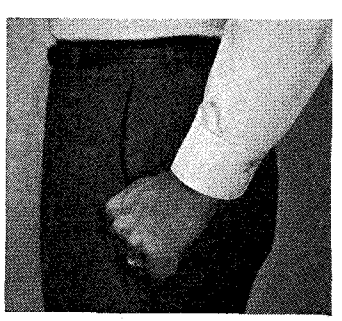
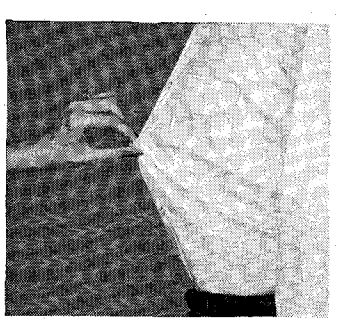


3. The Perfect Waist—Cut the tapered Mitoga® way to conform with natural body lines. Always trim and smooth.



4. The Perfect Sleeve—Shaped to follow arm contour. Comfortably roomy at armhole and elbow. Trimly tapered at cuff.



5. The Quality Extras—Anchored, chip-proof buttons. Finest pre-tested fabrics. "Sanforized." Easier to launder.

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Mercy is a Lonely Business

(Continued from Page 25)

been fired, that the confession had been extorted from him and that a certain itinerant peddler was really the killer.

An obdurate Orleans County grand jury refused to indict the peddler. To them and the rest of the county Stielow was still guilty. Governor Whitman ordered Stielow released as an innocent man—after three years of imprisonment and untold agony. Incredibly enough, the peddler who had freely admitted his guilt was never tried.

In another extraordinary case the clemency power of three governors—Alfred E. Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert H. Lehman—was needed to bring freedom to an innocent man, Edward Larkman. He had been convicted and sentenced to death in 1926 for the murder of a paymaster in Buffalo. Governor Smith doubted that the man was guilty and commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. In 1929 another man made a deathbed confession of the murder. Governor Roosevelt called for a special investigation. A new trial was recommended, but the time limitation then governing new trials prevented it. Governor Lehman resolved the dilemma by pardoning Larkman.

"What a terrible thing it would have been," Al Smith said later, "if, through carelessness, indifference or lack of intuition, I had let this man go to the chair."

Years after getting his pardon, Larkman was tried and convicted of receiving stolen property, a crime that had nothing to do with the original murder charge. He is now serving a sentence in Auburn Prison.

In New York the death-sentence drama begins after a man has been tried by a jury (you cannot plead guilty to first-degree murder in New York), convicted and sentenced to death. By law, the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals, is required to review every case involving a death penalty. When this court rules against a condemned man, there is a final appeal for clemency to the governor.

Since 1890, when the electric chair was introduced in New York State, a total of 668 men and 11 women have died by electrocution. Of these, eighteen men were executed since I took office in January, 1955. Two men have had their sentences commuted by me to life imprisonment. When a governor has such power he may find a conflict between his personal feelings and the responsibilities of his office.

Oklahoma's second governor, Lee Cruce, a banker, did not believe in capital punishment. Between 1911 and 1915 he automatically commuted every death sentence—twenty-two in all—to life imprisonment. The state's highest court denounced him, but acknowledged that it had no way of curbing the governor's power to commute.

As an individual, Governor Cruce had every right to oppose capital punishment, but as the state's highest executive I think he was perverting his power of clemency. It is for the people of the state to decide—through their legislators—if capital punishment is to exist in their state. In my own state, capital punishment is accepted as a deterrent to crime and as governor of New York I must accept that condition.

There have been some governors, I have been told, who worried and fretted with the problem of commutation right up to the evening of execution. They would ask the opinions of everyone in their office, their chauffeurs and household help and, of course, their families. One Southern governor who granted commutations freely listened to his wife.

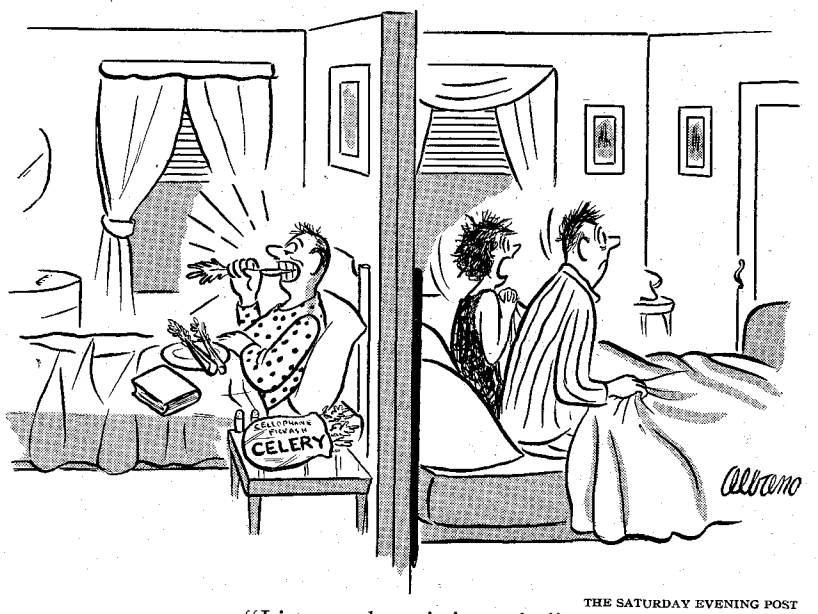
"I could deny Carrie nothing," he told friends, "and she could refuse nothing to anyone else."

I do not discuss these cases with Mrs. Harriman. Sometimes asking the advice of others is a subtle method of shifting or sharing responsibility. If I do not commute a sentence—and I will not do so unless there are some special circumstances why it should be set aside—the decision must be mine alone. "It is," Al Smith once said, "the governor's own private Gethsemane."

Having made a definite decision considerably in advance of the execution, I try to keep it out of my mind, but inevitably there are reminders that on this night a man will be executed at Sing Sing at eleven P.M.

On the traditional Thursday of execution my calendar is arranged in advance so that I will not be out of the state that day and evening. I am always available.

On the appointed Thursday morning, the warden at Sing Sing is alerted if there is the remotest possibility of a reprieve. Then, at three P.M., one of the assistants of my counsel, Judge Daniel Gutman, will phone the warden again to give him



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Listen—there it is again."

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two phone numbers which will be kept open from 9:30 on, that evening. The warden always telephones in at ten o'clock to see if any last-minute reprieve is coming.

Just as I am always available by telephone on the night of an execution, so does Judge Gutman make sure that he is in his office that night, along with at least one of his assistants. The assistant takes all of the last-minute phone calls coming from friends and family of the condemned man, so that the two lines are never tied up. Governor Smith went even further. He set up a secret code with the warden so that no one could successfully mimic their voices in order to delay an execution. And Governor Lehman made it a rule that the warden must personally call him no more than fifteen minutes before an execution, to establish that no new evidence had turned up.

On January 12, 1955, less than two weeks after I assumed office, I held my first clemency hearing. An eighteen-year-old college freshman, Norman Lee Horton, had stabbed his father to death in a clearly premeditated and ghastly crime. On the night of May 23, 1953, the boy left Hobart College and hitchhiked some sixty miles to his home in Elmira. He remained hidden outside the house until the lights were out, broke in and got a kitchen knife. He then crept stealthily into his parents' bedroom and stabbed his sleeping father. While his mother still slept he stole out and returned to his college dormitory by six A.M. A few days later he confessed. He was tried, found guilty of first-degree murder and sentenced to death. The Court of Appeals had rejected his plea by a 6–1 vote. He was to be executed during the week of January seventeenth.

The psychiatrists agreed that he was not normal, but were divided on the question of his sanity. Most United States courts follow the line of reasoning laid down by a British court in 1843. The rule, since known as the "right-and-wrong" test, has long been considered inadequate by most psychiatrists, who hold that a man might be insane even though he knows the difference between right and wrong. Recently I appointed an eight-member commission of legal and psychiatric experts to study the definition of criminal insanity used in New York courts.

In studying the Horton case I was impressed by the fact that this deeply troubled boy had given many clear signs that he required psychiatric attention long before the terrible crime. He had committed pointless thefts from classmates. There was a personality deterioration. In his last two years in high school his grades declined sharply and his I.Q. fell from 108 to 81.

By tradition, not by law, I am called upon to hold a clemency hearing before the execution. In bygone ages miserable wretches were brought before the absolute monarchs with whom they pleaded to be saved from the gallows. In New York the condemned man never attends the hearing. The presence of the prisoner would convert what should be an impersonal relationship into an all-too-personal one.

But in this case my counsel, Judge Gutman, felt that he should interview the boy before the clemency hearing. It was the first time in fifty years that a prisoner was brought to the Capitol from the death house. Under guard he was ushered into Dan Gutman's office. Before the clemency hearing got under way Dan gave me his summation: the boy was definitely "in a fog."

After the hearing I decided to commute the boy's sentence to life imprisonment. "I do not condone this horrible crime," I stated, "but I cannot permit the life to be taken of one whose mind undoubtedly is befogged, although he is legally considered sane. . . .

"The case presents clearly the conflict between the legal definition of insanity and the medical and psychiatric concepts. On the one hand we have a criminal who was obviously aware of the nature and quality of his act, of what he was doing and the fact that it was wrong. On the other hand we have a confused boy, beset by terrible guilt feelings resulting from physical and mental abnormalities which he himself is and was unable to explain and which impelled him to the commission of this crime."

The only other murderer whose death sentence I commuted since taking office was much less of a problem and required no searching consideration. He was Concepcion Estrada Correa, a seventeen-year-old. He was the youngest person in state history ever to incur that ultimate penalty. He and two others were convicted of killing an eighty-four-year-old grandmother during a ninety-five-dollar robbery. He acted as lookout and did not participate in the actual killing. But under New York State law all those taking part in a felony that results in murder are guilty of murder in the first degree. The district attorney offered to let the boy plead guilty to a lesser crime, manslaughter. But, intimidated by the two older criminals, the lad refused the offer. Correa was tried and sentenced. Since the jury did not recommend mercy, the death sentence was mandatory. Both the judge and the district attorney asked me to extend clemency.

The pressures for commutation of death sentences are more intense, but the efforts to get life sentences reduced are, understandably, more persistent. Convicts sentenced to "natural-life" terms are not eligible for parole.

In August, 1928, Milton Harris, a twenty-five-year-old unemployed clerk living in Buffalo, shot and killed his fiancée, after a quarrel. He then turned the revolver on himself, but the bullet passed through his hat and he suffered only powder burns. There was a suicide note in his pocket. He was sentenced to be executed, but Governor Roosevelt, impressed by leniency recommendations from jurors and hundreds of Buffalo citizens, commuted his sentence to life imprisonment.

When I considered Harris' clemency application in 1956, I noted that four similar pleas had been turned down by Governor Dewey, even though the Board of Parole had been recommending favorable action since 1945. In considering Harris' application anew I was impressed by the fact that his twenty-seven-year prison record was excellent and that he had no previous criminal record. I felt that Milton Harris deserved clemency. He was released late in 1956 under regular parole supervision.

In another recent case I commuted the ten-to-eleven-year manslaughter sentence of a seventy-three-year-old man, Edward Nelson, who owned a small rooming house in Brooklyn. Nelson, who had virtually no schooling and was only semi-literate, was heating some tar on the ground floor to make some necessary roof repairs that had been called to his attention by a building inspector. The tar boiled over, the old building caught fire quickly and two people lost their lives. Nelson had already served three and a half years of his sentence. Accompanying his clemency application was a note from the district attorney urging favorable consideration. In addition, the Board of Parole felt that commutation was justified in this case. When I lightened Nelson's sentence I felt that this old man had been punished enough for his fatal carelessness. He will be under parole supervision until 1964.

The power of clemency has tremendous responsibilities, great pressures. I can understand why some governors would just as soon not have this power. For one thing, it can call for a wholly disproportionate amount of the governor's time. One of my predecessors was only half joking when he said the state ought to have two governors: one to handle clemency matters and the other to take care of all the rest of the enormous work load.

Fortunately, I have an efficient and experienced staff to aid me in my clemency functions. Dan Gutman, my counsel, is helped by Herbert B. Evans, assistant counsel, who spends half his time on clemency matters. He is backstopped by the Executive Clemency Bureau in the Division of Parole. There, Thornton F. Blaauboer, an experienced parole officer, has two parole investigators who check diligently every clemency application that has surface merit. Each investigation takes four days, even though the men have the resources and records of every state agency open to them. Their reports are models of perceptiveness and their detailed biographies help me greatly in assessing the applicant's real character, why he committed the crime and what his future prospects are if he is released.

I carefully go over every clemency application in death cases, but it would be almost physically impossible for me or any governor to review in all details each of the thousands of applications that reach me every year. So I must depend to some extent on my counsel's analysis for the initial assessment of the case and whether consideration of clemency is warranted.

My background is that of a businessman and government official which, I hope, gives me a practical and commonsense approach to clemency. The fact that Dan Gutman is a lawyer and has been a prosecutor, legislator and judge naturally influences his approach to clemency. These differences in background are helpful in bringing out all the aspects of the case and arriving at what I hope are

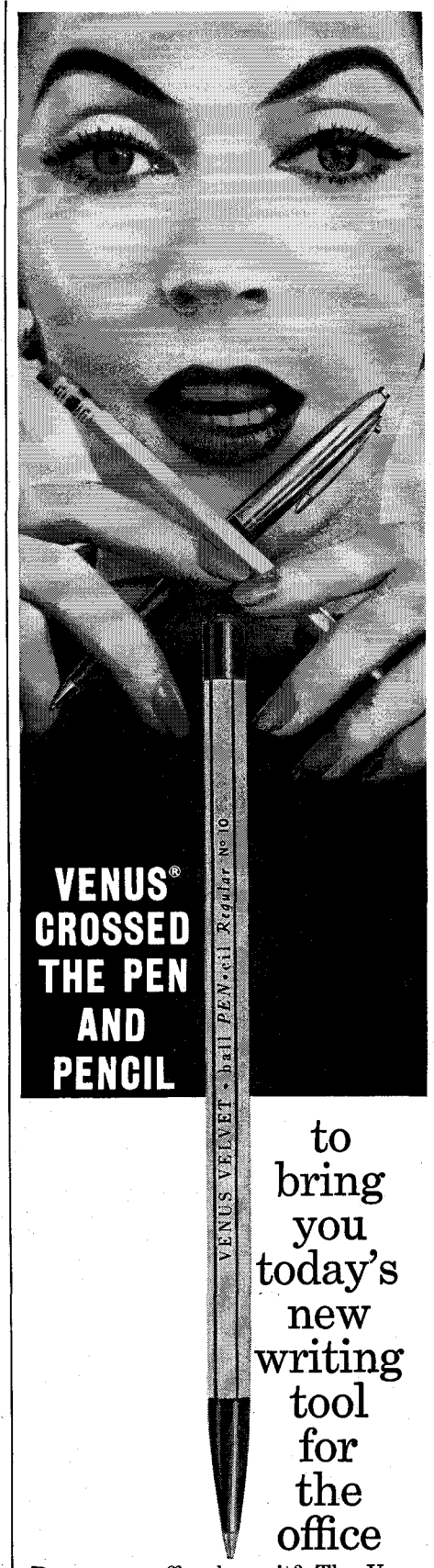
... ...

Night Patterns

By BETTY ISLER

Long sidewalks lie bleached
in moonlight,
The street stretches empty
and flat,
Bisecting the gray squares
of lawns.
Only the soundless streak
of a cat
Ripples the pattern. Houses
are still,
Motionless cubes on a plane
of dark.
Monitor-straight, each
lamppost drops
Its pool of light in pale,
amber arc,
Evenly spaced, while
silently keeping
Rigid watch on a
neighborhood sleeping.

... ...



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sound decisions. Dan Gutman's role is, of course, that of adviser; the responsibility for the final decisions is mine.

More than seventy years ago, Gov. George Hoadly, of Ohio, told of the pressures brought to bear on him for pardons: "As the work is now done, the pardoning business is carried on mainly by ear-wigging. At the governor's office, at his residence, on the streets, in the cars, at the theater, in church—everywhere the work of solicitation proceeds."

Things have changed greatly since then—at least they have in New York. I don't think I have ever been approached personally for clemency. By mail, of course, the applications come in at the rate of some 2500 letters a year, but they are the normal means of bringing a plea for clemency to my attention.

One incident has, I think, reduced enormously the pressure that I might otherwise get from public officials appealing for clemency on behalf of a prisoner or his family. In 1953, Paul L. Troast, the Republican candidate for governor of New Jersey, wrote Governor Dewey of New York requesting clemency for a notorious labor racketeer, Joseph S. Fay, then serving time in Sing Sing for extortion. Fay did not get clemency, but the disclosure of Troast's interest in the racketeer is considered by many to have been so damaging that it caused him to lose the election.

As a result, many legislators now think a long time before asking me for clemency in behalf of a prisoner. In addition, I have let it be known that I do not consider such letters privileged. They may be publicized, if necessary. The worst thing in the world any governor can do is to let the idea get around that political pressure is the way to get a release. From then on, the pressure will be unrelenting.

In New York we have made it as easy as possible for a prisoner to apply for clemency. A lawyer's help is not necessary. In at least one state, Pennsylvania, an application for clemency must be accompanied by a fifteen-dollar fee and the application itself must be written on forms which cost two dollars per set. In seventeen other states the applicant must pay for advertisements in several newspapers to announce his petition.

These restrictive measures are probably intended to keep down the clemency applications—a remote heritage, I suspect, of the days when absolute rulers in Rome and Persia, fearing their own weakness, ruled that it was a capital offense just to *ask* for a pardon. Our only restriction is that ordinarily I will not even consider a clemency application for investigation until the convict has served at least half of his minimum sentence.

On the New York State application there are twenty-three questions the convict must answer. The first is: "What is the special reason for making this application at this time?"

The reasons are sometimes touching, often imaginative—at least once a year a lifer or a condemned man offers to exchange the "real secret" of Judge Crater's disappearance for his freedom—but more often the reason is that "the sentence was excessive." Other likely reasons are that the prisoner has helped justice by helping convict other men with his testimony or by revealing a planned prison break.

About 1730, a pardon was offered to a condemned English prisoner if he would allow the great surgeon, William Cheselden, to perforate his eardrum to see how it affected his hearing. Since then thousands of prisoners have volunteered for all kinds of medical experimentation in hopes of lightening their sentences.

In February, 1957, an airliner headed for Miami crashed on Rikers Island a few minutes after it took off from LaGuardia Airport. Immediately after the crash, guards and inmates of the prison on the island worked as a team to rescue and treat the survivors of the burning plane. Most of the inmates were in for narcotics usage or for misdemeanors. I commuted or shortened the sentences of eleven of them who were under state jurisdiction, and the New York City Parole Commission reduced the sentences of forty-six others as a reward for their heroism. In several states mayors are empowered to remit penalties for violators of municipal ordinances.

What happens to prisoners who are "commuted to the street" by executive clemency? Recently I asked the Division of Parole to check on the seventy-eight men and women who had their sentences reduced by clemency in New York since January, 1943. Murderers are much the best risk. Only one of the twenty-three murderers on the list had a parole violation: he missed a date with a parole officer. One of the five burglars who received clemency went back to his trade, was caught and given a long sentence. He was the only one of the seventy-eight who has been convicted again. The overall record compares most favorably with parole experience in other states. On the average, nearly four out of every ten parolees violate their parole in some minor or major fashion. Parole's higher risk factor is understandable. The objective of parole is to encourage the maximum number of offenders to return to normal life, under supervision, as useful members of society.

Parole violators can be returned to prison quickly, but a United States governor cannot rescind a pardon even if he finds it was granted on false evidence or perjured testimony. When Gov. Charles Foster, of Ohio, was told by prison physicians that Isaac Knapp, serving a life term for murder, was dying of t.b., he pardoned him. A few months later the governor tried to rescind his pardon after learning that Knapp had feigned his symptoms by eating soap. The state's highest court ruled against the governor. But soon after, Knapp died—of eating too much soap in prison.

Every year I get hundreds of appeals for partial pardons from ex-convicts. Full pardons are issued only if the applicant has been found innocent of the crime for which he was sentenced. I have had no such cases as yet. In 1945, New York instituted the use of good-conduct certificates for men who had been out of prison for five years or had finished their parole periods. These certificates restore civil rights, such as voting, and enable the holders to apply for a license to practice certain trades and professions.

But the certificate has its limitations. It is not recognized in other states. Additionally, a former lifer, now out of prison, is "civilly dead" and requires a partial pardon to restore his civil rights.

Under the McCarran Act an unnaturalized alien who commits two or more crimes in the United States is deportable. Deportation is mandatory unless I issue a partial pardon covering one of the two crimes. Each case of this nature is weighed carefully. Compassion and the man's family situation must be balanced against his criminal record and the efforts he has made to adjust since his last offense. Since taking office I have issued thirteen partial pardons to prevent deportation, and denied many more.

A century ago nearly 50 per cent of all United States prisoners could expect to be pardoned before the expiration of their sentences. Today, commutations of jail sentences by all governors amount to less than 2 per cent of the total number of prisoners. Of the 168,596 prisoners in state institutions in 1956, only 3021 had their sentences commuted. Of course, enlightened parole systems, probation and the use of indeterminate sentences for first offenders have made it less necessary for the governor to intervene. What does remain impressive is the steadily declining use of the power by governors today.

Wholesale releases are still in vogue elsewhere. In 1953, the Italian Chamber of Deputies passed a mass amnesty bill that freed more than 23,000 of Italy's 50,000 prison inmates. More recently, the Japanese Government, celebrating its admission to the U.N., voted to free 73,500 minor offenders.

Both these mass unlockings were in December, a favorite month for nearly all United States governors and the President too. The most famous Christmas clemency in our history was the unconditional pardon granted by President Andrew Johnson on Christmas Day, 1868, to "all and every person who directly or indirectly participated in the insurrection or rebellion."

During my first year in office my counsel and I took a very cautious approach to "Yuletide clemencies." There were no commutations.

"Customs may not be as wise as laws," Disraeli once said, "but they are always more popular." And so it was with the custom of Christmas clemency. Thomas J. McHugh, New York State's able Commissioner of Correction, emphasized how valuable, as a morale factor, holiday clemency is to the men in the state's prisons. Several wardens told me that even a few Christmas commutations serve to encourage good behavior and keep hopes alive for all long-term prisoners. My staff starts combing out cases in November, and early in December Dan Gutman and I go over about forty cases considered "most deserving." From these it is not difficult to select those really worthy of clemency.

The tradition of Christmas pardons is less than a century old in the United States. A few centuries before Christ the Jews maintained a custom of pardons during Passover Week. In the Roman era and later, in the Middle Ages in Europe, strange pardoning customs developed. In parts of Germany, for example, a wife or sweetheart of the condemned man could obtain his release if she ran around the prison three times—in the nude.

Such peculiarities of pardon disappeared with the coalescing of power in the hands of absolute monarchs from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. The kings became the sole source of clemency for offenders. When royal treasuries were low, many monarchs sold pardons freely. The kings also gave the power of clemency to the royal governors, their representatives in the New World. After the American Revolution, the Constitution provided the President with this power over Federal prisoners, and nearly all state constitutions initially gave the governor clemency power.

What does this power do to a governor?

"Most men grow in public office," Al Smith once said. "If the exact effects of all the influences on a governor could be measured, it would be found that the power of reprieve, commutation and pardon adds, as the Bible says, the most cubits to his stature."

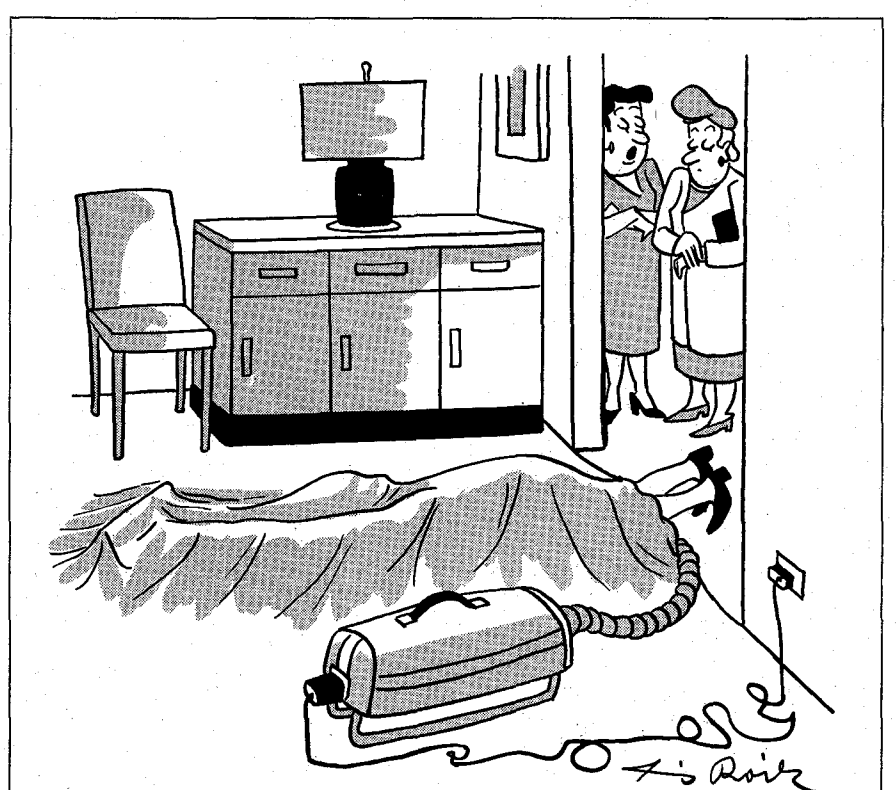
I don't know that I have added any cubits, but the exercise of clemency has brought me a deepened sense of mercy and compassion. It has also made me aware of just how backward our system of correction still is.

We have made much progress, but we still have a very long road ahead of us. We need more minimum-security prisons and more indeterminate sentences, fixed not by the judge but by a sentencing board assigned to the prison where the convict is held. We also need more forestry camps where youngsters who have made their first misstep can be rehabilitated.

In some utopian age every punishment will fit every crime perfectly. Until then, the power of clemency will be needed to set aside the extreme penalty where the law is inflexible and to weigh factors that the judge and jury could not take into consideration.

After three years as governor I am convinced that mercy is no job for a committee. Sitting alone in his office with the ancient, awesome power of clemency, the governor must take on the most difficult task of all: he must become the conscience of the people of his state.

THE END



"Cleans more thoroughly than any maid I ever had."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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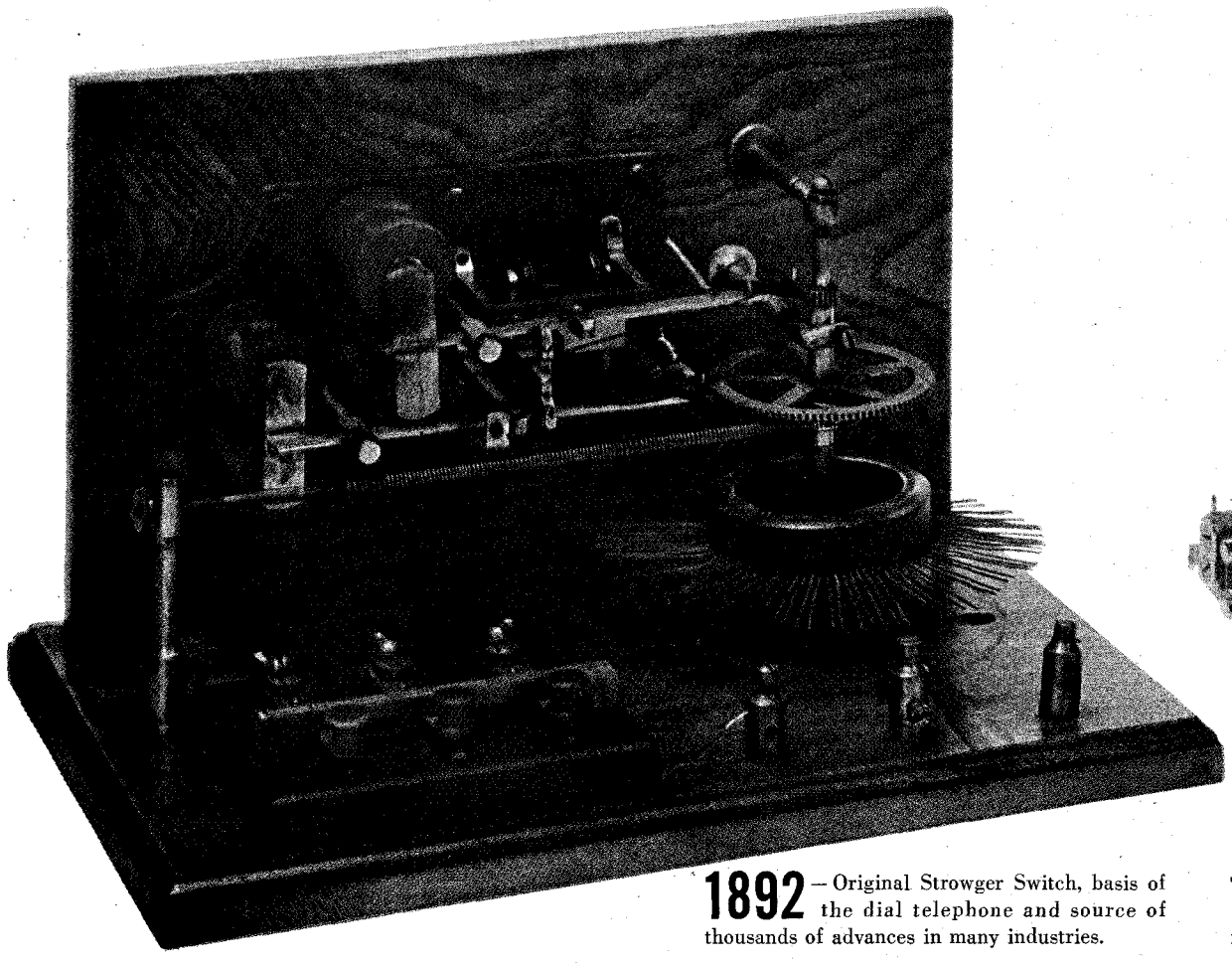
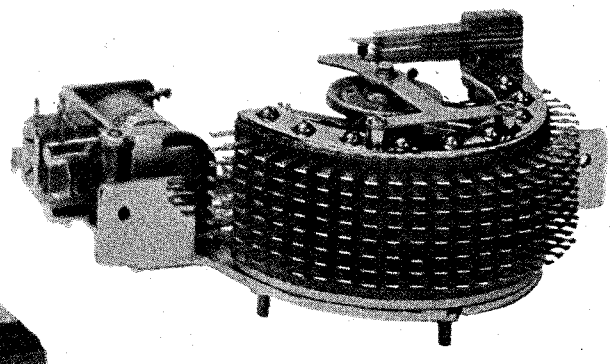


1892 — Original Strowger Switch, basis of the dial telephone and source of thousands of advances in many industries.



1958 — This direct descendant today is activating many mechanical marvels of modern life, both in and outside the telephone field.

Where did automation begin?

It is hard to believe—but automation began with the crude contraption pictured on the left.

This is the original Strowger Switch, made by Automatic Electric in 1892 for use in the first dial telephone systems. But the principles which this device pioneered are the root of all automation today.

Automation might be defined as machines run by other machines through automatic controls.

And it is safe to say that the majority of mechanisms operated remotely today use types of relays and switches which Automatic Electric originated.

This includes everything from the machines in industrial plants, electronic computers ("mechanical brains") or guided missiles, to stock-exchange quotation boards and variable-pitch airplane propellers.

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Dangerous Orders (Continued from Page 30)

believed in the work he did for a living. Dave Quinn was a safety inspector.

He was twenty-one, medium size, with a ruggedly handsome face and inquiring blue eyes. He was a month out of the service, three weeks married and new on the payroll. He liked the job his father-in-law, Tracy O'Toole, had found for him and he wanted to make good—for Francine, his new bride, and for the clutter of towheaded Quinns he expected in time to come. More than that, he believed a man who took a job and failed to give it his best was no better than a thief.

He heard about Billy Button's fall when he came to work with the day-side at eight o'clock in the morning. The men in the safety shack were laughing about it. "Them pilebucks are made of whalebone and rubber!" Dave circled the counter and pushed into the office of Sid Gibson, chief safety engineer.

"Why did it happen?" he asked.

"Button had a snootful," Gibson said. "Nobody knew it when he came to work."

"But—how could he fall? Where was the handrail?"

"Pilebucks don't use handrails," Gibson said.

"Don't use handrails? Eighty feet up?"

Sid Gibson turned to look out a window. He had white hair and a bone-deep tan; he'd spent most of his sixty-five years in heavy construction. He'd taken a liking to Dave Quinn. It wasn't often you hired a man you didn't need and found you had a good one. Dave Quinn went after his work like a bulldog after a bone, but he had yet to learn which bones to gnaw and which to leave alone.

"Do you know what pilebucks do?" Gibson asked.

"Well, sure. My father-in-law bosses them."

"So?" Gibson said.

"They build bridges and cofferdams. They drive wooden piling and sheet-steel piling."

"Steel-sheet piling," Gibson said mildly. "You'd better go take a look. A long look."

Dave Quinn turned on his heel and went out of the safety shack. A path took him to the brow of a hill, and he stopped there, face growing cold in the raw November wind, to look at the job and feel the fine, warm lift that came of knowing he was a part of it.

This was no little thing abuilding here. This was the Dondurango Dam. The Shadrach River had been shunted from its course, walled away behind steel-sheet piling, so that men and machines could rip open the river bottom, reaching for bedrock. One day there'd be a powerhouse here, fish ladders and ship locks. Just now, the Dondurango was a muddy jumble—yelling men, growling trucks, snorting power shovels.

Dave hitched a ride on a lumber truck and dropped off where the pilebucks were working. This was a trestle. It started at ground zero and strode out across the powerhouse glory hole on piling that very quickly reached the height of tall trees. A giant crane would run on the trestle when it was finished, lowering forms and concrete and steel to the men who would build the powerhouse. Until the trestle was finished, no work other than excavation could be done in the hole. The excavation was nearing completion, the trestle was not—the trestle was a bottleneck in the making.

It was not the fault of any one man, least of all Tracy O'Toole, who was pushing the trestle job. The brass hats had done their best to start both operations so they would be finished at the same time, but easy digging and clean bedrock had put the excavation far ahead. O'Toole, battling mightily, couldn't quite catch up.

Dave Quinn knew all about the bottleneck. The Quinns and the O'Tooles lived in trailer houses side by side, and Tracy O'Toole was not a man to suffer in silence.

"The way the walls shake and the dishes rattle," Dave had once told his bride, "you'd think your old man was being whipped to death with a blackberry vine. All he's got to do is get his work done and the brass will leave him alone."

"He's doing all he can!" Francine had said. "And that's twice as much as an ordinary man can do. So stop picking on my father or I start throwing things."

She could throw things. A freckle-faced redhead, cute as a basket of kittens, she was gentle and lovable most of the time. But not all the time. At first, there'd been times when she'd rated her father higher than a Johnny-come-lately husband. But that was past. Francine was older by another week of marriage.

Pilebucks, Dave had supposed, were builders, like the carpenters and ironworkers he'd been working with the past two weeks. He'd thought they were sane and sensible men, subject to the normal rules and regulations. But he was wrong, and the discovery all but knocked his safety helmet off.

He stood with his feet in the mud beneath the trestle and watched the pilebucks working high above him. A man trotted across a twelve-inch plank, eighty feet in the air, with nothing to lean on but the wind. He was carrying an air drill in his arms. Air hose, trailing away behind him, fell in long loops between the bents. Each time the hose fell, the man staggered a little and Dave's heart jumped into his throat. Another pilebuck was out on the far cap, driving steel drift pins with a sledge, swinging hard and happily, as unconcerned as if he were standing in a hole in the ground.

Finished, he yelled, "Come ahead, you dirty old man!"

The pile driver, a sledlike rig with a tall A-frame on the bow, jerked against taut cables and slid out across the caps to halt with the bow end hanging over nothing. A man yelled, "Pick 'er up!" Another cable snapped taut, a piling leaped off the ground, crashed into the leads hanging from the A-frame. It was trapped there, lashed in and guided down until the foot

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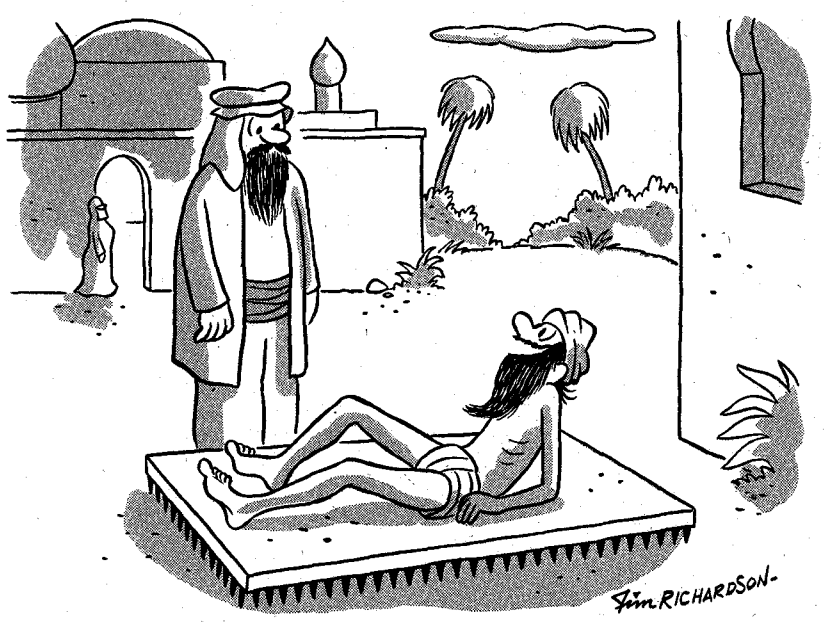

"I've just made the most wonderful discovery."

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of it stabbed into the ground. Another signal brought the huge steam hammer slamming down on top of it, and then—Whoosh-stomp! Whoosh-stomp!—the hammer beat the piling down to bedrock.

The men worked with a furious, happy abandon. There wasn't a piece of safety line, a safety belt or a handrail anywhere. Dave Quinn stopped wondering how Billy Button had fallen and began wondering how any pilebuck stayed alive. He got his notebook from his pocket and looked at the list he'd made of the dangers that had threatened the carpenters and laborers in Bays Six and Seven: a piece of shaky handrail, a loose scaffold plank, a ladder with a broken rung. They'd seemed important; any one of them could twist a man's ankle. Dave tipped his head to look at the men in the sky again.

"How silly can it get?" he asked.

He thought about his duty, his responsibility. "Our job is to see that the contractor provides the men with safe working conditions," Sid Gibson had said, when he'd put Dave to work. "It's your duty to stop the work when you feel the men are in danger." Dave Quinn went up on the trestle.

Tracy O'Toole was standing on a walk plank, looking down into the hole, watching the men set the foot of another piling in place. He was a big, black-headed man of forty-eight; he wore a brown helmet, checkered shirt and smeared overalls. His calked boots gave him a firm grip on the ten-inch plank, but the way he was leaning over the brink, waving his arms and yelling, he wouldn't have been safe if his boots had been bolted to the lumber.

"Tracy!" Dave yelled. "Come in off there!"

O'Toole looked back, saw his son-in-law and grinned. "Be with you in a second, kid." Then he yelled at the men below him. "Will you quit lovin' that stick? You ain't gonna kiss it home; you got to beat it in place!"

The men, already working as hard as men could work, swore at him and he swore back. They got the piling in place, the hammer went to work on it. O'Toole came in off the front end, walking the narrow plank as if it were a trench, never once looking to see where he put his feet. He was black-jawed, walking with a slight swagger, happy with the way the work was going.

"Davy, lad," he said. "You come out to see how the old man does it, eh? You picked a good time. I got 'er by the nose—two bents all ready this shift, and two more before the day's out. When I hit it, boy, I hit it hard. What it takes is muscle, savvy and ——"

Quietly, Dave said, "Shut her down, Tracy."

"——and plenty of sweat." O'Toole got that far, then stopped and stared at Dave. "What was that again?"

"I said shut the work down," Dave answered. "This is official, Tracy. The men out there are in extreme danger. You can't work again until you provide them with safeguards."

"This is a joke?" O'Toole was slack-jawed, his head out of gear for the moment. "You ain't serious?"

Dave got out his book. The engineers required that a project be halted the moment a report was filed by a safety inspector, and that it remain halted until permission to work was granted in writing from the engineers' office. That could take days. O'Toole's head went back in gear with a smash.

"Hold on there! Put that book away!" He was waving his big hands. "There ain't nothin' risky here. We know what we're doin'. We been doin' it like this all our lives."

Dave was busy writing, face set. "A man fell last night and broke his leg. He's lucky to be alive."

"He was drunk!" O'Toole yelled.

"Drunk or not, he wouldn't have fallen if there'd been safety devices in use. Stone sober, any of those men can fall at any time. A gust of wind, a stumble ——"

"Safety devices? Like which, for instance?"

"The specifications require three-foot walks with handrails at any height over six feet. And safety belts and safety lines wherever needed. Look it up."

"They're for carpenters! We're pilebucks!"

"No exceptions are made."

"Sidewalks!" O'Toole's neck bulged with outrage. "How'm I gonna put a sidewalk out there without I got a bridge to hold it up? Who's gonna build that bridge? Angels, maybe? If I got to build a bridge to hold sidewalks, I can deck it and I got a road. That's what I'm doin'! You're standin' on it, man!" His eyes rolled wildly as Dave's pen wrote on. "Dave, listen to me, lad! What can I do?"

"Safety belts?" Dave asked, still writing.

O'Toole turned and yelled at one of the men on the front end of the rig. "Blackie! D'you want a safety belt and a line on you while you're workin'?"

"To foul up in the riggin' and pull me loose?" the man answered. "I ain't no yo-yo, Tracy. Nobody bounces me up and down on the end of a string."

"You see?" O'Toole roared at Dave. "He don't want 'em!"

"Don't care if he wants 'em or not," Dave said. "He's got to be protected. That's what the law says, and that's what he gets." He tore a copy of his report

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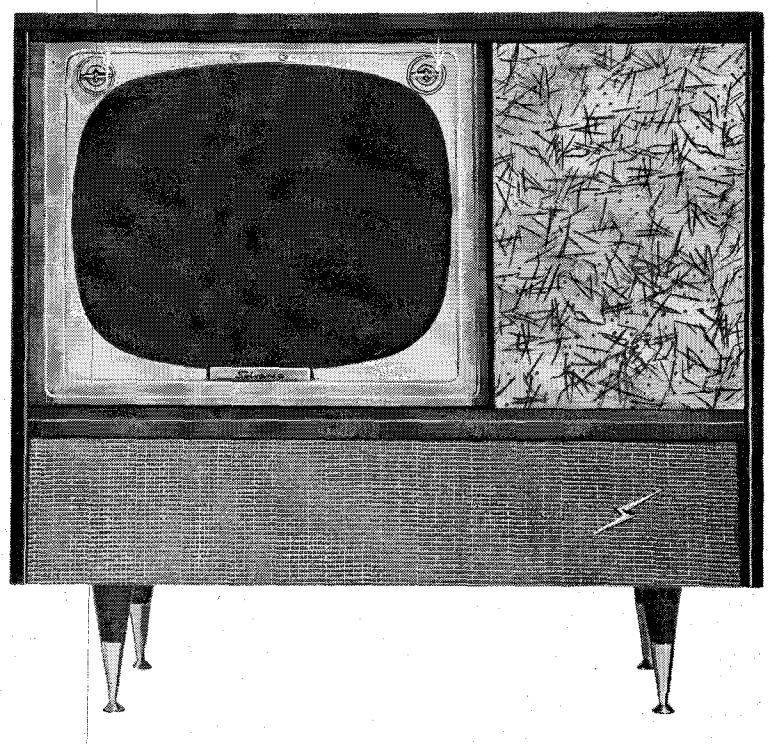

It's a console...
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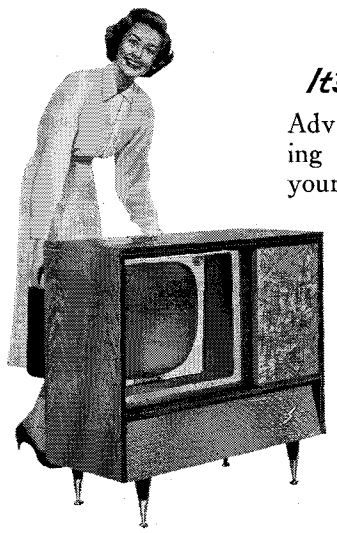

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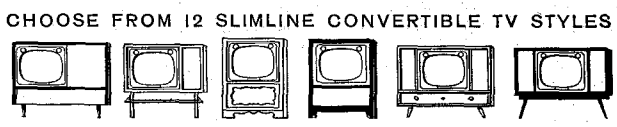

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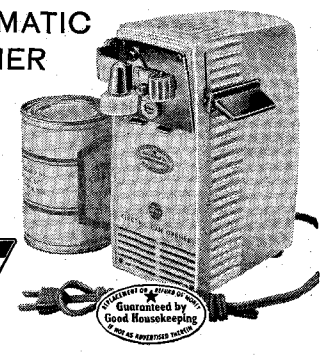

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corner of the trailer; he snapped on the light above the drawing board. "Better get yourself a nap," he told Francine. "Come midnight, all hell's gonna bust loose."

Francine said, "But, Dave! It's Tab Hunter in ——"

"No soap," Dave said. "But you can go alone."

His mind was already far away. He pinned paper on the drawing board, he placed a T square and triangles on top of it. Francine stared at him, speechless with anger. Then she slammed out of the trailer; the car started and she was gone. Dave sat and stared into space for an hour before he started drawing. He didn't draw well—he'd just begun taking the course—but he could put ideas down, and ideas were what mattered.

O'Toole came rolling home at eleven-thirty. He was dog-tired and hungry. The job was going again, but that was no comfort. He'd had to spend an hour under the lash of J. P. Jeffers' voice, and if he had an inch of skin left he didn't know where to find it. "My own son-in-law," he muttered to himself. "How could he do it to me?"

He pounded on Dave's trailer. "Come outta there!"

Dave came out. They stood chest to chest in the square of light from the doorway. O'Toole was black-browed and hard-jawed. Dave was quiet and flinty.

Hoarsely, O'Toole said, "Why d'you want to ruin me?"

"I don't," Dave said. "All I'm doin' is my job. You're running a widow maker out there, Tracy. I'm not going to let go until something's done about it."

"There ain't nothing can be done!"

"I say there is. If you'll ——"

"You say!" O'Toole yelled. "I'm twenty-five years in construction and you've got the nerve to tell me how to build!" It was the final insult, and much too much for O'Toole. "Why, you squirt!" he said, and swung a haymaker.

There was plenty of time for Dave to get out of the way. O'Toole had reached back a yard and a half to get started. The fist went over Dave's shoulder and they closed, tussling, tripped and fell to the ground.

They were rolling in a wild tangle of arms and legs when Francine drove in and caught them in the glare of the car's headlights. She screamed. Mrs. O'Toole, more practical, came out of the O'Toole trailer with a frying pan. She went after the men, swinging vigorously at whatever head popped out of the tangle. It sounded like somebody hammering a gong. O'Toole yelled first, then Dave yelled. They let go of each other, scrambled up and got out of range.

"Consarned fools!" Mrs. O'Toole said in her loud voice. "Fightin' in the family! What a disgrace!"

The men didn't say anything.

Francine said, "Dave Quinn, I never want to speak to you again! I never want to see you again! I ——" She ran to her mother, crying loudly.

Mrs. O'Toole put her inside the O'Toole trailer. Then she stood in the doorway and shook the frying pan at the men. "We neither of us want to see you two again, so how d'you like that?" She slammed the trailer door and locked it.

O'Toole came into the light, slapping the dust from his clothes, rubbing the bump on the back of his head. He looked at Dave with huge disgust.

"Now look what you've done!"

"What I've done?" Dave had a knob to rub too. "You started it, you swung first. Now, look, Tracy. Why don't you come into my trailer? I can show you ——"

"Sooner I'd be caught dead!"

O'Toole took his car and spent the rest of the night in a hotel room in town. Dave spent most of the night at his drawing board. He made his own breakfast. He rolled up his drawings wearily, lonesome and tired.

O'Toole was on the job before him. He was standing on a walk plank, watching the men work, when Dave went out on the trestle. He didn't roar at the sight of Dave's book, he didn't roll his eyes at Dave's pencil. He grinned. And when Dave handed him a copy of the report that was supposed to shut the work down again, he tore it up.

"New rules," he said. "Jeffers fixed it."

"How?" Dave asked, his heart sinking.

O'Toole's grin widened. "Suppose you see Gibson and find out for yourself. Me, I don't like to kick a kid in the teeth."

Sid Gibson was sorting papers, putting some in a brief case and some in the wastebasket.

"Jeffers and the chief of engineers got together," he told Dave. "Jeffers convinced the chief that everything that could be done was being done, and that you, out of spite, were costing him a small fortune." His blue eyes met Dave's. "You're fired, son."

Dave looked at the brief case. "You too?"

"No," Gibson said. "I may be too old to start a fight of my own, but I'm not so old that I'll pass up a chance to take the right side in one somebody else has started. I quit, son. Gladly."

Dave felt desperation. "Mr. Gibson, can you get us a meeting with O'Toole and Jeffers and the chief of engineers?" He unrolled his drawings on Gibson's desk. "This is why."

Gibson studied the drawings. "These aren't very good."

"I know that!" Dave said. "I can't draw a lick, and I couldn't design a doghouse. But an idea's there, if it can be made to work. I'll bet my shirt on it!"

Gibson thought a moment. "Good enough for me," he said.

The meeting was called at ten o'clock in the engineers' office. Andrews, chief of engineers, sat behind his desk, a burly, big-chested man, willing to listen. Jeffers, thin and cold-faced, sat in a chair beside the desk. O'Toole was standing in the center of the room, hands on hips, scowling.

"I'll have your hide for this," he growled at Dave.

"We'll see about that," Dave answered.

He pinned his drawings on a board, then turned to make his pitch, shaking only on the inside where nobody could see it.

"The trouble's been," he said, "that nobody would take hold of the problem with both hands. O'Toole's too proud, too bullnecked, to admit the pilebucks need protection. Mr. Jeffers wants to keep things the way they are—it's cheaper and faster and the state pays the accident insurance. Mr. Andrews has taken Mr. Jeffers' word that everything that could be done was being done." He drew a deep breath. "But I didn't have an excuse. You gave me a job as safety inspector. I had to look for a way to protect the pilebucks. And I think I found it."

"There ain't no blasted way ——" O'Toole began.

"Hold it," Andrews said quietly. He was looking at Dave with the hard face of a traffic judge. "We'll save the lash until we've heard what he has to say. . . . Go on, son."

"My system," Dave said, "is built around the use of a truck-mounted crane.

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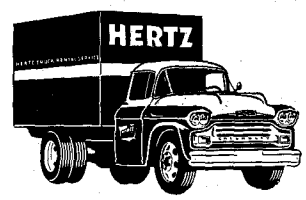

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One with a seventy-foot boom that will reach out beyond the pile driver. It uses catwalks with rails, built in units that can be placed by the crane where needed, and hoisted out of the way when not needed." He turned to the drawing board. "If you'll look at these drawings," he said, and went on talking for ten minutes.

To the men who listened, certain things were obvious. The drawings were crude, the construction methods were faulty. Andrews doubted that the catwalks were practical. Jeffers was against them because the time lost and added expense would cut into his profits. Gibson was silent.

And O'Toole all but exploded. "Of all the haywire contraptions ——"

"Absolute nonsense," Jeffers cut in acidly. "Not alone are those drawings the doodlings of a high-school boy, they illustrate idiot methods. Furthermore, I can't be expected to furnish a crane and an operator around the clock for what wouldn't amount to fifteen minutes' work in any one shift."

"You've got a crane in the framing yard," Dave said, trying to control his anger and resentment at Jeffers' tone. "It's on a twenty-four-hour basis, and it's doing even less than fifteen minutes' work a shift. The crane is mobile; it could handle both jobs without a strain."

The near-idle crane was news to Jeffers, and the framing-yard foreman was going to catch hell because of it. But other work than placing catwalks would be found. Jeffers picked up his hat.

"I've heard enough," he said to Andrews. "I haven't time to listen to half-witted schemes from a boy. Particularly, when that boy is no longer on the payroll."

Jeffers moved toward the door. O'Toole stared at him, face blank. Then, suddenly and loudly, he said, "Just a doggone minute! What d'you mean, he ain't on the payroll?"

"He was fired," Jeffers said, "for spiteful and malicious misuse of his authority."

"Fired?" O'Toole's face was indignant. "I didn't say nuthin'about firin' him. All I wanted was to get him offa my back. Spite, your foot! There ain't no spite in him, this lad. All he was trying to do was his job. He stayed up all night last night drawin' these things ——"

"They're haywire contraptions—you said it."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Forsythia

By Elizabeth Landeweer

In the wake of winter's
Windy flotsam blown,
Sodden leaves and litter,
Bottle, rag, and bone,
Spring awakens pallid,
Sober and discreet,
Till, like some bright
changeling,
Up and down the street,
Forsythia, the golden,
Waves a lighted branch,
Suddenly as sunlight's
Yellow avalanche.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"They are!" O'Toole swung to look again at the drawings. "The kid draws like a chicken scratchin', and he don't know construction. There ain't nuthin' wrong with the idea! I know how to make it work. Great snakes! Give me a couple of pilebucks and a few sticks of lumber, and I'll build what he needs in a couple of hours!"

"But the crane ——"

"Yeah, think about that a minute," O'Toole said. "We got one layin' around that ain't workin'. Why not use it? What's wrong with that idea? Hell, I could make it pay. I got braces to hang, boltin' up to do. I'll put a crew workin' on it with the crane when it ain't busy, an' chances are I'll come out ahead. The kid saves you time, saves you money. You want to get him fired for that?"

Jeffers looked at Andrews and found the engineer smiling. He shrugged helplessly. "O'Toole is not only the best construction foreman in the business, he's a short route to insanity!"

"What did I do?" O'Toole asked. "All I did ——" He stopped and snarled to Dave, "You needled me into this, you ——"

"That was my intention, pop. I knew you could fix this up if you got mad enough."

O'Toole grinned sheepishly. "I'll be trampled to death by a duck!"

"Not a bad idea for both of us," Jeffers said. "We couldn't look more ridiculous." And then, to Andrews: "The boy was right; the problem could be solved if someone would take hold of it with both hands."

Andrews said, "It would seem that way."

Dave and O'Toole were a little late getting home that night. It wasn't, they told each other, because they were afraid of a girl who threw things or a woman who could bat either left or right with a frying pan. The troubles were over between them; Sid Gibson was back at his desk; Dave had his job again—these were things that required celebration.

Nevertheless, when they had parked their cars, they moved up on the trailers cautiously. All was still, the doors were closed. O'Toole rubbed his jaw, rocking on his heels.

"Tell you what," he said. "I'll stay here and whistle 'em out. They'll chase me, an' you sneak in and grab their weapons."

"Not me," Dave said. "I'm a coward."

The door of O'Toole's trailer opened. Mrs. O'Toole appeared, wearing lipstick, earrings and an apron over her best dress. She studied O'Toole's sway and Dave's crooked hat, and reached the obvious conclusion. She spoke over her shoulder. "Franny, take a look at this." Francine came to stand beside her mother. She, too, was dressed in her best. Dave had never seen her prettier.

"What did I tell you?" Mrs. O'Toole asked.

"They aren't mad at each other!" Francine said happily.

"You know Tracy can't stay mad more'n a day, even when he's right," Mrs. O'Toole said; "and this time he was as wrong as thunderation." And then, to the men, she said, "All right, you two. We aren't mad, either, and we gussied up and cooked a fine dinner to prove it."

"Y'think it's a trap?" O'Toole asked.

"If it is," Dave said, "I'm gonna die willing!"

Seven Days to Tingyong

(Continued from Page 27)

"Either we get a foothold on the big river before the monsoon gets too bad or the whole North Burma effort goes up like a toy balloon. If that should happen, China will be out of the war, major!"

"Yes, sir," Antioch said soberly.

The Old Man had paused to run a hand tiredly through his sparse hair. "So we're going on to the big river," he'd continued after a moment. "And Shanz Force has got to spearhead the job. Your people are the only ones that I can rely on for that task, Antioch. I mean to use them regardless of cost. Do you understand?"

Frank Antioch did. The long-range-penetration groups, of which Shanz was one, were the only American infantry in Burma and they'd been designed for tasks like this—to penetrate deep behind the Japanese lines and prepare the way for the Chinese divisions which would follow under the Old Man's command. There was just one thing wrong with the picture, Antioch thought grimly now.

Shanz, and the others, had been designed for a single, three months' operation, after which it had been planned that they would be withdrawn and, since they were volunteers, no replacements had been provided. It was this knowledge that had given rise to the rumor that Shanz was on its way back to Camp Gabriel in Assam; that, for Shanz, the war was over—for a while, at least.

The Old Man had gone on, "I know the shape that Shanz is in, Antioch. I know that you're down to less than half strength in men and animals. I also know that a million American soldiers can die on the beaches of Japan if China goes out of the war and releases the Jap armies she's now containing. I do not intend that that shall happen."

"I understand," Antioch had murmured.

"I mean to expend every resource that I can lay my hands on to keep it from happening. Every resource, Antioch, down to the last K ration and the last cartridge and the last man. Do you understand?"

There was only one answer that a soldier could give to that, Frank Antioch had thought soberly. He said, "Yes, sir."

The Old Man had gone on, his voice suddenly a little tired, "I say this to you, Frank"—it was the first time he'd ever used Antioch's given name—"when this command reaches the point where there's only one man left, that one man will go on fighting. And you and I, Frank, will fight beside him until we're gone too. That's the way that it's got to be."

Antioch had murmured "Yes, sir," again, and had risen, suddenly feeling a vast respect and affection for the craggy old man seated before him. A lonely man who had been often betrayed and who could trust few, but who still fought on. "Shanz will have Tingyong Ga airfield for you by the fifth," he'd said, and then added thoughtfully, "I don't know just how we'll do it, but we'll have it, sir."

For a moment the Old Man had glowered up; then his seamed face had broken into a brief grin. "By heaven, boy, I know you will," he'd grunted. "Good luck to you and good luck to Shanz."

Antioch had saluted and turned to go, but the Old Man's voice had kept him for a moment longer. "One other thing, Antioch," he had said, the bite back in his words. "The orders I have just given you are not to be countermanded by anyone—not by anyone! I've got to fly to Chungking today to make final arrangements with the Gissimo. I want no bright staff boys interfering with my plans while I'm gone. There's some that would try, with Ceylon's backing."

"I understand, sir."

The Old Man had scowled thoughtfully. "I'll be back at Ledo day after tomorrow. The Chinese divisions will start to move that same day. That gives you a week from now to get to Tingyong Ga and secure the airfield. I'll start reinforcements flying in to you on the fifth. Again, good luck, Frank."

That was the way that it had been, Frank Antioch thought now as Panucci dropped the L-5 down. But Shanz wasn't going to like it. And who could blame them?

Big Milt Foss, who had commanded George Company—one of the three rifle companies that made up the tough backbone of Shanz, died of mite typhus and was buried by the river a little before sundown. The ceremony was pretty scant because George Company had learned that it didn't pay to leave your dead long unburied out here in the deadly heat just before the southwest monsoon hit. Anyway, Big Milt was into the ground and a bamboo cross, a little awry, raised over him.

A half dozen of Willie Haw's second platoon discussed that as they sat about the dying embers of a fire in the coming evening while they waited for the news that Old Detestable would be bringing back from Sector any time now. They drank bad-tasting cocoa made from shaved-up chocolate bars stolen from D rations and argued about the changes in command that Big Milt's death had brought about.

"So Natty Ned moves up to command George now," Thorn Healy grunted—he'd once gone to M.I.T., but most of the time it pleased him to talk like a skid-road bum. "I got to admit that promotion ain't slow in this lousy outfit."

Natty Ned was Lt. Edward Huddleston, who'd led Two Platoon until he'd taken command of George this evening after Big Milt had died. Mary Jesus, the Mex kid, had hung the "Natty Ned" tag on Huddleston when, while the outfit had been training back in India, it had been discovered that the lieutenant wore silk underwear.

Eddie Huddleston still wore the silk underwear, although there was little left of it now except scraps. Nevertheless, the lanky first lieutenant still managed to give the impression that he'd just stepped out of a bandbox despite the fact that he was as dirty and as ragged as any of the rest. It could be that his style came from the elegance of his tiny mustache or the flamboyance of the broad-brimmed white hat that he'd picked up somewhere—George didn't know. What George Company did know was that Natty Ned could be a pretty rough character in a fight.

His promotion to the command of George had left Sgt. Willie Haw in charge of Two Platoon—not that Willie particularly wanted the job. Actually, Willie didn't much care one way or the other. It was beans and pay, he considered philosophically.

"So what?" he said now to Thorn Healy.

"Promotion in this outfit's like a progression," Healy went on, paying no attention to Willie's question. "It's inevitable, like death and taxes. You want to know what's (*Continued on Page 92*)

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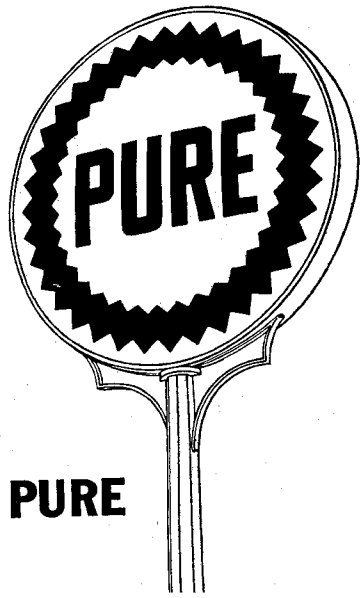

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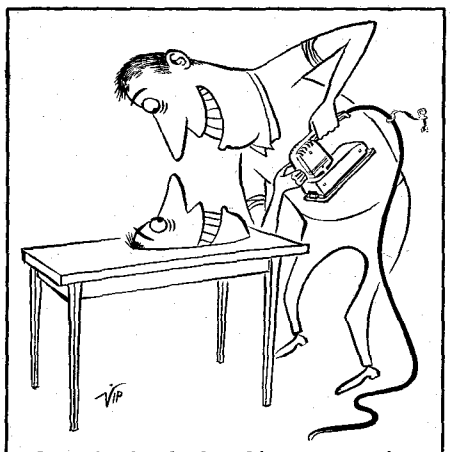

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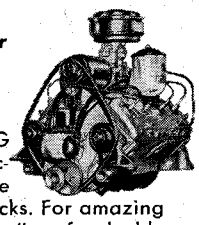

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(*Continued from Page 90*) going to happen in this outfit, Willie? O.K., so I tell you!"

"I'd rather guess," Willie grunted.

Healy ignored that. "This outfit is going to keep on climbing over these mountains until there's only one man left, see? Then he'll be in command of Shanz Force. Maybe he'll be you, Willie. Think of the glory of it! Commanding yourself!"

"I'll turn it down," Willie said blandly, tasting his cocoa and spitting it out. "I'm happy the way I am."

"You can't turn it down!" Healy argued in a violent voice.

"Give me two good reasons."

"Your patriotic duty is two good reasons!"

"I ain't no patriot," Willie retorted reasonably. "Benedict Arnold was an uncle of mine on my mother's side."

"O.K.," Thorn said angrily out of his beard. "Then I recommend to Natty Ned that we stand you up against a wall and shoot you. You want a blindfold, Willie, or you take it straight?"

"I take it straight," Willie said in a modest voice. "The Haws never was ones for frills."

Healy snorted disgustedly. "You're a damned subversive, Haw. I bet you used to be one of them subversives that used to write 'OHIO' all over the walls of the latrines back in Louisiana."

"I invented the business," Willie said. "'Over the Hill in October Willie Haw'—that's me. I wish I was back in Louisiana right now. There used to be a pork-fed gal in De Ridder who ——"

Finn Burke, a BAR man, sat across the fire with his pants off while he examined the naga sores on his legs. He was a heavy, sullen man and known as a guardhouse lawyer in George Company. Now he stood to pull up his ragged trousers.

"I'll tell you one thing," he interrupted in his thick angry voice. "Either they send us back to Camp Gabriel like they said or I go over the hill—and I don't wait for October either!"

Nobody bothered to answer that; hell, everybody knew that they were going back to Camp Gabriel. Mary Jesus came along the trail from the direction of the CP and squatted down by the cocoa fire in the last of the daylight. Mary was nineteen—hard as a keg of nails and cheery as a dark-complexioned Santa Claus. Everybody in George Company liked Mary—everybody except Finn Burke, and he didn't like anybody.

"Greetings, heroes," Mary said, grinning amiably. "What's the beef about or is it private?"

"No beef," Joe Hakari told him. Joe was a *nisei*—American-born Japanese—from Honolulu, and everybody liked Joe too. "I just have a very good thought. Maybe they are send Shanz back to Hawaii for the rest, eh? Then I get you a date with one swell girl, Mary. You like?"

"What's a girl?" Mary wanted to know.

"Maybe sometime I draw you a picture," Joe said, grinning. "I think maybe they send us to Hawaii because we are heroes. Did we not all volunteer for hazardous duty, eh?"

"I didn't do no volunteerin'," Mary said virtuously. "My old man was in the Army in World War One. He says to me, 'Mary, whatever you do, don't volunteer for nothing.' My old man's a smart cooky."

"If you didn't volunteer, how come you're here?" Thorn Healy demanded sourly. "Give us an answer to that."

"My first sergeant volunteered for me," Mary answered, unbothered. "We are on these maneuvers down in Louisiana and this night I am supposed to be guarding a bridge, see? Only I goof off and my first sergeant catches me. I am a great trial to him.

"'Mary,' he says to me very sad, 'what are the orders for a sentinel on this post?'

"'You can search me, sarge,' I tell him.

"Well, he is the kind that worries about things. 'Mary,' he says then, like it hurts him, 'I have tried hard to make a good soldier out of you, but I can see now that it is no use. The best thing for you to do is to volunteer.'

"'Volunteer for what, sarge?' I ask him.

"'Do not worry about for what, Mary,' he tells me. 'I will certainly keep you in mind for the next volunteerin' that comes along; it does not matter what.' So he does, and so here I am. Which, I figure, goes to show that it does not pay to goof off while you are guarding a bridge. Not in Louisiana, anyway."

Finn Burke said in his unpleasant voice, "Well, maybe you didn't volunteer, but I did, by damn! I volunteered for what they said I was volunteering for—one campaign until the monsoon comes. So the monsoon's come, so I go home or else!"

Nobody was listening, because a new sound had come into the evening now; the distant putt-putt-putt of a light plane coming in toward the landing strip. That would be Old Detestable returning from Sector with the orders that would take Shanz out of this stinking place.

It was Thorn Healy's voice which first broke the silence. "We're orphans," he said loudly. "We're expendable orphans! Five will get you ten that right now somebody is issuing orders that we'll go across the mountains and fight again. I got a feeling."

The new silence that greeted his words was as shocked as though he had uttered some unspeakable blasphemy. It was Finn Burke who finally answered in a choked voice. "You keep that croaking mouth of yours shut!" he said between his teeth. "Any more out of you and I'll bust the butt of this gun across your pointed head!"

He glared at Healy for a moment longer through the deepening shadows; then stomped away, his BAR slung from his shoulder by its mildewed strap. The silence hung on after he had gone.

It was a half hour later when a bulky shadow showed on the trail to the CP.

Mary Jesus, no levity in his voice now, murmured, "Here comes Garbo. He'll have the word."

First Sergeant Zeke Garbo came stolidly along the trail; if he had been shaken by the news he'd heard, he did not allow it to show in the gullies of his craggy face; he was a thick, graying man with twenty years of Regular Army service behind him. Now he came on to the fire.

"The lootenant wants to see all the platoon leaders at the CP," he said heavily, bringing his attention around to Willie Haw. "I guess that includes you now, Willie."

He could feel the tension in them as they waited. Well, there wasn't anything that he could do about it.

"O.K., so that includes me," Willie Haw was saying with a sort of restrained elation in his voice. "If he wants to see the platoon leaders, I guess that means we're moving back to Assam, huh?"

"I don't know nothing about Assam," First Sergeant Garbo answered. "All I know is that the officers are over at the major's CP an' Sergeant Major Wahlmeier passed me the word that we're marching to someplace by the name of Tingyong Ga."

For a brief moment a stunned silence greeted Zeke Garbo's words. Then Willie Haw, feeling the weight of the platoon pushing at him, demanded, with his voice suddenly angry, "Where's Tingyong Ga, for cripe's sake? I never even heard of the place!"

"There's lots of places you never heard of, Willie," Thorn Healy's voice said sarcastically out of the darkness. "I bet I can tell you where it is. It's across the mountains, and five will get you ten that Japs will be waiting for us there."

"You been there?"

"She'll be down in a minute. Would you care to come inside and loiter?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I don't need to of been there," Healy retorted, his voice rising bitterly. "We're orphans—I told you that, didn't I? Why the hell wouldn't they send us across the mountains?"

Archie Wahlmeier, sergeant major of Shanz Force's small headquarters, had set up the CP in the largest of the thatched *bashas* of the deserted village on the Langa Hka when the outfit had moved back from Mosan Ga. One end of the single, long, badly lighted room was reserved for the meager command arrangements and the gear of Frank Antioch and his exec, 1st Lt. Isaac Haussan. The other end housed the message center and the two radio sets—one long-range, to communicate with the rear echelon a hundred and fifty miles to the west; the other, an SCR 284, used for short-range work with the cargo planes which constituted Shanz's sole supply line.

The long-range set was fouled up again, and Bert Messner, the radio operator, had the shield off the thing and was swearing sourly to himself as he hunted for the trouble in the last of the daylight that came through the windows. If it was a burned-out tube, it would be just too bad, Bert was thinking, because he had no more spares. Sgt. Maj. Archie Wahlmeier leaned against one of the room's roof posts and watched interestedly.

"The Injuns did it better," he observed after a little.

"Did what better?" Bert demanded crossly.

"Sent messages," Archie answered in a bland voice. "You never seen a campfire that needed no new tube, did you?"

"Why don't you get lost?" Bert asked from between his teeth. "If you got to do something, light one of those lanterns and bring it here. Even a master sergeant ought to be able to do that without goofing it up, I should think."

"Temper, temper," Wahlmeier chided. "That's the trouble with you technicians; you're a gloomy lot."

He unhooked one of the two oil lanterns that hung by a wire from the ridgepole of the thatch, lighted it and carried it across to hold it at Messner's shoulder.

"You figure you really know what you're doing?" he wanted to know then. "Or are you just fiddling and hoping?"

"If I'd have known what I was doing two years ago, I'd still be back in West Haven, Vermont, sweeping out my old man's store," Bert retorted glumly. "Hold that thing higher, can't you? A glowworm would give out more light than it does."

"*Shine little glowworm, glimmer, glimmer* ——" Archie began to sing in a froglike voice. He broke it off to say, "I'll tell you a secret, boy. There's a mighty pretty little brown gal waiting for Master Sergeant Archibald H. Wahlmeier back at Camp Gabriel. It makes me feel good just to think how happy she's going to be to see me."

"I'll bet," Bert grunted. "Any girl that'd ——"

He stopped as the sound of a heavy step sounded on the bamboo platform outside the door and then Lt. Isaac Haussan, the exec, came in, stooping his six-foot-three frame to clear the low entry.

Archie Wahlmeier stiffened to attention; he was a man who polished an apple when he could. Haussan, who claimed to be the only Turkish Jew in the Army and who didn't give a tinker's damn about military courtesy or much of anything else, squinted from beneath the helmet he wore, then flapped a big hand.

"Set down, Archie," he grunted. "At ease, parade rest, fall out. It exhausts me to see a man of your age standing all at attention like that. It turns my corpuscles all tired."

"Yes, sir," Wahlmeier said warily—he'd never been quite able to figure this big, red-headed lieutenant out. "Is the major coming back from Sector tonight, sir?"

"Yup," Haussan said. "No objection, I hope?"

Shanz called Haussan "The Turk." He was a square-built man in his late twenties with curling red whiskers and icy gray eyes that seemed out of place above his easy chin. He'd built bridges in Mexico and sold whisky in Buenos Aires and hoboed through the forty-eight states and taught school in Merced, Arizona. It was pretty natural, everybody figured, that Turk Haussan should turn up in Shanz Force. And, despite his pseudo-staff job, Isaac Haussan had personally accounted for more Japs than any three other men in Shanz.

Archie Wahlmeier relaxed a little. "Sir, the major'll be bringing back orders for us to go to Camp Gabriel, won't he? There won't be any foul-up in that, do you think?"

Haussan built himself a cigarette out of brown paper and sack tobacco. "Archie," he said gravely, "foul-ups are indigenous to great democratic armies like our own. We must ignore them. Ours not to reason why; ours but to do and die. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, I believe."

"Yes, sir," Wahlmeier said, scowling in the smoky light as the shadows began to grow thicker in the long room.

Haussan squinted at Bert Messner through the smoke of his limp cigarette. "Sonny," he said, "could it be that any orders for First Lieutenant Isaac Abdul Haussan have recently come over that gossipy wireless box of yours?"

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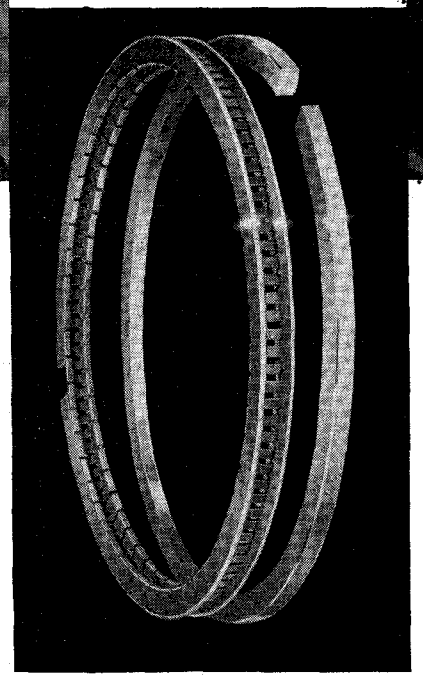

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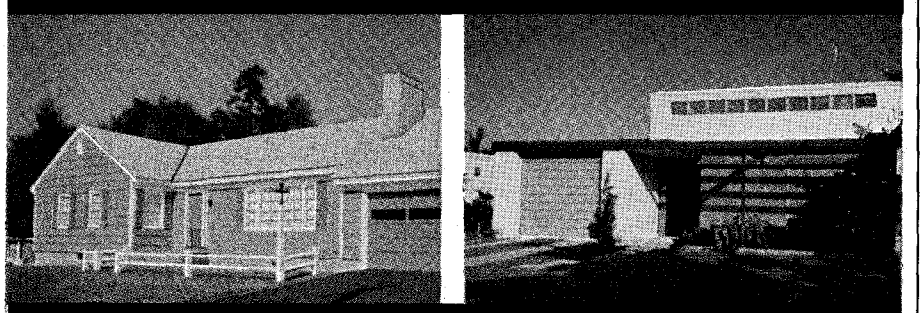

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COVER THE EARTH

Bert sat back on his heels and shook his head and grinned; he'd found the trouble and got it fixed and he felt better about things now. Besides, he liked Lieutenant Haussan.

"No, sir," he said. "I'd sure have told the lieutenant right away if those orders had come in."

Six weeks ago a bale of tattered magazines had been booted out of one of the cargo-carrying C-47's that supplied Shanz Force. In one of the periodicals the Turk had found a story about a lieutenant who, so everyone in Shanz wholeheartedly agreed, had the best job in the Pacific war. He was the only officer manning a weather station on an island where shapely and grass-skirted women outnumbered the male population three to one. The name of the place was Nua Nevi, and the Turk had loudly announced that he was putting in for a transfer there at once.

"Some personnel wallah, setting on his butt back in New Delhi, has doubtless goofed as usual," Haussan said without any particular rancor. "It's the way of personnel wallahs, I fear."

He stretched lazily; then walked to where his Tommy gun was slung from a post. He took it down, slid the clip out and tested the action; then loaded it again and hitched it over his shoulder.

"Going to the airstrip, Archie," he grunted to Wahlmeier. "Better have the officers assembled here when I get back with the major. I got a hunch that something's cooking."

Somehow, Archie Wahlmeier didn't like the sound of that.

The L-5 touched wheels to the rough runway of the strip, bounced and then settled down to jolt on to a stop. Frank Antioch climbed out in the gathering darkness. He slung his musette bag and carbine, and said a last word to the pilot, "Head on back, Panucci. And thanks for the ride."

He waved a hand and turned away and saw Turk Haussan coming toward him out of the shadows. It was going to rain again tonight, he thought absently. Rain would make the march over the Kugans harder.

"Howdy, skipper," Haussan said quietly, falling into step at his side. "Welcome back. How'd it go?"

"Not good, Turk," Antioch told the other soberly.

"We don't go back?"

"We go across the Kugans to take an airfield at a place called Tingyong Ga on the big river," Antioch said in a flat voice. "We've got seven days to do the job in."

For a moment Haussan said nothing as the two of them moved along the trail cut through the *kunai* grass, but each knew what the other was thinking: *Now Shanz really has had it.*

It was twenty minutes later when the officers filed through the *basha's* doorway and gathered around the map that Haussan was marking on the rude map table. Frank Antioch stood there with the smoky light of the lanterns limning his face as he looked impassively at each of them in turn. They returned his look with stony eyes, because the grapevine had already passed the word—Shanz wasn't going back. They were damning him, and he couldn't blame them, Antioch was thinking; he knew too well the toll that the last three months had taken from the officers and men who remained in Shanz.

Because you not only fought the Jap here in North Burma; you fought the country, too, and the country was a bitter antagonist. There was the malaria and the dysentery and the mite typhus which could kill a man in almost a matter of hours. There were blood-sucking leeches that dropped on you out of the trees, and there were the poisonous black flies and the buffalo gnats and the mosquitoes. There was the slow debilitation of living for weeks on K rations, and marching always hungry. There was the heat and the rain.

All that was running through Antioch's mind as he looked at the gaunt faces of the officers in front of him. Yet, somehow, he had to take Shanz through Akyna Pass, six thousand feet up, and down the other side of the mountains to the big river. And, at the end of that killing march, Shanz had to fight.

His mouth flattened out in the yellow light. *I'll lead them as far as I can,* he thought tiredly. *After that, if I have to, I'll take them the rest of the way with the whip. God forbid.*

His words were clipped as he started to speak. "Shanz marches tomorrow, gentlemen. We will cross the Kugan range by the Akyna gap to seize and hold the airfield at Tingyong Ga, where we will be reinforced by air on the fifth. Our mission is to spearhead the advance of the Chinese divisions which will hit the Jap main body at Singyang. I've called for an air drop of rations, grain and ammo early tomorrow morning. We'll move out as soon as it has been loaded onto the mules. Any questions?"

Silence held the officers in front of Antioch for a moment, so that he was acutely aware of the first drops of the rain which were beginning to patter on the thatch. Then Simmonds, the senior of the two captains left, who commanded Fox Company, pushed forward a little with his heavy face dark with anger.

"Fox couldn't march five miles on a flat parade ground right now, Antioch!" he said, his voice shaking. "And you expect it to march over those damned mountains? Why? I want to know!"

"You've got that right, Jim," Antioch told him quietly. He repeated, then, the things that the Old Man had said this morning.

The hammer of the rain was heavier on the thatch as he finished; he looked soberly back at them in the smoky light.

Ned Huddleston was the one who spoke first. He touched his neat mustache and adjusted his hat. "Well, that sure takes the pants off the baby," he said above the drum of the rain. "Seems the hero business is getting rough. George will be ready to move out when you say, skipper."

That broke it, and Antioch felt a warm thread begin to run in him now. These were soldiers above the ordinary breed despite the ragged fatigues that they wore and the ravages that showed in their faces. Jim Simmonds mopped the sweat from his face.

He said heavily, "Fox'll be ready," and the same word ran through the circle. For a moment Antioch looked back at them, making no attempt to hide the pride and affection that he felt.

"I knew I could count on that," he said quietly. "The Old Man knew it too. I'll fill you in on the details, gentlemen."

His voice dropped back into clipped accents as he pointed out the route that Shanz would take—a Kachin trail, long unused, which led up through Akyna Pass and down the other side to bring them out finally at Tingyong Ga. There they'd seize the airfield; hold it until the Old Man could bring in Chinese reinforcements by air. That done, the Japs would be caught in a pinchers by the Chinese divisions marching down the valley, and North Burma would be won.

"So it's the old game again," Ned Huddleston murmured. "We're the anvil against which the Old Man cracks the Japs. Be a hell of a note if the anvil cracked first, skipper."

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"It's a rough chore," Antioch agreed flatly, and turned to Pete O'Fannion, who had the combat train. "The air drop should come in about nine hundred, Pete. We'll get another at the pass Sunday. Save four of your mules for Doc Gregg's medical stuff and the radios. Figure on packing rations and grain for three days. I want the rest of the animals loaded with all the ammo they can tote. We don't know how soon we may have to fight after we reach the pass and, if the air drop there is fouled up, we can still fight hungry; we can't fight without ammunition. Got it?"

"I got it," Pete O'Fannion grunted.

Antioch was aware, then, that Bert Messner was at his elbow, and he guessed that some sort of urgent message had come in—Messner had been working his regular schedule with the rear echelon while the conference had been going on.

"What is it, Messner?" Antioch asked sharply.

"A priority message just come through, sir," Messner said, loud enough so that they all heard. "Rear echelon says I'm to hold the schedule open for new orders that will be coming through from New Delhi."

Frank Antioch saw the quick flicker of hope that ran across the faces of the officers in front of him. New orders could mean that the march to Tingyong Ga was canceled.

But he knew what he had to do, Antioch thought grimly. He hadn't forgotten those last words that the Old Man had spoken to him: "The orders I have just given you are not to be countermanded by anyone—not by anyone!" And any new orders coming now from New Delhi would not be from the Old Man, because he was already on his way into China.

Antioch picked up his carbine from where it was leaning against the map table; then he moved with a deliberate step past the watching officers to where the long-range radio sat at the back end of the *basha*.

The shield was still removed from the set and, taking his time in the hushed room, he smashed the carbine's butt again and again into the vitals of the instrument, until the thing was dead. Then, in a quiet like that of a funeral parlor, he marched as deliberately back to turn and face his officers again.

"I'm afraid that we've no longer got contact with the rear echelon," he said tightly. "This country is hard on radios."

Willie Haw was wakened a little before dawn by the noise that the recon platoon made moving out—Lieutenant Zimmer and his twenty-odd men who would scout the trail ahead of Shanz. The rain had stopped and it would be another of those North Burma days, Willie was thinking; hot as the inside of a camel and muggy as a Turkish bath. Presently he got up and wandered down to the river to splash tepid water over his face in lieu of a shave—he'd lost his razor at Mosan Ga.

Most of Two Platoon were hunkered down, digging morosely at K rations when he came back to the company area. He didn't see Finn Burke with the others and, at first, that made no impression on him. Then he remembered the crazy things that Burke had been saying last night, and he'd better check up, Willie decided.

"You seen Burke?" he yelled at Thorn Healy.

The latter spooned a hunk of egg and meat out of a can and chewed it with distaste. "Naw," he answered through the mouthful. "I ain't seen him. He told you he was going over the hill, didn't he? I bet he's halfway back to Ledo by now."

Willie scowled and moved on. Mary Jesus hadn't seen Burke; neither had Joe Hakari nor anybody else that Willie asked. The conviction was beginning to grow in Willie now that Finn had meant what he said last night, and had taken off when he'd heard that Shanz was going to Tingyong Ga. That would be shirking hazardous duty, and desertion, and he'd better dump this in Garbo's lap.

First Sergeant Garbo wasn't at the CP, but Lieutenant Huddleston was there. Willie halted in front of him and turned out a flappy salute.

"Not necessary, you know, Willie," Huddleston said, giving Sergeant Haw his choir-boy smile. "The salute, I mean. Quite content to dispense with the amenities at such an early hour, myself. What's on your mind? No bad news from home, I hope? No 'Dear John' letters from the little woman in the morning mail?"

"No, sir," Willie said woodenly. "I think that Private Burke has gone over the hill, lieutenant."

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"We can call in Doctor Peterson—Harold hasn't bitten him yet."

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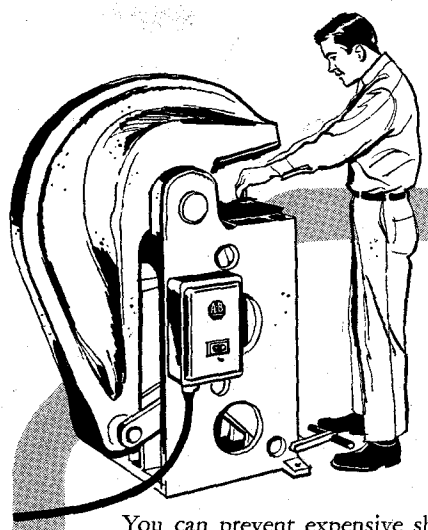

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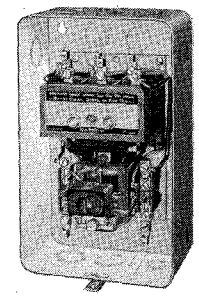

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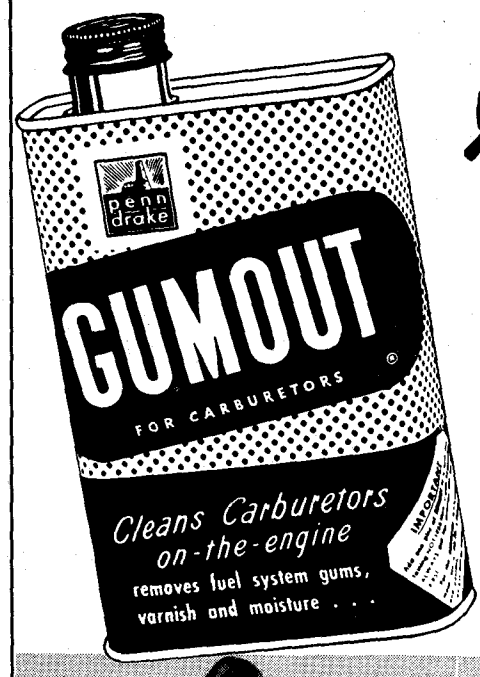

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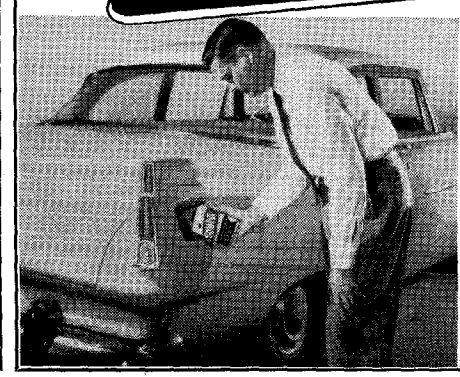

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"Interesting," Huddleston murmured. "Could you possibly be more specific, Willie? Over which hill?"

Willie pasted a glum grin onto his face and relaxed a little. "Any hill that don't have no Japs behind it, I guess, lieutenant," he said. "Burke was talkin' about going over the hill last night, but I just thought he was shooting off his mouth. Now it looks like I was wrong. Nobody has seen him around this morning."

"Y'know," Huddleston drawled, "if it was left to me, I'd say that Burke was a smart cooky. Going over the hill has got a lot of merit under the circumstances. Come to think of it, I wouldn't mind going over the hill, myself. However, it won't do. Positively won't do. Such conduct pricks one of the Army's most sacred cows, so we'd better take steps, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, sir," Willie said in a vague voice; then added, "I figure he's hid out down by the airstrip, hoping to catch a ride out when the L-Fives come in after Doc Gregg's sick cases this morning."

"Quite," Huddleston said, but a rough note had crept into his drawl now. "Take whatever number of men you need and round him up, sergeant. If you have to shoot him in the process, then shoot him! It'll save me the trouble of standing him before a wall and shooting him later, which is exactly what I'll do if I find he's really deserted."

"Yes, sir," Willie Haw said, and this time he put a full snap into his salute as he turned away.

He was damned if he could figure that guy out, he was thinking as he went. One thing he knew—you'd sure better not let Natty Ned's slap-happy way fool you or you could find yourself walking down the road with your head under your arm. At Mosan Ga, Willie had seen Lieutenant Huddleston put a bayonet into three Japs in a row with the nonchalance of a man sticking a posy into his buttonhole.

The air drop came in at 0915, the C-47's suddenly appearing over the ridges beyond the river and coming on like great dun birds as they headed for the panel signals that Lt. Pete O'Fannion's combat-train crew had laid out for them. O'Fannion was a lanky Texan who understood mules, and he commanded the combat train—sixty-two men and seventy-three jugheads on the animal report this morning. He watched the C-47's, and presently Butch Marley, his head muleteer, came to squat beside him. Butch wore an eagle feather rakishly thrust into the crown of his sloppy fatigue hat, Pete noted absently.

"Had to shoot the Grable mule," Butch grunted. "Tallulah kicks her and busts her leg. That Tallulah's got a mean disposition."

O'Fannion nodded and chewed on a twig. The lead C-47 began to vomit dark bundles which plummeted down toward the drop zone and were yanked up by their parachutes. The other ships followed in train.

"Get to loading," Pete said. "We got to put this show on the road by eleven hundred, the Turk says."

Butch Marley took off his eagle-feathered denim hat and wiped the sweat from his bald head. "What do we do about the Grable mule that we ain't got, lieutenant? Leave a load of thirty-caliber stuff behind?"

"We leave rations behind," O'Fannion grunted. "The ammo goes."

"So we march hungry again," Butch mumbled ruefully, hitching at the rope which served him for a belt. "When I think of all them big, juicy steaks I used to eat back in Jersey City ——"

"Forget Jersey City," O'Fannion said. Four L-4's were coming in from the west now—probably to evacuate Doc Gregg's sick, Pete guessed. "It's a good bet you'll never see Jersey City again. Let's get those damned jugheads loaded up."

Bert Messner came into the *basha* to say, "L-Fours coming into the airstrip now, major."

Frank Antioch buckled the strap of his musette bag, his mind still on what he'd written to his wife—he'd got into the habit of scrawling a few lines whenever he could. It seemed to bring Karen closer, somehow. She was small and vivid and alive, and he missed her like hell; they'd had only two years together when the war had come along.

. . . *We're moving out again today. A small operation and one you'll never read about in the papers back home; yet I believe that it is important. The men have taken their disappointment well—I find it hard to put on paper the admiration I have for all of them. Good-by for now, darling. I love you.* . . .

"O.K., let's go," he said to Bert Messner.

They took the trail that wound through the *kunai* grass along the river and came presently to the airstrip and the drop zone. One of the L-4's had landed; the three others were circling for their turn. They would take out the four men that Doc Gregg had said were too sick to make the march.

Doc Gregg came to meet Antioch now. He was a big, red-faced man with an explosive temper and hands as gentle as any woman's when they needed to be. "Morning, Frank," he said. "I see that our puddle-jumping evacuation system is working O.K." He jerked his head toward the landing planes and led the way toward the four makeshift litters lying in the shade at the edge of the *kunai* grass.

"How are they doing, doc?" Antioch asked quietly as they neared the litters. "Will they all pull through?"

"Probably—once they get back to a hospital and decent care," Doc Gregg said impatiently. "The Nelson kid's the worst; it'll be touch and go with him. At that, they're the lucky ones. They're going out. I wish to God I could say as much for the rest of Shanz!"

"You can't," Antioch told him curtly. "You know the reason why. Let it go at that, doc. I'd like to say a word to them. They've earned a pat on the back even if it doesn't add up to anything."

Gregg bit down on the stem of his battered pipe and gave Antioch a sidelong glance. *I wonder if he really doesn't know that these people would rather have a word from him than a trunkful of medals from anybody else*, Gregg was thinking. *That counts me in too.*

"Make it short," he growled to cover his thoughts. "I want to start getting them loaded and out of here."

He stood a little apart and watched as Antioch paused to crouch beside each of the first three litters, say a few words and move on. The last of the L-4's had landed now, its engine back-firing as it taxied across the strip. Its door opened and a passenger climbed down into the dust, and Gregg saw the flash of the sun on polished brass and knew that it was an officer. He watched as the newcomer spoke to Pete O'Fannion, and Pete pointed, and the stranger wheeled and came across the uneven ground, marching precisely and slapping his leg with a swagger stick. *Like he's passing in review before some blasted general*, doc thought sourly, and turned his attention back to Antioch.

The latter was beside young Nelson's litter now, balancing himself on his toes as he looked down at the boy. Just a kid, as Doc Gregg had said, Antioch thought as he noted the hollow cheeks beneath the peach fuzz of eighteen, the big eyes in the wasted face.

"How do you feel, son?" he asked gently.

"Fine, sir," the kid said in a shaky voice. "I'm all right, major. I'd like to go with Fox Company if the major'll——"

"Sure," Antioch told him. "I know you would. Just take it easy back in the hospital for a little while; then you'll be up with Fox again. We'll be glad to have you back."

The relief and gratitude that came into the kid's eyes was too much for Antioch, and he stood up abruptly; slung the carbine from his shoulder again.

"Good luck, sir," the kid said in a voice so low that Antioch barely heard. "I'll sure be back."

How could you lose with kids like that? That was the thought that was running through Antioch's mind as he turned away and saw that a tall officer was coming toward him. He moved on out to meet the other with the premonition of trouble a strong taste in his mouth now. Doc Gregg was starting to move his patients across toward the waiting L-4's as Antioch and the stranger met.

A full colonel, Frank noted in the instant before the other spoke. One typical of the type he'd seen back in Sector headquarters yesterday morning. Stiffly starched khaki and the insigne of the General Staff and even a swagger stick, by the Lord Harry! A round-faced man of about his own age, Antioch guessed; they must promote faster in New Delhi and Ceylon than they did up here in North Burma, he decided, with a flash of wry amusement. Not that it mattered.

The colonel halted a few feet away and looked at Antioch now with cold, impersonal eyes. "You are Major Antioch?" he asked in clipped accents. "Commanding Shanz Force?"

"That's right, sir," Antioch answered quietly. "Our radio went out last night, we had no word that we should expect a visitor from the General Staff here this morning. And you'll have to overlook the confusion. Shanz is moving out in a few minutes now."

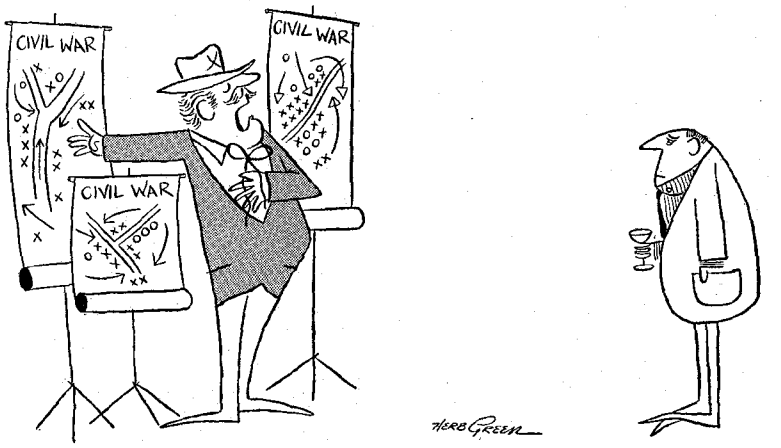
Perhaps he should click his heels together and turn out a snappy salute. The General Staff was particular about things like that, Antioch thought sardonically. Then he saw the tight, pursed look that had appeared on the other's mouth and decided that he wouldn't bother. He hadn't missed the disdainful stare in the colonel's eyes as they had taken in the dented helmet and torn denims. So, the hell with it; he was going to have trouble with this joker, and it might as well be now as later, Frank Antioch decided.

"Shanz Force will remain where it is, major," the colonel was saying now in a precise voice as irritating as a nail scraped across a slate. "You will issue the necessary orders at once."

He'd been expecting something like this, the back of Antioch's mind told him tiredly. He kept his temper to say, "I take my orders from General Parsons, not from staff officers, colonel. Shanz marches."

He didn't miss the flicker of malice in the other's eyes. "I am Colonel Clay Ashmiller," the latter said coldly, "and I am not here on a staff mission. I am here to assume command of Shanz Force. You are relieved of such command at once, major."

TO BE CONTINUED



The Perfect Squelch

Colonel Harwood, a professional Southerner, was having a wonderful, windy time at a Chicago party, telling a group of young people all about the Civil War.

Ignoring their politely restrained impatience, the colonel hammered out his usual endless and pointless lecture on how things should have been.

When one weary young man tried to terminate the monologue by mentioning that he had gone to college in the South, and therefore knew something of its problems, the colonel started a fresh lecture.

"You have lived in the South, young man," he said finally. "You know its people. You know what they've been through. Now tell me, if another Civil War were fought, what would you do?"

"Sir," the young man said cheerfully, "I'd move to California and watch it on television."

Thomas N. Puschak

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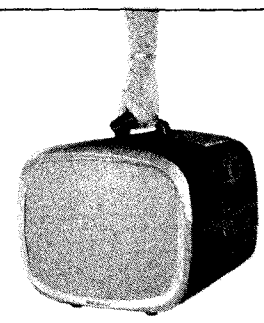

Lowest price top performer in its class. New "Mirror-Sharp" picture, "Flight-Line" tapered design. Really easy to carry. Ideal second set. Ebony finish.
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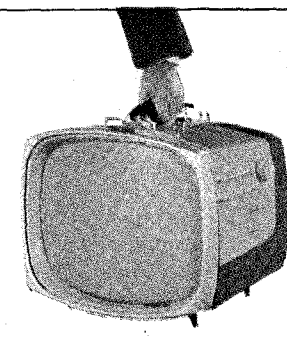
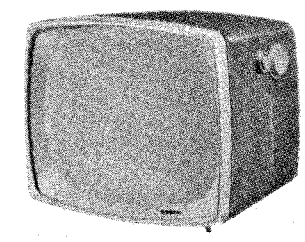


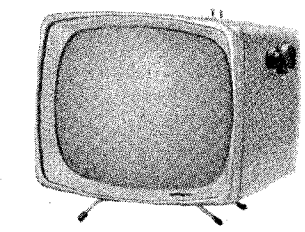
Light, yet has powerful console-like performance. Deluxe styling, V-type telescoping antenna. Has finger-tip balance handle. Blue-and-gray finish.
17PD809 (156 sq. in. viewable picture)

BIG-PICTURE TABLE SET $179.95



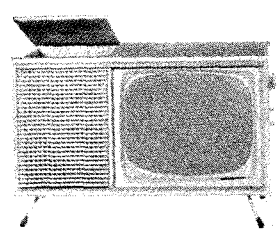
Budget-priced, big screen. It saves space, helps decorate. Slim taper cabinet fits places TV couldn't go before. Walnut grained finish (shown), extra.
21T822 (262 sq. in. viewable picture)

SWIVEL TABLE SET $219.95



One touch and this TV turns to face any part of your room. Full-size telescoping antenna. Has "One-Touch" on-off control. Limed oak grained finish.
21T824 (262 sq. in. viewable picture)

TV-PHONO COMBINATION $239.95



Two-in-one value here—table TV plus "Victrola"® 45 record player in compact cabinet. Features extra-large speaker. In limed oak grained finish.
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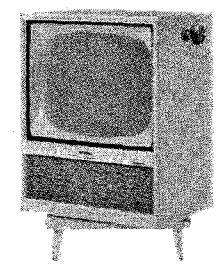
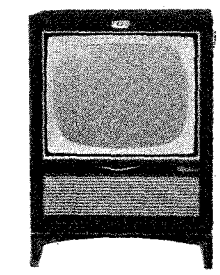
SPACE-SAVING CONSOLE $269.95



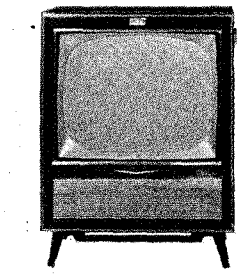
Lean and clean—saves up to 9½" floor space. Swivels at a touch. "Mirror-Sharp" picture and Balanced Fidelity FM Sound. Limed oak grained finish.
21T839 (262 sq. in. viewable picture)

TV WITH EXTRAS $349.95



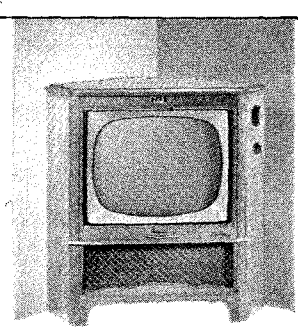
This handsome console has 3 speakers, light-up channel indicator, tone control, phono-jack for record player. Saves space. Mahogany grained finish.
21D852 (262 sq. in. viewable picture)

BIGGEST PICTURE TV $369.50



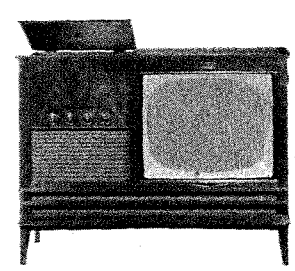
For the larger room—RCA Victor TV with 24" overall diag. picture, 3 speakers. Slim cabinet saves space as never before. Mahogany grained finish.
24D865 (332 sq. in. viewable picture)

FITS INTO CORNERS $379.50



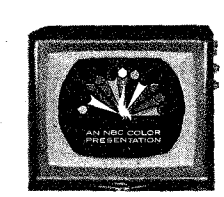
RCA Victor "Custom-Corner" TV saves space, gives room-wide viewing. 3 speakers, tone control, Provincial in genuine birch veneers and solids.
21D862 (262 sq. in. viewable picture)

TV PLUS HIGH FIDELITY $550.00



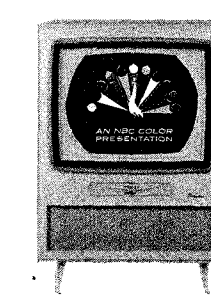
See, hear the difference. This TV has 4-speed "Victrola," 5 speakers, true high fidelity system. Plug-in jacks for attachments. Walnut veneers and solids.
21VF869 (262 sq. in. viewable picture)

COLOR TV TABLE SET $550.00



New *Mark Series* RCA Victor Color TV —*with tinted safety glass, aluminized* picture tube, simplified "Color-Quick" tuning. In mahogany grained finish.
21CD872 (260 sq. in. viewable picture)

COLOR TV CONSOLE $645.00



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21CT785 (254 sq. in. viewable picture)

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The Land That Time Forgot

(Continued from Page 21)

really thinking that it was one of the largest islands in the world, and that, at the time, it contained half a million Stone Age people nobody but a handful of strangers had ever seen before. Very few people have seen them to this day. I have been one of the fortunate few.

These people saw aircraft before they saw white men. Because the airplane opened up what is modern, if still Stone Age, New Guinea to an exploitation which makes it coveted by the Japanese, the Dutch, the Australians, the Indonesians and anybody else with an eye to virgin soil.

Fabulous amounts of gold were mined at Edie Creek near Wau and Bulolo before the war, and the entire operation was conducted by aircraft. There is one thriving town called Goroka in the freshly discovered Highlands in which everything, from the Bank of New South Wales to the airstrip, was flown in. It is a town surrounded by natives today who still look under the plane to see if it is male or female, and who bring it *kaukau*—sweet potatoes—to eat. New Guinea is a land of hot, malarial coast, a few cool cloud-hung valleys; the rest is mountain. It took aircraft to make these verdant valleys profitable and desirable.

New Guinea is cut into three parts—Papua, which is Australian territory, the northeast sector which is under a U.N. trusteeship administered by Australia, and the western half, which belongs to the Dutch against the day the Indonesians take it. The United Nations trustee third belonged to the Germans before World War I, and has been under Australian supervision since 1921.

Orme Denny and Mick Leahy got to laughing about the one-day delay in the discovery of Shangri-La.

"My kid brother Danny and I were hot to get cracking to see what was over that wall of mountains in the dim distance," Mick Leahy said. "But we were leaving Jim, my other brother, behind with Ken Spinks, the surveyor. We didn't have enough guns, and the natives were pretty tricky. I already had a bash on the head, and my elder brother, Pat, an arrow in the lungs. We were waiting for Orme here to bring us some extra artillery."

"I got forced down in the Markham Valley," Captain Denny said. "A little less luck and you might never have seen your paradise. It was touch-and-go there for a minute."

"You weren't having much luck with that run then, were you?" Leahy asked. "I seem to remember you scared the daylights out of the first native you ever flew down to Lae from Bena Bena."

"No, it wasn't the native who was scared, it was me," Denny said. "He thought all aircraft landed that way, more or less upside down. I knew better."

In January of 1933, Mick Leahy was no complete stranger to the frontier of Bena Bena, gateway to the as-yet-undiscovered vast Highlands. He and a man named Mick Dwyer, still scouting unexplored land for gold—gold to match the fabulous Edie Creek—came up the Markham River in 1930 and penetrated unexplored country, discovering the Purari River. They crossed the Bismarck Mountain range and came into country no white man had ever seen.

They literally traversed the island, following wrong-end-to river systems, and emerged, to their vast surprise, in Papua, on a journey which will never be duplicated. The next year, they backtracked and came to the actual threshold of the Highlands, discovering a river called the Bena Bena, and a horde of new, fierce natives. They found some gold in the Bena Bena, and considerable arrows, plus some intervening arrows in the Wau-Bulolo area, where the Edie Creek strike was located. That's where Mick collected his deaf ear from the Kukukuku clubs.

The meager gold in Bena Bena petered out and Mick got restless. He kept looking over mountains. On the tenth of January, the Australian Columbus and his chief mate, Brother Danny, nineteen, set off to find a new world—a new world today which has a mountain at 13,000 feet named Mount Daniel, and another at 14,300 feet named Mount Leahy.

Quoting Colin Simpson, the Australian expert on New Guinea: "They looked out through this gap and saw, not another range walling the horizon to the west, but what was like a corridor in the mountains. One side, the north, was a steep limestone escarpment and the other a great slanted wall of grassed ridges. Looking through this westward corridor, Mick Leahy saw his valley. It opened out wide at the end of the corridor and appeared to extend on indefinitely."

Jim Taylor, then an assistant district officer, met them as they turned back, to make a full-scale expedition. After aerial surveys of the thirty-mile-wide, sixty-mile-long valley were made, Mick and Dan Leahy, Kenneth Spinks and Jim Taylor took some 100 native carriers, about thirty armed, and set off for the promised land.

By the tenth of April they had reached what is now called the Wahgi Valley, supposedly the most beautiful valley in New Guinea. The mountains are misty blue, surrounding rolling green plains. The Wahgi River twisted through the fields, which bore drainage ditches and patches of cultivation—cane and sweet potato. Tall palms and casuarinas made graceful oases. Tracks were bordered with highway markers of stone and artificial flowers—gladioli, coleus plants and waving cane. The people shouted, "*Chimbu!*" or "Hurrah!" as the caravan arrived, and bear that name, *Chimbu*, today.

The men were tall, wearing feathered headdresses from cassowary, cockatoo and bird of paradise, with long plumes and pig's tusks thrust through the nose. They carried no bows, but long, fancifully carved spears. They adorned themselves further with possum tails, green-beetle shells and much ocher paint.

They seemed a much nobler race than the fierce, stocky Bena Benas to the east, who were still practicing cannibals. The Chimbu later denied any acquaintance with "long pig." They had neatly landscaped plots of land, with artistic tree-and-flower arrangements around each oblong hut. They had built a sixty-yard suspension bridge across the Wahgi River. The clothing worn by the women was finely woven fiber mixed with possum fur in front and leafy petticoats behind. Men and women wore woven cane belts.

In addition, the men carried what is now known as the "Hagen ax," a beautifully ground blade of greenstone set in tightly woven cane over a haft of natural tree root. Some carried adzes of a tougher stone. Their knives were of sharp-edged bamboo and cassowary thigh bones. Both men and women were well proportioned and handsome, lighter in color than the other natives, with heads less sunken into chests and smaller in proportion to body size.

There was quite a commotion as the natives gathered round their first white visitors. One big bearded chap stepped forward, made airplane noises, whirled his arms and pointed to the sky. They had seen the plane and connected it with the strangers. The women began to wail, and suddenly started grabbing the porters. It dawned on the white men that the Chimbu people thought they were reincarnations of dead relatives, come again to life from the sky. The white men were recognized as dead fathers, tribal leaders, husbands. The black men were recognized as sons, as well as husbands and cousins.

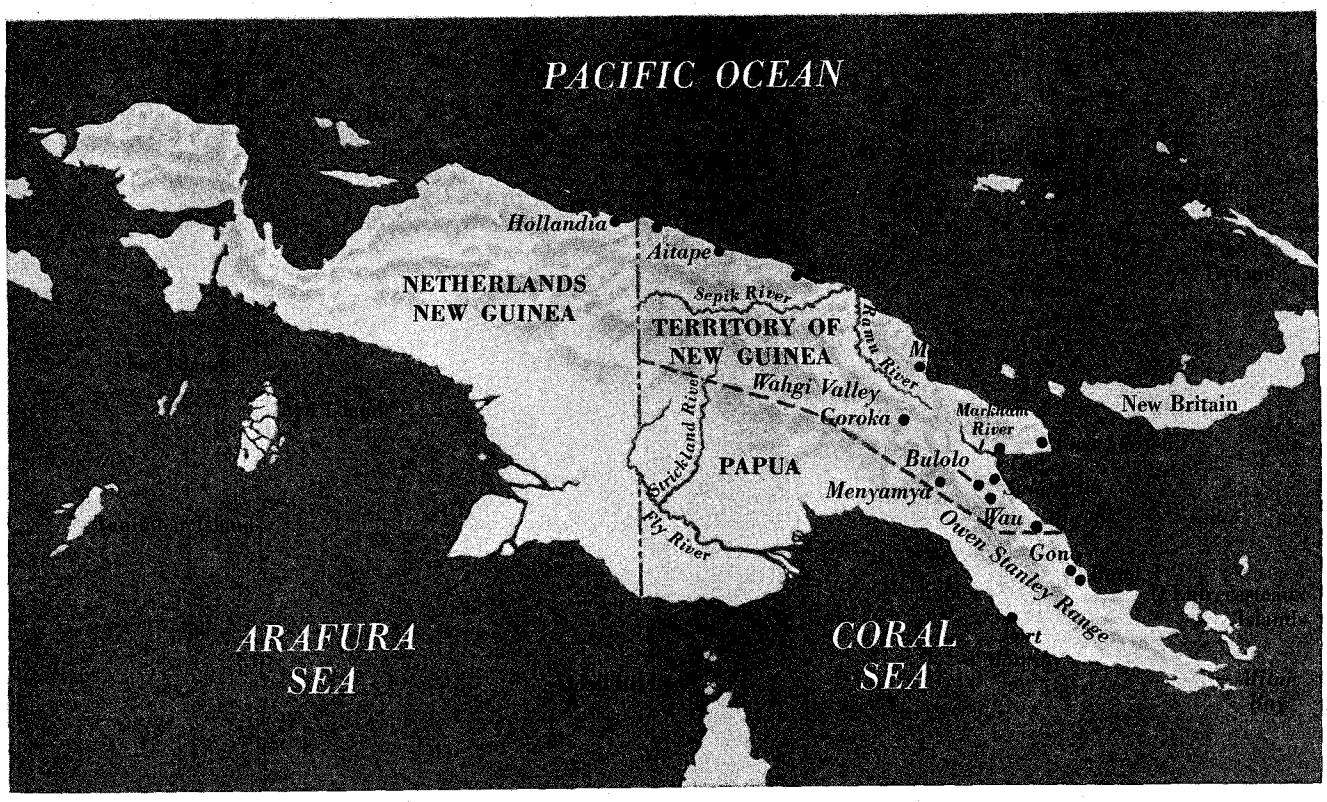
There was a spot of bother when the newcomers began to clear a piece of ground for a landing strip. The Chimbus evidently thought that the visitors had come to steal land, and began to wave spears menacingly. Taylor, who seems to have had a wondrous way with natives, calmed them down, and they made a rude strip and sent up smoke signals, as per former agreement with Bena Bena, for a small plane to come.

The plane—a Fox Moth—came in, and as it bumped to a halt, hundreds of natives moaned and fell to the ground.

Quoting from Colin Simpson: "Mick Leahy relaxed his sweating hands and looked around him. The natives began to raise their heads for a better view. Then the pilot, Ian Grabowski, one of the tallest men in New Guinea, climbed out of the cockpit, covered from head to foot in shining white. He was wearing a white flying suit and white helmet, with large square-cut green goggles—he looked like an artist's conception of a man from Mars. The natives simply flattened into the ground and moaned, and for some moments were frightened to look upon the white giant from the skies, lest the sight strike them dead."

On April 14, 1933, the explorers pushed on toward what seemed to be another tremendous valley, traveling on the south side of the river and occasionally swimming its tributaries. There were other rivers and swamps, and what seemed a low divide, but smack ahead was a mile-high mountain that they suspected was the principal peak of the Hagen Range, sighted by Germans from the Sepik River side. It was named Mount Hagen after the president of Germany's New Guinea Company.

They came, after struggling through high, wet *kunai* grass and swamp, to another large village, more colorfully landscaped than the last, with at least 1000 people to meet them. They were peaceful enough, and again an explanation of the courier plane was made and a field leveled. The plane came in with news of trouble in the other camp, where they had left a prize crew under Dan Leahy. The natives had got nasty and were threatening to kill the skeleton force. Taylor went back to sort out the trouble, and Leahy—soon joined again by Brother Danny—trekked to the top of Mount Jaka, a walk of some twelve days to climb up a 7200-foot hill and return to base. They found a river called Ogumatz, which fed the Wahgi, and continuous settlements of natives, similar in appearance, but becoming increasingly more expert in landscape gardening and broad agriculture. (*Continued on Page 100*)



The Leahy brothers discovered 500,000 unknown people in the Wahgi Valley area of New Guinea, which became a U.N. Trusteeship after World War II.

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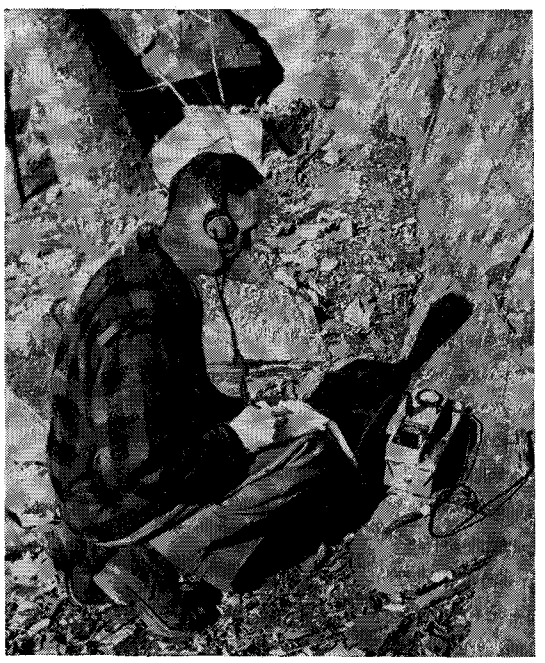
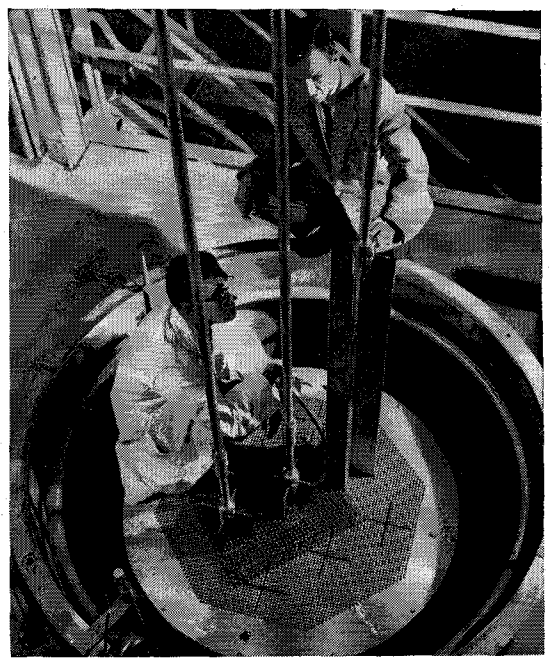
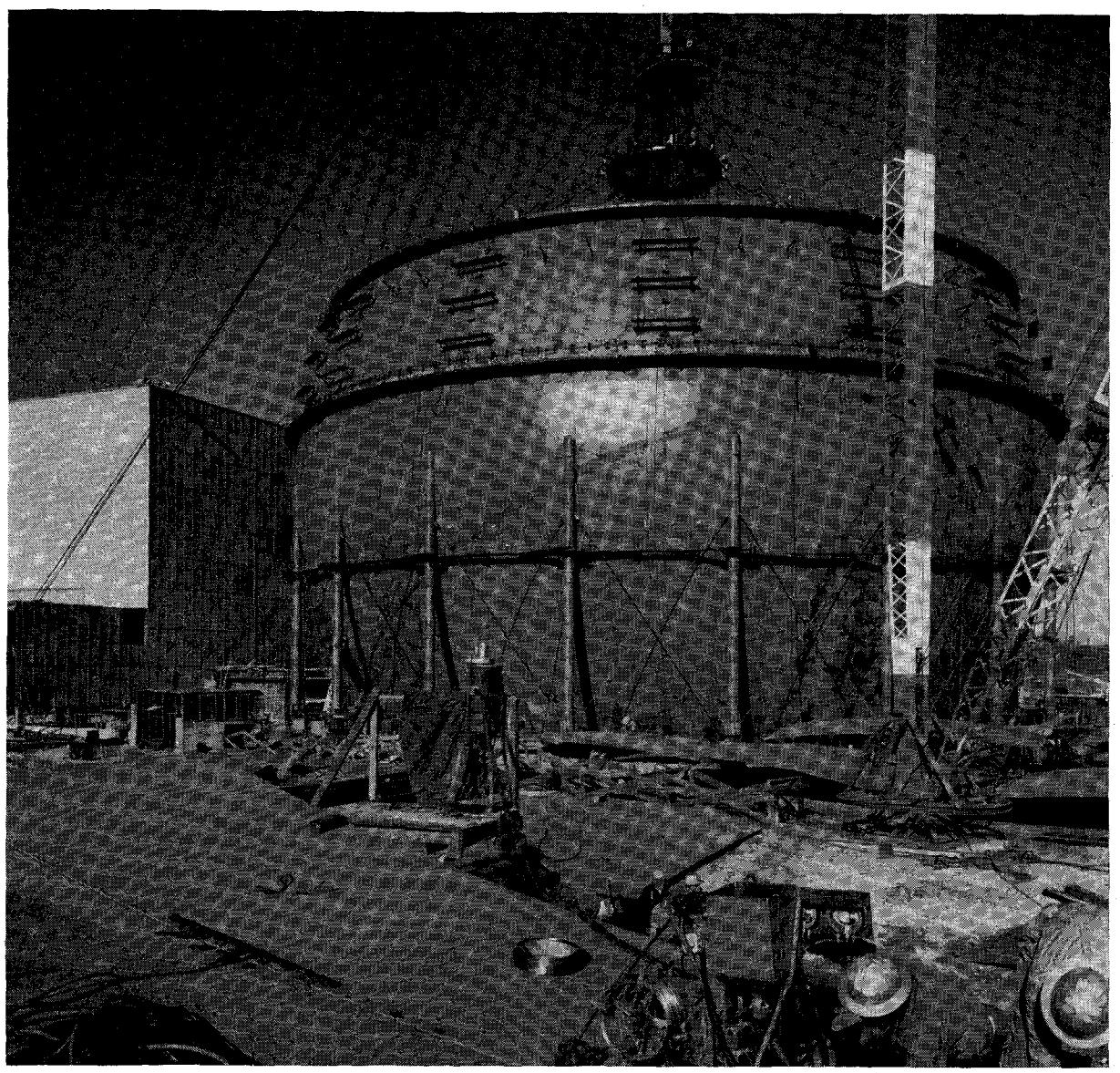
Where does atomic-electric power come from?



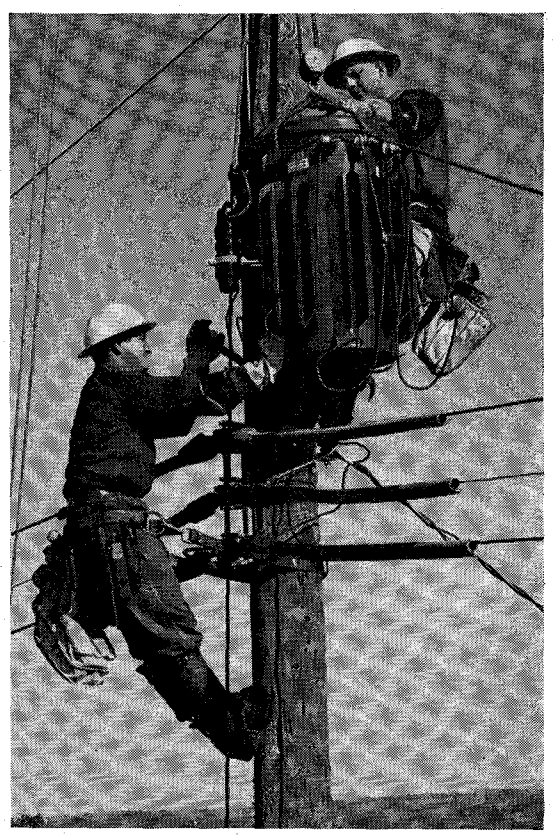
1 It starts with uranium ores that prospectors like this man discover in out-of-the-way places in many parts of the world.



2 It grows out of new tools and equipment like this reactor assembly built by Westinghouse for testing atomic fuel element designs. These are developed, constructed and tested by engineers and scientists of electric companies and manufacturers, in co-operation with the Atomic Energy Commission.



3 And finally, atomic-electric power comes from new kinds of electric plants that use atomic fuel made from the uranium. Such a plant is the one above, being developed near Chicago, Ill., by a number of local electric companies. Several others are being planned or built by electric power and light companies in many other parts of the country.



4 The electricity from an atom-powered plant is just like the electricity you use. The difference is in *producing* it. For at the present time, each plant has to be designed, developed and built as a "first of its kind"—a very expensive way that makes the electricity costly to produce. That's why hundreds of electric company people are devoting their know-how to discovering the best ways to make atomic electricity more economically in the future.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

(*Continued from Page 98*) After several backings and fillings, in which many of the porter line died of various fevers, they eventually climbed to the top of Mount Hagen, reaching the summit on July 5, 1933. Although its height was recorded as 12,500 feet, there was a well-used track right over the top. From the summit the party could see all of the Wahgi Valley, with its rivers and villages, gardens and trees and broad valleys on the other side, toward Papua. It was possible to see Mount Wilhelm, snow-capped; Mount Kubor, now called Mount Daniel, after young Leahy; Mount Michael; and Mount Giluwe in Papua.

Mick Leahy wrote: "The sunrise from Mount Hagen was a thing to be remembered and cherished all our lives."

Serious trouble with the natives didn't start until late August, although three porters had died of various illnesses, and there had been assorted mock attacks, armed threats and pilferings. Mick Leahy decided to go to Wau and straighten out a gold contract with New Guinea Goldfields for a prosperous-looking gold-bearing creek they named Ewunga, after one of the porters. Jim Taylor and Ken Spinks pushed back toward the east. They were traveling light, with only twelve Yamga guides and two police boys, leaving the bulk of the group at the main camp at Mount Hagen.

There was domestic trouble between two sides of the river in the middle Wahgi. Every group they met became more menacing. Various trade articles were stolen and the bully boys were gaining heart. About daylight, mobs pressed about Taylor's camp. The crowd was jamming ever closer, blocking exit. One fellow raised his spear, cocked it to throw, and Taylor reckoned things had gone far enough. He had laid his rifle on the ground, as a sign of peace, but the pressing throng still held onto their weapons. Taylor writes simply that he picked up his rifle, fired, killing the spearman, and dispersed the mob with several more volleys fired over their heads.

Taylor had got through the Chimbu, their first really new people, in a completely friendly manner, although thousands massed to see them, and although they had been followed all the way from the middle Wahgi by bands of boisterous, occasionally threatening warriors. Nearly back to the Bena Bena area, they were met by a fringe group who had been the first to shout welcome. Now they were sullen. When breaking camp next morning, one of the sullen watchers grabbed a bayonet from a police boy's sheath and ran off with it. The leader of the group raised his bow and aimed at Spinks. Taylor shouted, but somebody gibed at the bowman from behind him, and he tautened his bowstring again. Taylor fired and killed him. Spinks fired his revolver and the crowd dispersed. The warriors stopped a short distance away, but the dead man on the ground persuaded them to give up the effort.

Taylor and his men forged on toward the divide, running into truculent natives all the way, and he was forced to fire over their heads. They crossed the divide at around 9000 feet, and marched downward to what they called the Knob, near Bena Bena. The first patrol was over. Jim Taylor wrote, simply, as Columbus might have written:

"Many thousands of natives whose existence was previously unknown had been visited. A new mountain range and several new valleys had been discovered. And it is now reasonably certain that all rivers running south from the Bismarcks eventually join the Purari, the great Papuan river which enters the sea in the Gulf of Papua. And it is definitely established that the main range, which was hitherto believed to be a backbone of high, forest-clad, uninhabited mountains, is, in these parts at any rate, a cartographic myth. In its place is a fine grass upland region which may prove to be the best and most important part of the New Guinea of the future. It now remains for us to bring to the inhabitants the *Pax Britannica*."

The missions wasted little time in following the Leahy-Taylor footsteps. First in was a Roman Catholic mission. Father Alfons Schaefer, Father Cranssen and Brother Antonius built the first mission at a place called Bundi before the year was up. Father William Ross, of Orange, New Jersey, and Brother Eugene Frank, of Mount Carmel, Illinois, arrived in 1934. Unless he's moved lately, bearded little Father Ross is still there. By September of that year the Catholic mission had constructed a main mission among the Mogei people, and had also built ten substations. The Lutherans followed hotly behind, setting up shop near the site of the first airstrip.

There was no police protection for the men of God. Most of them wore perpetual pistols in addition to their crucifixes. The police post Taylor had established in 1933 was abandoned and remained abandoned for four years.

Grown accustomed to, and now somewhat contemptuous of, the white strangers with their odd ways, the natives bestirred themselves. Coming in from Bena Bena to Mount Hagen, Mick Leahy found the body of a new prospector, a Capt. Bernard McGrath, dead with an arrow through his chest, a cocked shotgun in his hands. On the same day a band of bowmen jumped out of the *kunai* grass and opened fire. Mick Leahy is succinct. In his report he says that the battle was "of short duration and gave the natives a fair idea of what a crime it is to kill a white man."

Mick told me on his front porch, "You could stretch humanity too far in the early days. We tried to avoid bloodshed when possible, but a man or so killed or wounded created a lasting impression, and saved ten times that much killing for the future. If you knuckled under and gave in to them, you had nothing but trouble in the future."

When the Leahys got to their Mount Hagen camp, the camp had been burned, the headman killed and all their supplies stolen or vandalized. Immediate word came that a German named Schmidt—eventually hanged for murdering natives—had sent his Bena Bena boys on without him, and eighteen had been murdered in hostile country.

In searching for gold in valleys beyond Mount Hagen, Mick and Dan Leahy had innumerable narrow corners, with Mick Leahy killing two natives and wounding several more. Dan Leahy was down with malaria, in one attack, and both brothers missed death by inches, as arrows showered a foot away. Sick as he was, Dan reacted swiftly with his rifle, and he and Mick scored a double.

Shortly thereafter, Father Charles Morschheuser was ambushed over a matter of three impounded pigs shot as "compensation" for hut burning. The missionary was able to kill two natives before he received two arrows, one in the chest, one in the throat, dying almost immediately. The American, Brother Eugene, also was ambushed by a swarm of the Gogolme tribe, and was hit by six arrows. He lived for eight days in a native hut before he was discovered, but was too far gone in gangrene to live.

Jim Taylor could see little sense to a punitive raid, since war was a pastime to these people, and death an honor. He set out to capture a block of them, which he did by trickery and the aid of friendly tribes. A few were killed in the process, but he was heavily successful in snaring sixty-seven. He walked them over the mountains to Salamaua on the coast.

They were not tried. It would have been useless—beyond their comprehension. So Taylor put them to work building houses for their own occupancy and working at odd tasks. They saw the white man with all his modern possessions, picked up some pidgin English and were returned to their relatives full of wonder at the white man's might and the futility of fighting him.

Today, the quiet, almost mystic Taylor sits in his *pit-pit*-thatched big house, poring over his accounts of his coffee plantation or playing with his children. Occasionally he hops into his jeep and goes over to visit his neighbor, hearty, convivial Jim Leahy, a big, white-maned man who has brought model modern farming to Goroka. Leahy grows coffee, raises cattle, has a pulping mill for passion fruit, a coffee refinery, fruit orchards and fancy geese. His house is built of fine *klinki*-pine plywood—flown in, of course—and is as modern as any ranch house in Southern California. Occasionally, George Greathead, the first district commissioner of the area, drops in for a drink or they all meet at the golf club to have a round and a snort with Ian Downs, who was one of the first district officers in the wilder Wahgi area, and who really brought first over-all peace to the natives. Then they might hop into a car and drive over the bridges Downs built, on the fine graded road that Downs caused to be built, to visit Dan Leahy at his farm at Mount Hagen.

Jim Taylor had written: "It now remains for us to bring to the inhabitants the *Pax Britannica*."

Taylor and his fellows succeeded in little more than a quarter century, starting from Stone Age scratch.

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles. The second will appear next week.

... ...

To a Man Gazing at a Girl Gazing at the Ocean

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

It's you who like to think,
As she looks out to sea,
That she is of the gods,
Patroness of the free.

Venus, Juno, Isis,
How brave she looks and
pure:
(She's fearful that the wind
May tangle her coiffure.)

Behold her classic stance!
Did Hera have such grace?
(She's looking in her
mirror,
Squinting at her face.)

For, though you see a
goddess,
Don't think she thinks
you're Pan.
You're working on a myth;
She's working on a man!

... ...

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Journey in the Dark (Continued from Page 22)

"Carruthers said, 'Tell him at Tannahac, the one place he really knows. Give him a week to adjust himself.'"

"And that boarding school—why does he have to go so soon?"

"Carruthers said ——"

"If you say 'Carruthers said' just once again, I'll scream."

"He says they have to be properly taught by specialists. Simon's perfectly healthy, he says. They're very happy there, he says."

"Simon won't be. He'll hate every minute of it. Besides, haven't I learned with Simon, and taught him properly?"

"Yes, darling; of course you have." Dad's voice was slow and deep and patient. "You've been wonderful. But it's wearing you out. You can't be tied to the house forever."

"I can, I can. I never want to leave the house. Why can't you understand? Why do you have to be so hard and cruel?"

There was a pause down there; and then dad, who was a kind, uncruel man, dad said, "Are you thinking of yourself, or Simon?"

Simon Hall went up the stairs and into his room and closed the door without a sound, and got into bed and thought, *They've just been pretending I'd get better. They knew it all along. It isn't me she's thinking of, it's her. Dad doesn't want me home. I'm no use to anyone.*

Simon saw the things that he would never see and do: He saw the jet planes in the sky. He saw trout rising on the stream. He saw a bike. He saw many things from the time before his eyes stopped working, which was two years ago, when he was nine. When Simon was ten, he could see a bit again, and everyone said to him, "That's great news, Simon." Then it was worse; then it was better, miles better; then it was just shapes and colors. "Be patient, Simon," they said to him. But now he was blinder than any bat, for keeps—that was what mum would try to tell him tomorrow. Well, he wouldn't let her tell him. And another thing—he wasn't going away to any school.

The frog still croaked in the quiet night. He heard the river, a small sound flowing on and on. He heard waves breaking at the shore. *The waves are like some watery clock*, he thought, *tick-break, tock-wash, on all the beaches around the world.* The waves were louder as Simon went to sleep.

"What time is it, dad?" There were five ponies in his dream, five boys on five ponies in a field.

"It's after eight, old sleepyhead. Wake up!"

"I'm awake," he said. "What kind of a morning is it?" It was a muggy, heavy-feeling morning; that was how it felt to him.

"Overcast. The glass is down to twenty-nine point two." Being a pretty famous pilot, dad always watched the weather. "Some heavy rain, they say, and thirty-mile winds in the afternoon. That's the tips of Hurricane Anna's fingers, Simon. But Anna heads east by north away from us; and that means no excuse for me to stay. I have to fly to the Coast tonight."

Then Simon Hall remembered. He remembered. *The Air Force is your family, not us;* and everything.

"Sorry, son," he heard his father say. "Just can't be helped. You'll have to look after the women for me."

He put a hand on Simon's head, and gave his hair a ruffle, but Simon shook his head away. He was thinking: *Me look after anyone?* And then he thought: *If dad would just stay today, it wouldn't be too bad; and we could practice on the buzzer, too, and* ——

"Keep on with the Morse code, Simon. That's a useful thing." It was funny how dad often seemed to think of the same things you were thinking. "What are you reading and sending now?"

"Reading ten, sending around twelve, I guess." But he said, "I'm fed up with buzzing."

"That's a useful thing," dad said again. There was a pause. Simon sensed his father standing near him, and uneasy. "You all right? No aches and pains?"

He shook his head. No aches and pains. "O.K.," he said.

"There's a man," said dad in his soldier's voice, and said good-by until next week, and went downstairs.

Simon dressed. The station wagon drove away. Fried flounder fillets was the breakfast smell. He and dad had caught twelve in the bay. Simon was as good at it as dad, except for taking out the hooks.

"Simon, you didn't brush your hair," his mother said. He did that, and came back to eat his cereal.

"Do be more careful, darling. You're slopping it around."

"No, thanks," he said about the flounder fillets. "Don't like flounder."

"Me too," said Jennifer. "I hate old flounder."

"You had three the last time," mum said to him. "Besides," she said, "you can't catch them unless you eat them. That isn't right."

"Sure can't eat 'em unless you catch 'em," Simon said. "'Tain't right neither."

Giggles across the table. "Gosh, you're funny," Jennifer said. But mum said he

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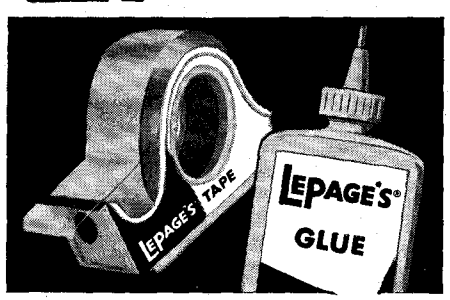

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wasn't funny. He had a slice of bread and strawberry jam instead of flounder. He wished he had had flounder.

"What's on this morning, darling?"

"Gotta job with Jim Kent," he said.

"All right, but be back by twelve. We'll have to —— I want to talk about plans and things this afternoon."

Plans for school and what the doctor said. He grunted.

"Please, mummy, could I go too?"

"No," she said. "One Jim Kent vocabulary in the family is enough. Go as far as the bridge, and send her right back, Simon, and don't forget your slicker in case it rains."

"Fuss, fuss," he said. "O.K."

He and Jennifer went along the road. Jennifer was nearly six, still young enough to hold a hand. "It's a funny-feeling sort of day," she said. "The sky is sort of a muddy color everywhere all over."

The air was still, and wet-touching warm like a bathroom after you have had a bath. The smell of the sea was strong. The sounds were loud and close and hanging in the air. He heard two blue jays crying. *Blue jay on the hill, Brings water to the mill;* that was one of Jim Kent's sayings.

"Old slowpoke, why are you hanging back?"

"I was just trying it," said Jennifer. "Me with my eyes tight shut, or almost nearly, and you just take me right along. I don't see how you do it, not exactly."

"It's easy," he said. "The middle of the road is higher, like a hump; I stay on that; and I know how far to the places I know."

"You won't have to, soon, when your eyes are right again. But, gosh, Simon, even then you'll still see much better than other people in the dark."

They walked a bit. They came to the river. Jennifer saw two trout from the bridge. "Home now, funny-face," he said.

"You're a funny-face," she said.

He listened to her running back. Then he went on. The other bank of the Tannahac River was much higher. He climbed. Here was the big white pine, he knew by feel and smell and answering sound. It was easy at Tannahac Point beside the river, above the sea. It was easy because he knew it all before. They never went back to other places he had known before; flying nomads, that was what dad said about them, changing Air Force jobs and homes. But most of the summers that Simon could remember they had come to Tannahac Point in the state of Maine. The house stood alone. Jim Kent at the highway was their nearest neighbor.

Now a breeze came rushing. It came from the sea and through the spruces and across the road where Simon was walking. The squall came over and went away, and the air was still again; like one big puff to blow out all the candles on the cake, then no more puffs.

Cars passed on the highway up ahead. One stopped at the service station. Simon heard the pump motor running, and Jim Kent's voice. That was fine, Jim not off somewhere. Simon stopped to listen to a bird. It sang at treetop angle, moving about. He knew the red-eyed vireo's song, the one you might mix up with a robin's.

"Hiya, shipmate!"

"Hi, Jim!" he said. "What's cookin'?"

"I'd say a blow. Damn weatherman says not." Jim made a good round juicy-sounding spit about the weatherman. "The colonel, your dad, stopped by for gas. Off to the Coast, he says, poor fellah. Them Air Force brass, they sure do monkey around the nation."

"Sure do, Jim," he said.

"Want to work on that bike again?"

"Yeah," he said. "Back wheel and chain was next."

"O.K. then, here she is! Now listen, shipmate."

Jim told him what to undo and what to do to fit the wheel and chain. Jim had a side line making old bikes into new. Jim had about a hundred side lines. He was terrific.

Simon worked. Two cars came for gas, one old rattle-squeaker, one with a radio switched on. Hurricane still moving out and away. Heavy rain to be expected; gale warnings Eastport. That was farther up the coast. Clear of this area by six P.M.

He was pretty slow at it. "Finished, Jim," he called, and Jim came over. He said the chain was a hair too tight, and the wheel not true. "Fix that, 'n' she'll be a first-rate job."

Another car. "Portland, lady? First right, second left, and take the parkway. Set your pretty spinnakers right for lucky Portland. . . . Me? I wish I could, but momma's right up there, keepin' tabs on me from that window. 'By, then, honey! . . . Gee," said Jim. "What a dish that was! Best landin' craft I seen all summer."

"See here, Jim Kent, ah'm warnin' you. Ah won't have no flirtin' around with no loose women, you bold bad sailor you. This ain't Manila." Mrs. Kent gave a big fat scolding growl, and closed the window.

"That's fine now, shipmate; a dandy job. I gotta calm the wife, and get spruced up. Gotta drivin' job to do. You spell me at the pumps a minute?"

"Sure," he said. He sat down on the concrete place between the pumps, and he was thinking that he wished he could stay at Tannahac always. A warm damp wind blew over and died, and blew again from the east. *Go away, you damn hurricane!* he thought with a shiver; Jim Kent language.

Here came a car. "Hi!" he said. "Regular or super?"

"Super," the stranger said. "Fill her up, son." Then the man said "Oh," and showed him, and he filled her up.

"How much?" he said.

"Three-seventeen," the stranger said.

"Oil and water?"

"They're O.K." The man gave him three bills, a dime, a nickel and two pennies.

"I'll just get your windshield," Simon said, and did.

"Thanks a lot," said the man. "Top service." He drove away. He seemed like a decent guy.

"Here's the money, Jim. Three-seventeen," he said.

"That's right," said Jim. "Now let's see: Hour 'n' a half at fifty an hour is seventy-five, plus five per cent on sales makes ninety, add sea-duty pay. Here, shipmate; wages a dollar even."

"Oh, gee, I told you last time, Jim, I don't want wages. It isn't work. It's fun."

"Sure work is fun. 'T ain't the point. Point is, you earned every cent. Know what I said to your dad this mornin'?"

"What, Jim?"

"'Colonel, sir to you,' I says, 'that boy has the mechanic's touch. I'd take him on any time.'"

"Gosh, Jim, do you think I could? I mean work here steady always?"

Pause. "Summer vacations? Why, sure you can."

"I meant ——" he began to say. But here came Mrs. Kent with milk and cookies; and Jim gave him gas to clean his hands. The cookies were all right. The wind was stronger. "What's the latest on Anna?" asked Jim Kent.

"Dawdlin' along away." Mrs. Kent was a Southern girl Jim had met up with

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in the Navy. She was a comfortable, slow-speaking lady, decent, same as Jim.

"Thanks a lot, Mrs. Kent," he said, and he gave her back the glass.

"I'd better hoist anchor. Gotta tycoon to drive to Boston. Drop you home, shipmate?"

"I guess I'll walk," he said. "Thanks just the same."

Jim sniffed. "Better be quick, rain's coming. Y'know," he said slowly, "they may say Anna's goin' to fade away off Newfoundland, but I don't like the smell of it. Reminds me —— What do you say, honey?"

"Feels like a storm to me," Mrs. Kent said.

"'By, Jim," he said. "'By, Mrs. Kent."

"Shipmate!"

"Yes, Jim?" He was thinking again he just wished he could stay here always and work for Jim; but summer vacations ——

"Listen now! I'm going to be away till late. The wind don't matter in that house; it's strong and no trees right near. The sea don't matter; you're forty foot up. But the river now. So say to your mum from me: If there's a helluva Noah's Ark of rain, come over quick. Old Tannahac Lake might bust her britches."

"O.K.," he said. He started for home. He was not thinking about floods or whatever it was that Jim had been saying. He was thinking: *Dad was in for gas this morning. Dad must have told about school and everything to Jim. That was why Jim sort of hesitated and then said, "Summer vacations." Jim doesn't really think I could be a mechanic. Jim was cheering me up, that's what. Jim couldn't use me either.*

The rain began as he crossed the bridge. He heard the bluejays cry again. The wind was blowing harder. The rain beat at his face and ran down his neck. It was different from ordinary rain. This rain was warmer than the wind that brought it from the east.

Simon hurried. The wind and the rain drowned everything. They drowned his private radar-sonar system. He got no echoes now from things nearby. The wind and rain muddled him. He tripped and stumbled and stood again and shivered in the warm and cruel wind and rain. This way? That way? Run! Steady, steady. Then he found the hump or crown of the road; Simon Hall walked on.

He heard a door open and shut. "Darling!" she said inside. "Wet as a codfish; you'll have to change. I watched you coming, Simon. I don't know how you do it."

"Easy," he said. And he thought, *I wasn't really scared back there; not really.* He went upstairs and dried himself and changed. The windows rattled. The rain drummed on the glass. He went downstairs again.

It was cold ham for lunch, and lemon pie. The old house shivered and shook in the wind. It had been grandfather's summer cottage—Maj. Simon Hall, United States Army, Killed in Action at Château-Thierry.

Simon dried dishes; Jennifer did the nonbreakables. "Some wind!" he said. *World's funny*, he thought. *So quiet just about an hour ago at Jim's, and now* ——

"The rain is like a million bucketfuls at once," said Jennifer.

"The weatherman said it would be heavy for an hour or two," mum said. "'High pressure,' he said, or something, and us at the edge of it or something."

"Low pressure, mum; not high. Gosh, everyone knows that."

"Not me," she said. "I'm only a dumb housewife woman. You scientists in pants—why, you're the pressure cookers."

He laughed at mum's crazy way of saying things. He hoped she was not going to talk to him about school and that. He finished his chores. The wind was stronger every minute. He escaped to switch on the radio in the living room. The static was terrible. He spun the knob along through howls and splintering cracks—a voice. He turned back to it, and heard: "Hurricane Anna has changed direction. Warnings for all." The man's voice had that same short you-get-jumping sound about it as dad's voice when dad spoke in a quiet-tearing hurry; but Simon did not

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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hear the rest of what the man was saying. The radio went dead.

At about that time Robert Hall, Colonel U. S. Air Forces, had rounded Boston on 128, four and a half hours out, halfway. He had run through heavy rain, but that had stopped. The overcast was dense; the cross-wind was troublesome at speed. The traffic was negligible for Labor Day. Robert Hall was troubled. He could not help having to fly to the Coast tonight. Such trips without notice were routine since he had taken on the A.E.C. job. What troubled him was that he had left Mary to do a thing he should have done himself—tell Simon. What troubled him was that he had said to her, "*Are you thinking of yourself or Simon?*" Psychiatrist's truth; oh, yes, possibly. But why did pain lead you to say such things? What troubled him ——

"I'd better just check again," he said aloud. An hour ago, Anna was a hundred and fifty miles below Nova Scotia, moving roughly east, but slower. For these latitudes, a hurricane of small diameter and great intensity. He had placed it on his mental map, more than two hundred miles from Tannahac—the center, that was—and going away. All well, with a professional pilot's reservation that the only good hurricane was a dead one.

Boston came in strong. Hall listened. Then he cursed himself. Lucky Hall, they called him. Lucky Hall, who left his wife, blind son, and daughter ——

Wheelspin on the grass dividing strip, U-turn completed, one hundred and eighty degrees. Hurricane Anna had switched direction a hundred and ten, heading fast for Augusta, Maine; and that put Tannahac in center of path.

The speedometer needle swung; the announcer spoke on: Gusts of a hundred; rainfall twenty inches or more, acute flood danger, all low-lying areas, coastal and inland. *Twenty inches*, he thought. *Or thirty. What could that do to Tannahac Lake, the reservoir?* He remembered Connecticut that other year.

The power went off just after one; and now it was four, and the wind still grew. You wouldn't believe that the wind could still be growing, but it was. It thundered and screamed and bashed the house.

Simon read a bit in Braille, but his fingers were stupid with the noise. "Why not practice on your buzzer, Simon?"

It was a battery buzzer. *What'll I send?* he thought, and he did an alphabet. And then he sent: "S-I-M-O-N H-A-L-L" about ten times; he could not think of anything else to send.

"What are you sending, darling?"

"Oh, nothing," he said. He stopped.

Mum read to Jennifer, and the wind was loud. The wind, the thunder and the rain made one huge sound together. She read a story called The Little Engine That Could, which was a small kid's story, but Simon listened; and then there was a crashing smashing of broken glass, and wind and rain in the living room. He held his handkerchief to his cheek. Mum tried to nail a board across the window where a pane was broken, but it wouldn't stay, and the wind and the rain came blasting in.

"What a carpenter!" she said. "Let's get out of the wind."

So they sat on the cellar stairs, and the storm was above them, and mum said: "What happened to your face?"

"Cut," he said.

She went away and came back, and he felt the warm beam on his cheek. "It isn't deep," she said. She put on an antiseptic and a bandage. She shook the flashlight. "Battery's almost done," she said. "How typical of Mrs. Hall."

"The cellar's all water everywhere," said Jennifer.

He heard water pouring in along the walls. "How deep?" he asked. He shivered in the darkness.

"The shoeshine table's floating," Jennifer said. "That's how deep."

"Jim said ——" he began. His mouth was all dry. He tried to remember what Jim had said, but he had not been listening properly to Jim. "Jim said to say: 'If there's a helluva Noah's Ark of rain, come over quick. Old Tannahac Lake might bust her britches.'"

"Jim Kent said that? Why didn't you tell me?"

He forgot. He did not know. He didn't know anything. "Wait!" she said. Mum left the door open. This time the sound was not a clatter of glass and a roar of wind. This time the sound was a great huge hammer bashing a hole in the house, and Jennifer was crying. She held onto his legs, but he did not hold her. She was a step below him. Jennifer stopped crying.

Mum came back. "We couldn't," she said. "Not possibly."

"Water's nearly at my toes," said Jennifer.

"Upstairs we go."

Simon did not move. He couldn't. He couldn't go up to that again.

Mum shook his shoulder. She shook him hard. "Come on!" she said. He came. "Your room," she said. "It's away from the wind."

She followed with Jennifer, and pushed and prodded him from behind, and he climbed the stairs, and the noise was ten times as loud up here. He sat on his bed. Mum sat between him and Jennifer. Her arm was round him; he felt a bit better.

"What was that huge crash, mum?"

"A branch of some old tree," she said. "It came through the wall. Poor living room."

"What time is it, mum?"

"Ten after eight," she said. "Extra late-supper dividend. Ham sandwich and a banana. Here!"

"I can't see to eat," said Jennifer. "It's pitch-black dark and it's past my bedtime."

Mum laughed. "You're the character of the family," she said; and then the biggest gust, bigger than anything there had ever been, seized on the house, and Simon felt the house heave up and hang and settle back, and he clutched at the metal of his bed. "Sandwich," she said.

He shook his head. He wished dad was here. If only dad was here.

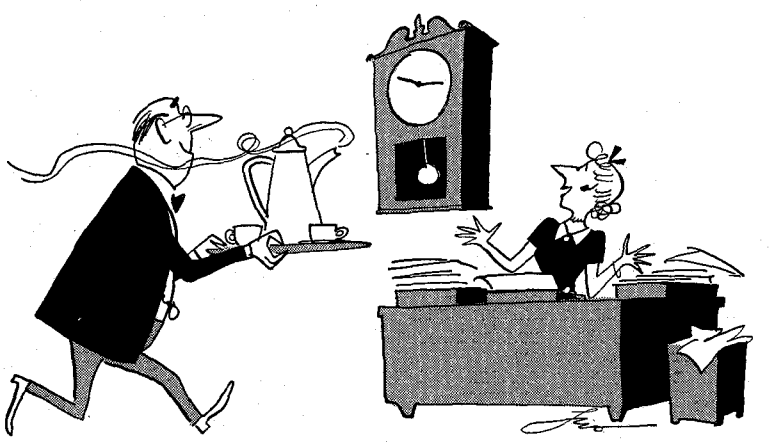
"Eat it," she said. He tried to eat the bread and ham, but he had no spit to chew it with.

"Please couldn't we have a light?" asked Jennifer.

"Our last candle—oh, we might as well."

"That's lovely," said Jennifer when mum came back, and Simon managed a half banana, and mum said: "Shall we sing that hymn?" She did not say which one, but she began to sing a hymn they knew, and Jennifer joined in, and then the three of them all sang it:

"*Jesus bids us shine*
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness,
So let us shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Mr. Clocker, who prided himself upon being an enlightened boss, insisted that his workers take coffee breaks morning and afternoon. Production, he was pleased to note, increased. But, being business-like, Mr. Clocker did not pay the workers for the time they took off. The Department of Labor subsequently sued to make him pay.

"He got more work out of his employees by giving them the coffee breaks," Government attorneys argued, "than he would have got without giving them that time."

"As the law does not require me to share my profits with my workers, their increased production is beside the point," Mr. Clocker replied. "I'm only required to pay them for the time they work, not for the time they don't work."

If you were the judge, would you make the boss pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The boss had to pay. The court ruled that coffee breaks benefit the employer as much as or more than the workers. Therefore, it said, the employer should pay for that time.

Based upon a 1956 U.S. Court of Appeals decision.

"Listen!" she said. "The wind is dropping."

Simon listened. In all these hours, in all the time he ever could remember, there had been the wind, the thunder and the rain, the giants storming at him. But now the wind had dropped. Just for one moment there was no wind at all, and then it blew again, hard, hard, hard as ever, the horrible wind. The wind wasn't dropping. Or was it now?

"It really is," she said. "I wonder, though? What do they say about hurri——"

"Sh-h, mum!"

He opened the window, and it blew again, and Simon waited, and then he heard what he thought he had heard the time before. A car horn sounded. It did not sound in one single blast, or "toot-toot" as people sound their horns to say "Thanks" or "Hi, there," like Jim Kent did to his pals along the road. This horn was sending Morse code: "S-I-M-O-N."

"Simon," he said. "That's dad." But the small horn sound was swallowed by the wind.

"How do you know? How could it be dad?"

"Everyone's different," he said. "Like writing." Clipped dots, long long dashes—dad's trade-mark on the buzzer. "It's dad, for sure."

Now again: "S-I-M-O-N." Pause. "C-O-M-E." Pause. "F-L-O-O-D-S."

"'Come floods,'" he says.

"Why didn't he come, though? 'Come floods.' But it's pitch-dark, and the flashlight dies out each time in half a minute. How can I take you? How can I, possibly?"

He fought himself. "Wind's stopping," he said. "We can try. Come on, mum!"

Now Simon was less afraid. Now he tingled in his back, and he went downstairs, and mum and Jennifer came after him, and he thought, *Trees blown down. I'll take my stick*. He found his stick in the porch, and they went outside, and the wind was blowing. He edged along the house, and came to the corner, and put his stick out beyond the corner. The wind whipped the stick right across in his hand; that was how strong the wind was. But suddenly there was no wind again. He heard it go roaring away through trees, and the only sound here and now was rain.

Water up to his ankles; then a higher place, the crown of the road? "Mum," he said. "What's the flashlight like?"

"O.K. for a few seconds now and then."

"Gosh, it's dark." Jennifer's voice was high and small and afraid in the night.

"I'll go first," he said. "Don't use the light yet, mum." Then mum held onto his shoulder, and she carried Jennifer, who cried a bit.

Simon walked. He held the stick in front. He stumbled, but mum steadied him. ". . . twenty-three," he counted. Here the curve began. He followed it with his toes, left a little, left; and while he counted, the tune was sounding in his head: *Jesus bids us shine*. ". . . thirty-eight, thirty-nine," . . . *With a pure, clear light* . . .; now the other way, and now the wind came blasting from the sea, and the three of them lay together on the road, and trees were crashing, and that gust of wind was gone, and Simon made himself get up again. The horn was sounding now again, a desperate flicker of sound ahead: "S-I-M-O-N."

He went on. The stick struck. He put out his other hand and felt spruce branches, prickly. "Light, mum," he said.

It was not too big a tree. She put Jennifer over, and (*Continued on Page 106*)

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(*Continued from Page 104*) climbed over, and helped him over, and he led the way again. ". . . Sixty-three, sixty-four" . . . *Like a little candle, Burning in the night.* Now straight ahead, and halfway to the bridge, and Simon heard the river rushing, the Tannahac, the quiet stream where dad once taught him to fish for trout. *In this world of darkness.*

The wind came again in this world of darkness, and heaved and plucked at them, huddled on the road. The wind went on, and the rain was less, and the horn still hooted.

"What's happened to him? What can have happened to him?"

Mum's hand gripped hard on Simon's shoulder. The wind went altogether now, no gust growing, no gust dying; and an old frog croaked nearby, on as still a night as last night's frog had croaked: "Not you," last night's frog had croaked. "Yes, you," this frog was croaking for Simon Hall. "Yes, you." *Could be the same old frog*, he thought. "Mum!" he said.

"Yes, Simon?"

"I know about being blind," he said.

"I was thinking of it," his mother said. "Our eyes in the eye of the storm—is that being blind?"

"I see a star," said Jennifer. "Just one star straight above, and not another single speckle anywhere."

A second tree. They managed that. Simon was tired. ". . . Hundred and twenty-seven . . . twenty-eight." *So let us shine.*

"Wait, darling!" she said. "It's over the bridge."

The sound of the river was not a great sound in the middle silence of the storm. It was a rushing in the silence, another kind of power.

The bridge shuddered and trembled in the flood. Beyond these sounds, and far away upstream, a new sound had begun—the rumble-grumble of a great sound far away, quite like the sound of a big jet rolling over the sky. "S-I-M-O-N."

"Hold on to me tight," she said. They waded through the foot-plucking flood, the handrail drumming. They came through safely.

Simon led again. But the climb was steep, and he was tired, and he was stumbling. "Quick, darling! Quick!"

The rumbling grew, upriver. It was changing, swelling, filling the valley. The tune still went through Simon's head. He hummed it aloud, saying the words to himself in his mind: . . . *You in your small corner, And I in mine.*

"Robert!" she called. "Robert!"

"Mary! Have you got the kids?"

"We're all here. Are you badly hurt?"

A grunt not far ahead. Mum dropped Jennifer, and ran.

Jennifer hung on to Simon and they went together.

"Of course I'm not badly hurt. Can't you hear me?" Dad sounded very cross.

"What happened, darling?"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Lines Which Will Probably Go Unappreciated

As we grow older it is clear
That lesser hazards face us.
Temptations do not disappear,
But fewer of them chase us.

Richard F. Armknecht

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Some drive, it was. . . . Finally reached . . . damned pine came down smack on the hood of the car. I'm pinned in here, and one leg's cracked, I guess. God knows why the horn still works. You heard it, did you?"

"Simon heard it. He read the message when the wind was dropping; so we came."

"With that apology for a light? How the —— How?"

"Simon led us."

The noise in the valley grew, and dad said, "Simon Hall," perhaps to himself.

"Here, dad," Simon said.

"Good man," his father said.

They listened. The flood roared over flatland above Tannahac Point, beside the river. "Good-by, dear house," said mum. Then they were quiet, hearing the flood and thinking of the house.

"You absolutely stuck, dad?"

"Sure I'm stuck."

"Jim said he'd be late; but I could leave a message with Mrs. Kent."

"No," said mum. "Not you."

"Here comes the wind again," said Robert Hall. "Get in back, you three."

"But, Robert, your leg!"

"It's pinned," he said. "I'll live. Get in."

They sat in the car. The eye of the hurricane had passed.

A great wind blew now from the west, and Simon did not fear the wind. *Old Jim will come*, thought Simon Hall; and he fell asleep.

In this world of darkness,
So let us shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

THE END

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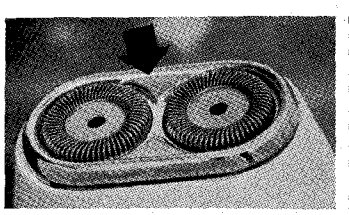
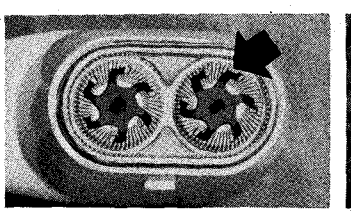
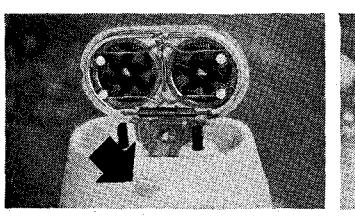


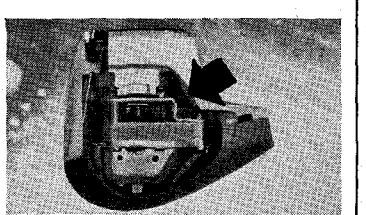
Tomorrow's velvet-touch luxury! Contour skin-stretcher rim stands whiskers erect, *holds* them erect for Norelco's rotary blades to stroke off below skin-level for a lasting shave.



Tomorrow's stroke of genius! Self-sharpening rotary blades, shown here in "X-ray" view beneath stationary skin guards, *stroke* off whiskers gently, cleanly, whichever way they grow.



Tomorrow's push-button cleaning! Push the button and flip-top head springs open. "Whisker dust" empties out in a second. Entire head easily removed for thorough cleaning.



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Charlie Chaplin's Stormy Exile

(Continued from Page 36)

him that Shadow and Substance, the old play he intended to film, was not for him. When he tried to turn back to the King in New York script, the creative urge had vanished. Chaplin's anguish is the anguish of his profession, the terrible ordeal of being a funnyman. Some future biographer, aided by a psychiatrist, should trace the apparent cause-effect link between these long periods of creative bankruptcy and Chaplin's fifty spasmodic years of public folly and private tumult.

Chaplin is an obsessed man. One symptom is his curious, morbid fascination with the idea of death. Even as a young man, Chaplin used to drive himself to attend public executions, because he has a theory that the last moments of a man's life are the most revealing. In the final scene of Monsieur Verdoux, "a comedy of murder," Chaplin goes in for bravado blasphemy on the scaffold, real gallows humor. Again, in the melodramatic fade-out of Limelight, the clown Calvero, modeled partly on his father, but partly on himself, falls dying into the drum, making the crack, "I'm stuck."

One day at the Manoir de Ban, when his friend and neighbor, the Swiss painter, Theodore Bosshard, delivered a fine oil of Oona, everybody liked it except Chaplin, who croaked morosely to his secretary: "He's made her look like a doleful widow. All that gray . . . black . . . awful. I like color . . . reds . . . lots of bright red. . . . And Oona—you know how the Scots say 'fey'—she's a bit fey. . . . Her eyes laugh . . . she's great fun. . . . It's ghastly. . . . Bosshard can take it back. . . . Bah, I prefer photographs."

All great clowns—and Chaplin is one of the truly great clowns of all time—are terribly aware of how close tragedy lurks beneath the surface of the human comedy. They know what's under the banana peel. Once, when Chaplin was asked where the familiar movie Charlie was really going when he sauntered down that long empty lane, he said, "He is going nowhere. He is only the blind mole digging into his hole."

One of Chaplin's few really intimate friends, the London writer Thomas Burke, was born in the same drab, Dickensian South London slums as Charlie, and often strolled them in later days, "walking as kids unknown," with the now-famous Chaplin. Burke was both attracted and repelled by what he sensed was the actor's outer warmth and inward chill. Firing the kind of shaft that only a close friend can fire, Burke cut through the massive nonsense that halos so much of the Chaplin legend:

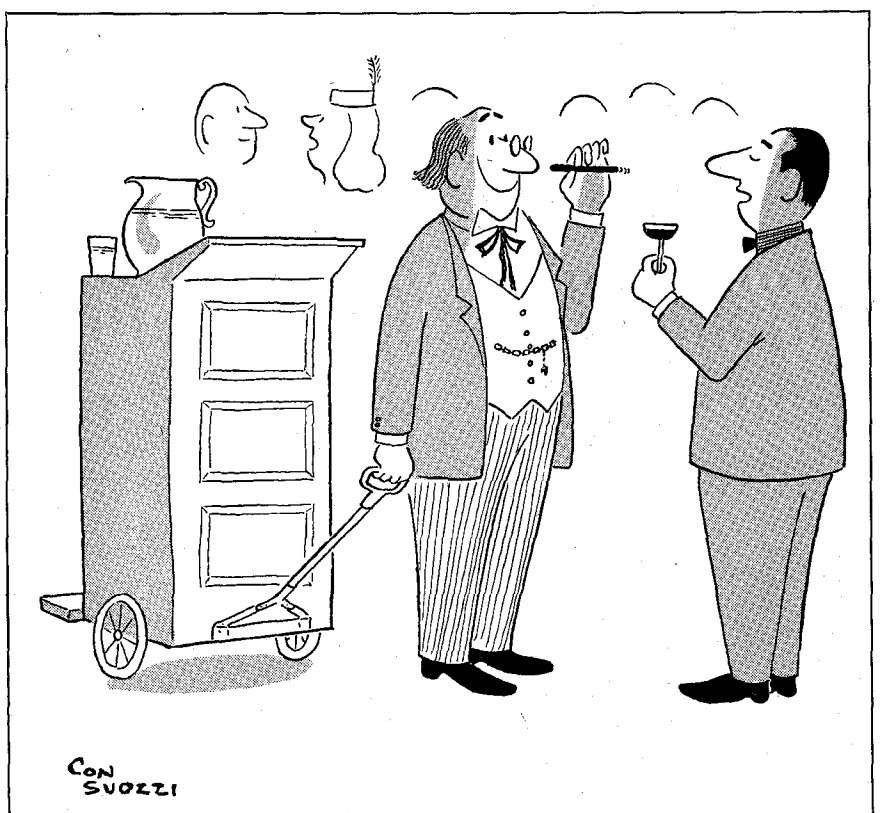
"Charlie has as sound, or unsound, a grievance against Fate as the utter failure. Except that the utter failure is usually armored with a philosophy."

Thus Burke deftly debunks some twenty adulatory books devoted to the "philosophy" of Charlie Chaplin. All the leaden passages with which he has marred some of his finest pictures, the sophomoric screen profundities, his pompous accounts of his séances with Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, Einstein, Mussolini, Mahatma Gandhi, Roosevelt, Nehru—they all turn out to be banana peels. Self-educated Chaplin greatly prefers newspapers to books. Only recently, in London, he blurted out the truth that he had never read Karl Marx—"too boring." In his recent picture, A King in New York, there is a revealing response that Chaplin, as King Igor, evokes from ten-year-old Rupert Macabee, played by Chaplin's own son Michael:

THE KING: Tell me, what do you believe in?

THE KID: I don't believe in anything. But people ask me so much, so I tell them I'm a Communist.

The naughty desire to shock, to make faces in church, is pure Chaplin—and the reason why he can at one moment tickle the world's funnybone, and the next instant give millions an acute pain in the neck. He has a fine flair for the absurd, but no more feeling for the proprieties than a blind man has for a scarlet tanager. Chaplin has baffled himself by playing with paradox until the silly clashes and cross-purposes of his life are endless, and today the trouble is that he has to live with them, and in Switzerland.



"How are things in Washington, Senator?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

One of nature's born anarchists, for years he was a painful political shill for the Soviet Union. Once an atheist, today he keeps a King James version of the Bible by his bed lamp, alongside Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Although he once called himself "the end man in the world's minstrel show," funny things, when they happen to him, he just doesn't think are funny.

One evening in the projection room of his villa here, Charlie was showing a group of guests the great old Chaplin films. His son Michael, who inherits his irreverence from his dad and his granddad, too, gave pop the old needle with "They're all right, dad, but can't we have some more of Donald Duck?" One of the guests present reports that Papa Charlie was furious. The incident recalls the time when Buster Keaton got most of the prerun laughs in the Limelight piano-and-violin skit—until Charlie left them on the cutting-room floor.

Switzerland today is as loaded with Chaplin stories—many of them no doubt apocryphal—as Hollywood was in the old days. The funniest concerns Chaplin and Chou En-lai, the Chinese Communist premier. During the Geneva Conference of 1954, Chou and Charlie put on a public buddy-buddy act. Chou invited Charlie to Geneva, and Charlie returned the hospitality by welcoming Chou and a small Chinese delegation to Vevey. They brought along a new Chinese film, something about the Ming Dynasty, and Charlie showed them Limelight, and a new trailer he had just done for Modern Times. As the pleasant evening wore on, and with a full moon over the lake, the Chinese moved in with an offer to buy the Far Eastern rights to the old Chaplin silents, for $5000. At which point Charlie, twirling his coffee cup delicately, cracked, "What do you boys take me for, a Communist?"

Charlie's financial relations with the Communist half of the world are curious. Many cynics have long felt that Chaplin's cuddling up to the Soviets is simply flattery of a vast market for his films. In London in 1956, when Chaplin met Khrushchev and Bulganin at a cocktail party in Claridge's, Nikita beamed out with: "You're the best-known man in Russia. You are a genius. The Americans repudiate you, but we recognize you." The London press reported that Charlie's reply was "Your noble words will live in history." But according to Dawn Addams, Chaplin's costar in A King in New York, the dialogue got much nippier when Charlie took Khrushchev off into a private room. The actor then laced into Mr. K. because the Soviet Government had pirated the prints of several Chaplin films. And those they paid for, said Charlie, they paid for in "rubber rubles."

Now the story of the Swiss family Chaplin becomes more complicated. As must already have dawned on Chaplin himself, his forty years in America gave him profound cultural freckles. Chaplin hates America, but he loves California, a most Chaplinesque situation. Exile Charlie and his wife, Oona, the woman who made him Eugene O'Neill's son-in-law, are as Californian as two avocados, and so are the Chaplin children. He calls her "Honey," she calls him "Charlie My Boy," and the kids call him "Fatcheeks."

Charlie and Oona, wrestling valiantly if vainly with the French language, the rituals of European servants, currency conversions and the inner mysteries of the metric system, stand out in Europe as a most flamboyantly American couple. They are true caricatures of Americans, for the average European gets most of his ideas about Americans from the very

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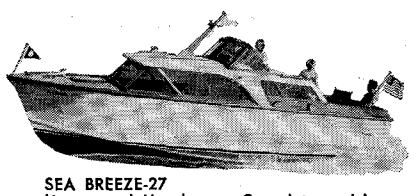

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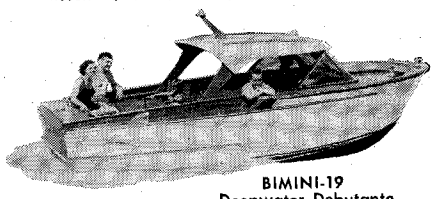

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place the Chaplins came from, from Hollywood. The Swiss, who have a quiet local humor of their own, call the way Charlie has modernized the Manoir de Ban "Beverly Hills baroque."

Like a true Californian, Charlie at play wears moccasins, flashy shirts, follows the sun, and dresses like a rich beachcomber. His daily dialogue has the quaint Jazz Age flavor of the 1920's. At home or abroad, he has a fancy for barbecued steaks and charcoal grills, corn-on-the-cob, pigs' feet, pineapple-on-ham, yoghurt for lunch, an old-fashioned before supper, and those vitamin pills he imports from Los Angeles.

The classic plot of all great farce, the best way to put the comic on the wrong end of the gun, is to move him into the most unlikely place possible, and start cranking the camera. This is just what Chaplin did when he had the brilliant idea of putting the little fellow into the Klondike, and from that we got The Gold Rush. Imagine Groucho Marx in Ireland, Danny Kaye in Holland, or W. C. Fields on the Isles of Greece, and the plot and the gags begin to write themselves. Better still, just imagine Charlie Chaplin in Switzerland, and the basic conflict emerges.

Chaplin's first months here in Vevey, as is often the way with exile, got off to a grand start. It is the custom here to give an official welcome to new resident notables, who are received in state by the county council. Charlie's V.I.P. welcome was postponed for several months, because he expressed a desire to see the grape harvest. Finally, one bright October day, a banquet was thrown for him in the Bishop's Hall of the castle in Lausanne. Next, he was conducted by the county councilors and their wives on a jaunt through the ripe vineyards. Chaplin nodded and smiled at all the official speeches in French, which he could not understand. The day of ceremony ended with a sumptuous dinner by candlelight in another ancient castle by the lakeside. The Swiss dignitaries had noted that Charlie seldom wore a wrist watch, and now presented him with a fine gold one. Charlie thanked his hosts by singing a cute little song in Charlie Chaplin Chinese. One of the guests present reports: "Charlie looked like an elderly émigré of rank being gravely welcomed to the land of freedom by its worthy notables."

That same autumn, for the benefit of the townies in Vevey, the actor arranged for the staging of a super Charlie Chaplin Festival in the Rex Cinema. For three hours each evening, for one gala week, many of the great films of the Chaplin repertoire were shown again, from Tillie's Punctured Romance through One A. M., The Pawn Shop, The Pilgrim, The Kid, The Circus, City Lights and Modern Times, at popular prices. It was this same Vevey audience, three years later, who were to see the world *première* of A King in New York, months before it opened in London and Paris.

Chaplin's press relations, for the first time in his life, were dreamlike. The local daily, the Feuille d'Avis, or Blade of Opinion (founded 1846), began its Old World coverage of the Chaplin era in Vevey on a note of heavenly harmony:

"Since we desire to conserve the good opinion which our guest has of our country and its people, we have asked Monsieur Chaplin to read this article before publication, so that it contains nothing that could injure the quality of his sojourn, which we hope will be as pleasant and fecund as possible."

Charlie cottoned to this matey setup, and from time to time would issue exclusive little bulletins to set the natives straight. It began to look as if things might be roses, roses all the way.

Downtown in Vevey, Charlie and Oona soon became familiar sights. Charlie often prowled antique shops, looking for pendulum clocks, mirrors and figurines, and old bookstores for all he could get on Napoleon in English. His favorite restaurant was the Three Kings. The Chaplins' first formal public appearance was when the Knie Circus came through. Four thousand Veveysans cheered Charlie and Oona and their two oldest kids, Michael and Geraldine, the band played music from Limelight, and one of the elephants was made up as Charlot. Later the famous Swiss clown Grock came through town, and Chaplin and Grock met, apparently for the first time. (Connoisseurs of clowning say Chaplin must have respect for Grock, because in the past Charlie has used some of Grock's best routines.)

Vevey is a small resort center, but by no means a hick town. Nor was Chaplin the only notable. The Vevey Society of Arts and Letters often gave concerts, and here Charlie met other prominent neighbors—the pianist Clara Haskil, the composers Paul Hindemith and Pablo Casals who vacation in Vevey, the playwright Carl Zuckmayer, the painters Theodore Bosshard and Theyre Lee Elliot. As he grows older, Chaplin's interest in music increases. He is a left-handed cello player—he once wrote a song called Oh, that Cello!—and also fools around on the piano and violin. Chaplin is such a superb mimic that when he once gave an imitation of Caruso and those present marveled at his voice, he came back with: "Oh, I can't sing. I'm just imitating Caruso."

> The time to worry about this nation's economy is when all the stores holding going-out-of-business sales start going.
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> TERRY MC CORMICK

Charlie, from thumbing through the golden guest book in the Hotel of the Three Crowns, had got the original idea for his King in New York picture from the galaxy roster of former royal residents—the Russian Czarevitch who signed himself Prince of the North; King Ludwig II of Bavaria and his dancer friend Lola Montez; the Shah of Persia; the Maharajah of Indore; Egypt's Farouk. Nearby, in the quaint lakeside port of Ouchy, there still resided several elderly *grandes dames* in exile, living reminders of Vevey's royal-playground past—ex-Queen Marie-José of Italy; ex-Queen Ena of Spain, and her cousin, La Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigue. Charlie struck up a lively social friendship with his queenly neighbors.

Had Chaplin changed and gone royalist on us? Not a bit of it. Chaplin never changes. His social attention to the exile queens was just a bit of homework on his upcoming picture. When the royal gals got wind of this, they were mildly miffed, although Charlie kept sending them chocolates, hard centers. (Later he is to locate a real princess as his leading lady in A King in New York—Dawn Addams, the English actress married to Italian Prince Vittorio Massimo.)

But by May of 1954, Charlie was back in world headlines in his more familiar role of Pink Pierrot.

The Communist World Peace Council, headquarters Vienna, had awarded him the World Peace Prize, almost a year to the day after Soviet tanks had rolled down on workers in the streets of East Berlin. The council wanted to award the prize in Berlin.

When this news reached the Manoir de Ban, for a week Charlie's face was wreathed in smiles, and he told his secretary: "I'll have to prepare a fitting speech, you know. That prize they're offering me . . . something to do with world peace." Then, gleefully rubbing his hands, he added: "Yes . . . er . . . five million French francs, that's $15,000. . . . This will really burn the Americans!"

Chaplin refused, however, to go to Berlin. For a while it was planned to make the award in London's Hyde Park, where the comrades promised a turnout of 50,000. But finally Charlie, who cannot resist making politics in countries where he is only a guest, decided to receive the award at the Manoir de Ban.

The award was announced on Ascension Thursday. One week later, popeyed Vevey was treated to a massive invasion of high-brow peacemongers, with a hundred members of the world press at their heels. The award committee included the writer Vercors from France; Aberdeen's pink prelate Synge; the writer Jorge Zalamea from Colombia; and Switzerland's own André Bonnard, a professor of Greek in Lausanne. A curious but rather hostile crowd of spectators gathered around the Manoir de Ban all morning, sitting on the grass. Charlie was inside, sweating over his acceptance speech, which he had worked on for a week and cut down from ten pages to one. He was to read it at high noon on the sun terrace, before the newsreel cameras. At the last minute, however, vain about wearing glasses in public, Charlie just handed around typed copies.

Some reporters, noting that Oona did not show at this party-line frolic, jumped the gun by filing hunch stories of a secret Chaplin quarrel, a political falling out, and imminent divorce. The truth is much simpler. Oona has no politics, she is just the fellow traveler of a fellow traveler. On this historic occasion, garrulous Charlie took so long getting the guests to the table that Oona stayed in the kitchen, heroically trying to keep a cheese soufflé from collapsing on the cook.

The committee brought everything but the money, much to Charlie's annoyance. He kept phoning Vienna daily to find out where it was. By the time it came in, a fortnight later, the press reaction in free Europe was so hostile that Charlie now moved ahead with his pledge to give it to charity. This led to a cheap publicity stunt when he took off for Paris and handed over a check to France's Abbé Pierre in that rendezvous of the proletariat, the Hotel Crillon. The abbé, a controversial figure, runs a genuine charity to help house the roofless of Paris, but he is considered a gull for Communist causes. He hailed donor Chaplin as "the Number One friend of the human race."

Chaplin's penchant for pinko politics not only annoyed the placidly bourgeois Swiss but it began to tarnish the image of the liberty-loving artist, the self-proclaimed victim of McCarthyism who fled America to choose freedom. Swiss and other editors now went back into the files to take a longer look at the record, and discovered that Charlie the Man was quite a different fellow from Charlie the Artist. Chaplin, his own worst enemy, was beginning to debunk himself. Six months after the peace-prize hubbub, the Vevey Swiss were to get a still more revealing view of real-life Chaplin, the Courtroom Charlie so familiar in American judicial annals.

Toward the end of Chaplin's second year in Switzerland, Isobel Deluz's suit for back pay came up on the docket. Now, in the Vevey courthouse, there was a second Charlie Chaplin Festival which wasn't humorous at all, although it furnished lively theater. To beat down his secretary's modest claim, Charlie marshaled a battery of Lausanne lawyers, translators, his wife Oona, and paraded the whole staff of the Manoir de Ban into the witness box—Raymond the butler; Georges the chauffeur; "Kay-Kay" and "Piny" the children's nurses; Mary the cook; Colette the kitchen maid; Walter the gardener; and Bertha the upstairs maid. If they were to save their jobs, these retainers had to testify how they worked for a thoughtful, ever-loving, most generous boss. This sad farce broke down about midway, and the whole story of the tempestuous goings-on in the Manoir de Ban cascaded into the public record. Chaplin lost the case, and plenty of face.

The Veveysans smiled at the boisterous courtroom accounts of Chaplin's antics, foibles and peccadilloes, but not at the spectacle of Chaplin the bully-boy employer, or testimony about remarks he was said to have made about Swiss labor and Swiss honesty. His relations with Vevey were now on the chilly side. He came down to town less and less. His enthusiasm for Vevey, and vice versa, had reached an autumnal, browning-off stage. Chaplin, the litigant, brooded for six months about this lost courtroom skirmish, then launched a mad counterattack.

Thus began the mock-heroic drama of Charlie Chaplin versus William Tell, a flabbergasting legal action that is still before the Swiss courts. In September, 1955, Chaplin sent his new private secretary down to the Vevey town hall to hand-process a formal protest against the noise coming from a nearby rifle range, the Stand de Gilamont. At this stand, since it was built in 1874, every able-bodied male citizen of Vevey has fulfilled his citizen-soldier duty of marksmanship training. Charlie asked, just like that, that the range be either closed or moved across the lake. If Chaplin had been looking for a single target through which he could triple-attack Swiss national legend, national defense and national sport, this was the ticket. He would have been in less hot water had he gone after the watch industry or the holes in cheese.

What astounded and baffled the Swiss was that Charlie had been living next door to this rifle range for nearly three years, without so much as a peep against the patriotic crackle as familiar to Swiss ears as the yodel. The Manoir de Ban is on a high hill above the lakeside town of Vevey. There is a deep torrent-formed ravine in between, and in this valley sits the rifle range, about three hundred yards below and beyond Chaplin's manor. It is the most logical, in fact the only suitable terrain in Vevey for target practice. On days when the east wind is blowing, it does waft a staccato racket into Chaplin's home and garden. In 1952, when the Manoir de Ban was for sale for a bargain price, everyone in Vevey knew why. But when Charlie arrived, he took no special notice of the Stand de Gilamont, even wandered down a few times and told the rifle-club-house boys he might squeeze off a few rounds himself.

During the period of Madame Deluz's employment, which lasted into mid-1954, she reports: "Curiously, the rifle range was one of the few things that did not seem to upset Chaplin at all. He was much more allergic to the buzzing of flies and the 'clatter' from the paws of his daughter Geraldine's poodle."

What was churning in the Manoir de Ban in the year 1955? The full story probably won't tumble out until Charlie fires his secretary again. It is obvious that the terrible blue funk had not lifted. Charlie was still chewing the cud of his bad temper. The (*Continued on Page 110*)

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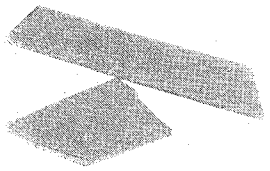

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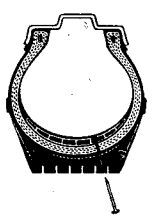

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(*Continued from Page 108*) King in New York script advanced slowly, if at all, and Chaplin had turned to composing the music. Moreover, Chaplin had made a spectacle of himself in the public courthouse in losing his suit to Madame Deluz. The Blade of Opinion had said so with several edgy remarks. Charlie was seething with a desire to have another go at his critics.

But the major obsession at work was noise. Silent-star Chaplin has never forgiven the low fellows who invented talking pictures—he dismissed talkies for a decade as "spoken captions." Much earlier, in the only book he ever wrote, My Trip Abroad (1922) he invoked the muse of "Silence, that universal grace, how few of us know how to enjoy it, perhaps because one cannot buy it. The rich buy only noise." Michel Rossier, president of the Vevey Society of Arts and Letters and a frequent guest at the Manoir de Ban, told me that by 1955 "a half hour before shooting began, Chaplin would get extremely nervous."

Recounting his woes to a visiting British reporter, Charlie told of how: "The day we moved into this silent, tranquil haven, the artillery opened up next door. We had moved, in our search for peace, right next door to a place used by the Swiss for deafening shooting practice."

Rifles had become artillery. At first the Swiss authorities, anxious to apply the Helvetian art of compromise, replied to Chaplin's formal complaint with grace and good-neighborly humor. They offered to ban all firing on Mondays and Thursdays, plus Tuesday and Friday mornings. They agreed to launch a survey by experts to determine the excess of noise, and to take measures to muffle it. But on one point they were adamant:

"The township of Vevey will do all in the realm of the possible to diminish the noise due to the proximity of a shooting range. But we stress that under the terms of the Federal ordinance on militia shooting, we must furnish freely a range, and we intend to continue to do so."

Chaplin, nothing daunted, next came up with the discovery that the range was being used not only by the stalwarts of Vevey but by riflemen from six small nearby townships. Some Swiss thought he was insinuating a bit of graft. This unworthy hint boomeranged, and the city council issued a flatly furious denial: "The Commune of Vevey makes no profit in putting the range at the disposal of other communes (townships). On the contrary, it costs us money."

Chaplin seems to be very obtuse about other people's patriotism. Any Swiss schoolboy could have warned him he was now executing a clog dance on a mine field. Switzerland, for 666 years, has been one of democracy's fine miracles. A tiny Alpine nation, surrounded by powerful neighbors, the Swiss are mountain boys whom everybody respects as crack shots, as the bear respects the hedgehog. The Swiss Army is the citizens, the citizens the Army, and every able-bodied Swiss male, from twenty to sixty, must serve, and gladly does. Until he is forty, every Swiss soldier must show at least once a year on the rifle range, and fire to score. He keeps his rifle at home. Under this militia system Switzerland can field a formidable army of 500,000 combatants, twenty divisions, in forty-eight hours.

In the spring of 1956, after the expert survey revealed that the noise around the Manoir de Ban reached sixty-five decibels—instead of the forty regarded as normal—the mayor and city council ordered extensive antinoise measures. At community expense ($3000) soundproof plastic mats were used to line the inner shooting stand. A large retaining wall, now known as the West Wall, was erected. A double line of concrete blocks, with apertures, was placed in the line of fire. Finally, dampers were set up around the fifteen bull's-eyes.

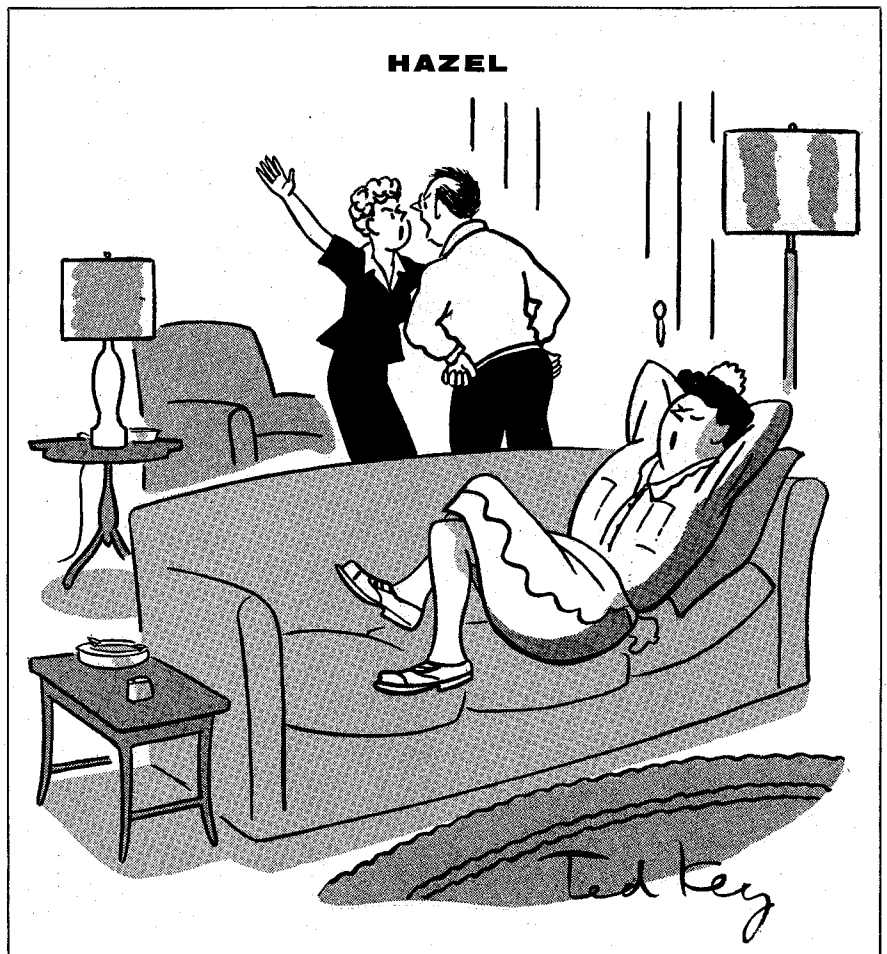
But before this work was finished, denouncing it as "insufficient and unacceptable," Chaplin filed suit against Vevey. Among other things, he asked an indemnity of $125 a day for noncompliance with his original request. Noncitizen Chaplin was asserting his equal rights again, which often turn out to be more equal than others. When I talked to the mayor of Vevey, Monsieur David Dénéréaz, he had reached what can be called the ultimate mood: "This individual thinks he is the only famous man in the world. Why, I myself married the Aga Khan to The Begum. Here in Vevey, we are used to famous men. We were here before they were, and so was the Stand de Gilamont."

Charlie had really thrown the eggs into the fan. From his command post in the Manoir de Ban he took to issuing a series of communiqués, now denying that he was obstructing national defense, now knocking down rumors that he might even pack up and leave Vevey or Switzerland. Here is a sample of the eloquence of one of his press releases.

"Can one deprive us, entirely and every day, of the beauty of the spring, of summer and autumn, in this admirable setting facing Lac Léman and the Alps? Must we rest immured, sealed up in our house, windows jammed shut during the most beautiful months of the year—so as not to succumb to these terrible detonations?"

"Artillery . . . detonations . . . succumbing." The hyperbole might have been droll at another time. But when Chaplin kept up this bluster into the autumn of 1956, the exasperated Swiss national press finally took off the gloves and gave him the business. From Zurich, at the other end of Switzerland, Die Weltwoche summed up Swiss sentiment in the kind of blunt speaking Chaplin hadn't heard since United States Attorney General McGranery was on his tail:

"Why does the noise of Swiss militia soldiers in Vevey disturb *Charlot* more than the noise coming from Budapest? Why are rifle shots from a Swiss Army service weapon so much worse than the cannon of Russian panzers? Only because Vevey is closer? Perhaps we deceive ourselves, but a truly great pacifist should have sharper ears. . . . Mr. Chaplin has, it seems, been in our country too long not to pass over certain Swiss customs that may not please him. But not long enough to understand their reason, and what they mean to the Swiss."



"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It would be bootless at this point to pound home the parable of how it has taken Charlie only five years in Switzerland to repeat the script of his forty years in America.

Chaplin is almost sure to lose his case against Vevey. Many here believe that then, with alarms and excursions and denunciations, will come the great retreat into France—that the great man will shed Switzerland as he shed the United States. Already Chaplin has been shopping about the French Riviera, looking for a house near Cannes, and casing the Victorine Studios in nearby Nice. The world may get that Napoleon film yet.

There remains the argument about the license of genius, that last barricade from which Chaplin himself, and his dwindling chorus of defenders, excuse some of his most outrageous conduct. The poet Goethe was a swine with women, and out of that came supreme lyric poetry. And Shakespeare, as we all know, willed his wife his second-best bed. And is not Charlie Chaplin, when all is said and done, a true genius? Of course he is. What a boor and a bore he would be if he were not. As Mack Sennett put it ruefully when the two came to the parting of the ways in a long-ago 1915: "Oh, he's just the greatest little actor that ever lived."

But Chaplin, and here is where the story becomes truly melancholy, is today ruining that very artistic reputation that could have been his forever. His obsessions are overwhelming him. How long since there has been a perfect picture? City Lights, probably; in 1931. There is indeed a gallant trooper in Charlie Chaplin, who first appeared before the public in 1894, a child singing the coster song Jack Jones to a shower of coins. In 1894, Victoria was on the throne, Theodore Roosevelt had not yet become President, Winston Churchill had not reached the House of Commons. Today Charlie is anything but senile, he is still making pictures, but he is making them very badly. A King in New York was advanced-billed as Atomic Chaplin. But this time the Swiss mountains had been in labor and brought forth a ridiculous mouse.

What is wrong with the picture? Most European reviewers panned it not because it razzed the United States, but because it just wasn't funny. A bee can always sting an elephant, but this time Charlie was buzzing with too many grievances, and they took over the sound track of his film.

There is a long, opening antinoise sequence, ideal for pantomime. It is supposed to be a satire on the noise and din of Broadway. In fact, it is an intruding reflection of Chaplin's private row with the Swiss about the shooting range.

Halfway through the picture a child, modeled on the children of the Rosenbergs, the spies executed in the United States, walks into the plot. One day, at his villa here, Chaplin heard over the radio a false press bulletin that he had offered to adopt the Rosenberg orphans. Now, he sat down and wrote a new role into his script, to be played by his own son Michael. He added the bitter twist that the child betrays his parents. Simple humanity would have told Chaplin that atomic espionage is not a subject for comedy. London critics assailed him as a mean ventriloquist, "spitting through the mouth of his own child."

One scene, on the surface hilariously funny, is Chaplin as King being fingerprinted on arrival in the United States, while giving a fight-for-freedom speech. But a closer look reveals how strange a man Chaplin can be. The scene is indeed an exact mock-up of the one time Charlie was fingerprinted in the United States (1944). The charge was violation of the Mann Act. (Charlie was acquitted of charges of Mann Act violation by a Federal Court jury in Los Angeles. But on April 17, 1945, he lost a paternity suit when a Los Angeles Superior Court jury found that he was the father of Carol Ann, then the eighteen-month-old daughter of his former protégée Joan Berry.) This odd fellow chose to immortalize one of his most wretched moments.

Is there, by any outside chance, one good film left in Charlie Chaplin? Curiously, if he could modulate his rancor against the United States, and get on with the job of being a funnyman, there just might be.

The great market place here in Vevey, where lonely Charlie sometimes maunders about in the evening, was the spot where Napoleon reviewed his army on the march into Italy toward the battle of Marengo. World fame, conquest, defeat and the bitter bread of exile, here is a legitimate Chaplin theme. Can a man achieve world fame twice? There is much to be said for the idea that when history repeats itself, the second time round it is farce.

Charlie as a burlesque Napoleon—it might make the whole world laugh again, with him and not at him.

Editors' Note: This is the last of three articles on Chaplin's adventures and misadventures in Europe.

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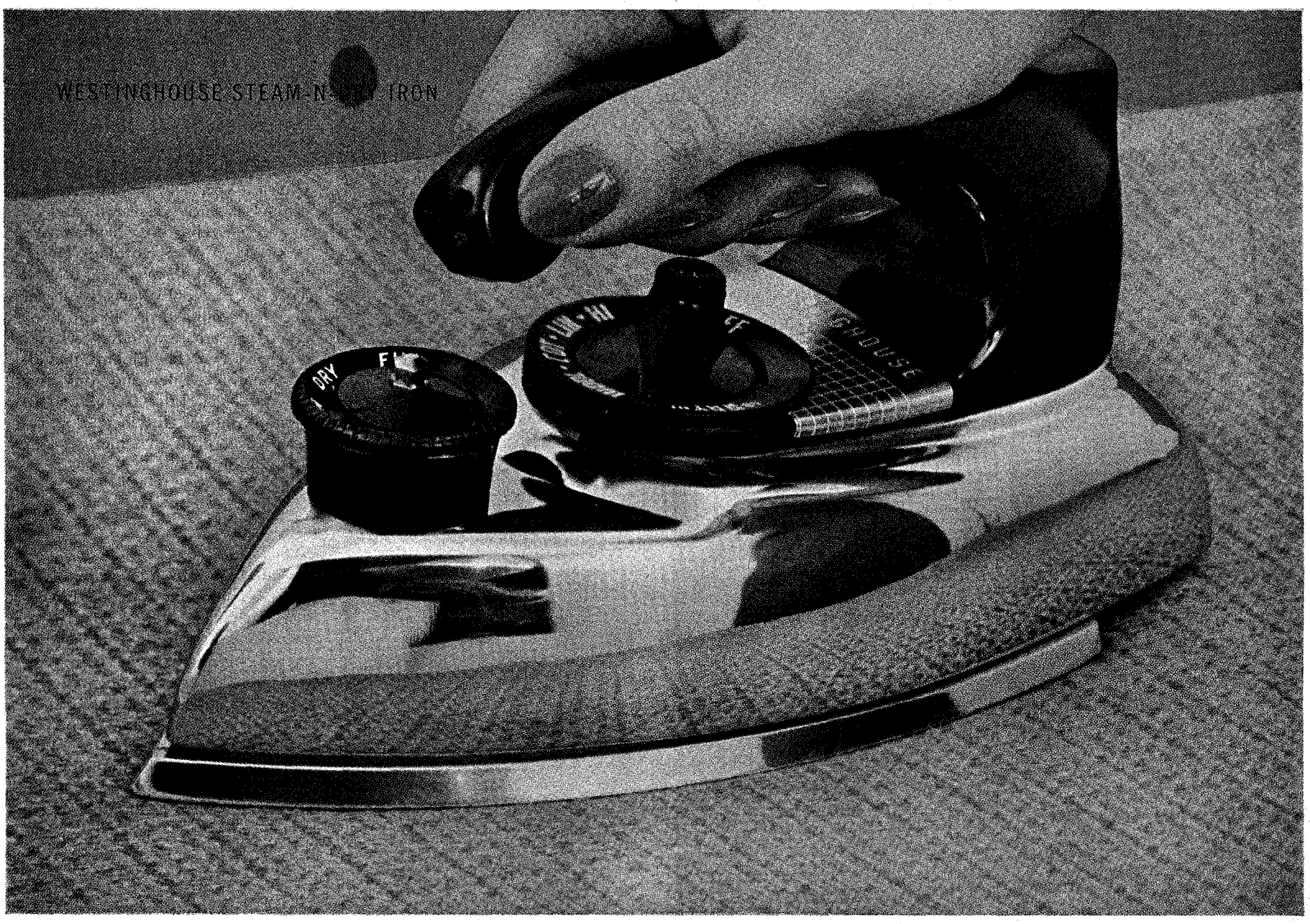

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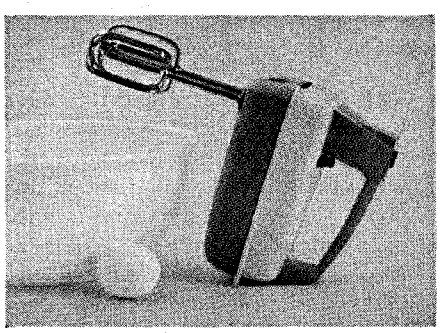

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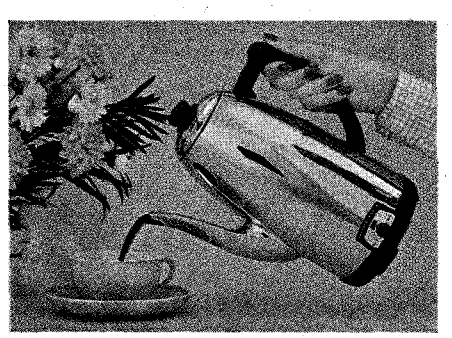

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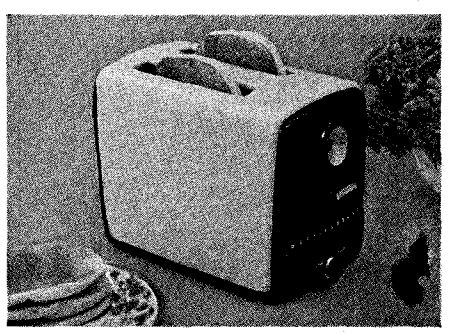

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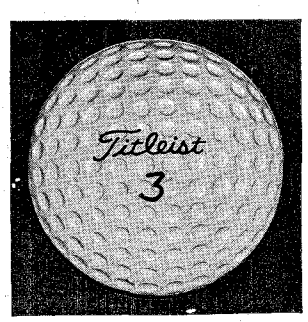

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The Governor Confesses

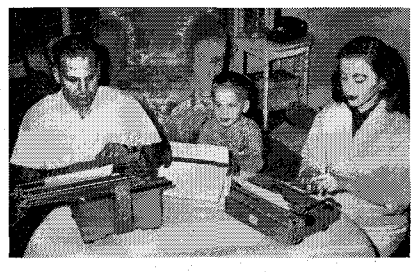
Mr. and Mrs. Bloom and their daughters, Ellen (left) and Amy.

Murray Bloom, while working with New York's Governor Harriman on the grim subject of criminals condemned to death (page 24), turned up the less serious information that Harriman, at age 8, was an international lawbreaker. Seems that his father, financier E. H. Harriman, chartered a ship and took the family and some guests on a cruise to Alaska. While up there, they steamed across the Bering Sea to Plover Bay, Siberia, took an hour's stroll in Russia, and departed. Years later, when Averell Harriman was ambassador to Moscow, he told Stalin that he had once entered Russia without a passport. Stalin, after an explanation, asked, "Well, what could you expect of those inefficient Czarist police?"

Bloom's work with Harriman was facilitated by his having been a staffmate on the New York Post of Charles Van Devander, the governor's executive assistant, and by his once having done a magazine piece about Dan Gutman, Harriman's counsel, former head of New York's Municipal Courts. Last year Scribner's published a Bloom book about great counterfeiters, Money of Their Own. The Blooms, including daughters Ellen and Amy, live in Great Neck, Long Island, and although Smudge, the sheep dog, refused to pose for that picture, let's mention him too.

No Skin Diving for Him

Eric Nathanson, a Post first-timer who teams up with skin diver **Norman Ream** on page 38, submitted a story to the Post when he was an undergraduate in New York University and, convinced that he would receive a check, planned an elaborate Christmas vacation. No sale; vacation altered. After some years of magazine and newspaper staff work, and of free-lancing, he submitted the diving article, planned no vacation, and got a check two days after Christmas. It was useful for paying bills, anyway. Incidentally, diver Ream was unable to lure his collaborator under the water; Nathanson, who used to be a swimming instructor, presents this excuse, "I much prefer swimming without a diver's complicated costume and accouterments." At their Hollywood Hills, Calif., home, all the Nathansons are writers; mother Marianne gets checks, and Michael belabors a typewriter and *thinks* he is writing, which is all you can ask of a 4-year-old.

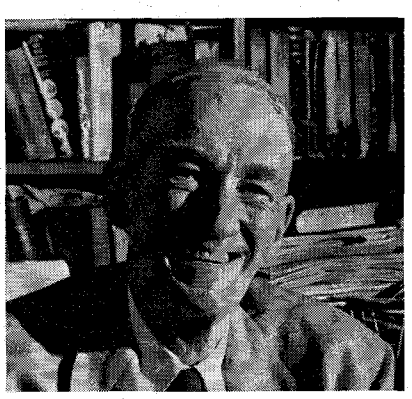


All the Nathansons do things with typewriters.

Busy Bennett

How **Bennett Cerf,** page 31, gets everything done in only 24 hours a day is mystifying. As you probably know, he is a publisher (Random House, Modern Library and Landmark Books); he also writes two weekly magazine columns and a daily syndicated column; he writes books and edits anthologies (Try and Stop Me, for one); he's on the Sunday-night TV show What's My Line?; he lectures all over the country; he sees most of the plays and movies; he spends much time with his two teen-age sons and more time with Mrs. Cerf—oh, this could go on and on. Does he ever sleep?

Historian and Naturalist



Herbert Ravenel Sass.

Herbert Ravenel Sass once told Keeping Posted, "History should be written so that it is alive; facts should be clothed in their legitimate color and romance." His books, including both factual histories and historical novels, had this glow of life. And the same quality emerged when he wrote about nature, which he studied and deeply enjoyed; to him a mountain seemed to become a living thing, and an animal acquired personality. Mr. Sass, who contributed more than 50 stories and articles to the Post, and who was loved by everyone who knew him, died Feb. 18 in Charleston, S.C., at the age of 73. His survivors are Mrs. Sass; a daughter, Mrs. Arthur Phillips; and his sons, Herbert R. and Marion H. Sass.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Religious Revolution on the Campus"

Why have our students a new interest in religion? Why have cynics gone out of style? A college chaplain tells you.

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